Encounter

February 1969 5s

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Andrew Shonfield

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Pavel X

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(a story)
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Henry Pleasants

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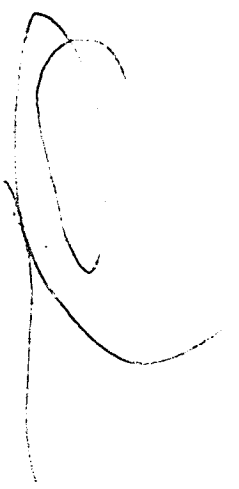

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Pavel X

From Prague to Paris

Reflections of a Czech Refugee

WHAT WAS the first thing that struck me? the first thing I wanted to do? It was to buy. To buy a good, well-cut shirt, and all the fruit on sale everywhere, and taste all those cheeses. Yes, their goods are better, richer, there's no end to them. Those thousands of shop windows, books, fabrics, jewellery, leather, materials. I was dazzled by the consumer goods. That is what money is for, it's for luxuries. I wanted all those luxuries, I don't deny it, though at the same time I felt rather ashamed of myself, like all those Party and Government officials who used to come back from their "business trips" and so-called conferences in the West and then tried to excuse themselves by criticising everything, the worship of money or strip-tease. But their suitcases were stuffed with shirts and soft shoes, and they knew all the night spots. So that was what I had come to. It is what we have all come to. We are dazzled by abundance, fascinated by knick-knacks.

But what drives us frantic, and also alienates us, is the association of socialism with poverty, the false idea that socialism means everlasting penury, living neither well nor badly, but just mediocrely. I am not ashamed of my wants, humble though they may be; I do not react like the French intellectual with whom I lunched the other day. The meal was superb, the food, the wine, everything was exquisite. Sitting at that groaning board, my host talked to me about Cuba, of which he is an ardent admirer. *"Là-bas, c'est extraordinaire,"* he said. "A new state of mind is being born. *Et, vous savez,* everyone has enough to eat. Every Cuban gets a kilo of rice a month." But I know that to get that kilo of rice he has to queue for an hour-and-a-half, and that the Cuban government has had to forbid queues before six a.m. Also, for practically the whole of my life I have had to queue to be able to buy anything at all—bread, potatoes, and rice too. And when you have to wait in a queue for hours in front of a meagre display of marrows, there comes a time when, however good a communist you may be, you say to yourself: "What do I get from this system, after all? What good does it do me?"

To be able to condemn *la société de consommation* you have to live in a world saturated and bursting with riches. That is what I tried to explain to my host the other day. By linking the idea of a new life with the disappearance of the affluent society he was falsifying the whole problem. On the contrary, the path to the liberation of man runs through abundance. Not an abundance that is an end in itself, as here in the West, but an abundance that would allow men to think of other things than their acute material problems. That is what we wanted to do in Czechoslovakia. But how explain that to them?

It is very difficult. Words escape our grasp, go astray, lose their meaning. Our well-understood and accepted common language only raises barriers all round me. I do not translate, I decode and decipher as well as I can, without ever being able to cross the terrible communication gap. Let me quote an example. I was talking to *L.*, telling her little reminiscences. I like her very much, she is warm-hearted, very progressive, intelligent, a teacher of psychology, in short, she is a representative of the French Left at its best. I was telling her that in 1957, when I was still a schoolmaster, I used to spend Saturdays and Sundays loading coal trucks. Not for fun, of course (my physique

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is not that sturdy), but to make a little money to buy one of the little luxuries that here are indispensable everyday minimum necessities. She was carried away with enthusiasm. *"Mais, c'est formidable!"* she said in admiring tones as she put in the ignition key. "So you combine manual labour with intellectual work. That is what we ought to do here." She started up, and off we went to the grocer's to buy some port for the five o'clock *apéritif*. I suddenly felt crushed, and fell silent. And they criticise us for our "schematism" (I said to myself, not to her). But at least ours is official, and our awareness of it is sharp and painful. But she does not see that she too lives under the sway of formulas.

THIS MORNING, AS EVERY MORNING, I fell on the newspapers and turned to the page on the Czechoslovak crisis. It produced a strange impression. It was all there, written down without censorship, without restriction, with no one looking over the writer's shoulder. Yet the writers understood nothing, *knew* nothing. Why? Because nothing seemed certain, none of this news seemed completely and absolutely credible. Are the journalists here too free, perhaps? With the result that they write down anything, advance theories they do not believe in, make concessions to formulas, write to shock or create a sensation? The reader is spoilt, he has a surfeit of information. But what can he do with it? That is what I criticise all these writers for. They do not try to educate their readers, they make no choice, it is all gratuitous, well-written, abundant, but gratuitous.

This is another instance of the break-down of communication. Freedom of expression does not have the same meaning here as there. I now understand better why the French Communists criticised our demand for freedom of expression so ambiguously. To them freedom of expression means total irresponsibility, everyone being able to say what he likes how he likes. To us it means exactly the opposite. Writing "freely" means weighing every word. But to understand that they would have had to travel the very long road that we have travelled. In the Novotny era we could obviously neither be silent nor put ourselves in the service of a press that was as mendacious as it was official. We had to write in a way that would let our thoughts and ideas be read between the lines. The illuminating but apparently anodyne image was not easy to find. When Novotnyism was at its height, for instance, J. Krawas wrote a play called *The Big Wigs*. The characters dressed up differently and changed wigs and were ready to do anything to satisfy the powers-that-be. Initially, the play had a bad reception from the official critics and the public; but we covertly gave the clue in articles and lectures, and people quickly caught on. They learnt to read very quickly indeed. The continual pressure of the censorship forced us to choose our words carefully, to check our information scrupulously, to weigh our adjectives. We used to walk a verbal tightrope. Remaining honest with oneself involved re-writing an article fifteen or twenty times, and I had had several articles "suppressed." But in spite of everything I must confess that I look back to that time with a certain regret. In the first place we were doing a useful job—we had "power." Even Novotny, who was exceptionally limited in outlook, had to admit our strength, hence his crossness with intellectuals. Also the constraint had a positive effect, because it confronted us with our responsibilities.

THEN, AFTER NOVOTNY, we kept our "seriousness" (which strikes you here in the West as a trifle "heavy"). The problem, then, was to make real information acceptable to people who had never had any. To do that we had to create confidence between our readers and ourselves. We had to avoid the inflated and the spectacular and remain sober and credible. What with accounts of trials and life in Novotny prisons, heaven knows there was no lack of sensational subjects. We decided to reject anecdotage and the role of the crucified taken down from their cross. This went very well, and an extraordinary dialogue was established between the people and those whose task it was to inform them. Every line was a problem, every article involved the responsibility of us all. But we were believed.

Here it is talent that comes before everything. When I see the newspapers—even the newspapers of the Left—merely rousing public opinion about the Czechoslovak business with phrases and emotion, I get angry. They ought to explain, spend their whole time explaining and then explaining again. What is it these journalists lack? Is it constraint? Is it the tragic dimension? It is wrong of me to get angry. I nearly succumbed to the same thing. Last Saturday I had to write an article for a French newspaper. With my Czech habit of racking my

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brains and weighing my words, I found it very difficult to begin, and made ten starts. Then I suddenly wondered why I was having such a struggle. After all, I said to myself, here anything goes, and I started writing down what came into my head—in fact, my own ideas and airy theories. The editor read it and was delighted. *"C'est sensationnel! Très bon! Ça passionnera nos lecteurs,* it will enthral our readers," he said. *"Mais non,"* I said, "you know very well that it's based on nothing solid," and tore it up. He looked at me as one looks at a lunatic.

WHEN I MENTIONED the tragic dimension just now, I think I touched on something important, indicated the clue to the essential difference between them and us, between this world and the other. What can they know who have not lived through the absurd, not experienced lack of liberty in all its massive stupidity? I am not referring to the camps or prisons, but merely to the daily stifling, the daily squeezing in the vice of fear that deforms you. Yes, I have known fear—in the forest where the guards abruptly left us one day a few yards from the frontier. Were they going to shoot us, liquidate us for "trying to escape"? Those were the most agonising hours of my life. Yes, you will say, that was fifteen years ago, it belongs to a past that is dead and gone. But perhaps the reign of mediocrity, the heavy bureaucrat bull's head, the face of the pitiful idiot who was the chairman of the Party's ideological committee, was worse. It was a long night, a long march through a dark tunnel, in which we Communists paid a heavier price than the rest, ending by feeling guilty and suspecting everyone else of "deviationism," even in prison. When we emerged from the night and in spite of everything found ourselves again, we understood problems better, having lived through them in all their dimensions.

Yes, it is the tragic element that they lack. This was shown by the French events of last May. In Prague we saw it very quickly. The great upheaval was merely an explosion, totally unprepared for by any intellectual travail or even by any ideas. It could lead to nothing. To my French friends I said, "The French Left is about to produce its psycho-drama." That was all. There was an appalling lack of ideas. Since I have been here I have often asked: "What is your analysis of the situation?" I have never been given an answer. They play with words over a glass of whisky with admirable skill, but there is no examination of ideas. I believe the French Left—the Communists like the rest—to be in a state of total impotence at this moment. Impotence in action, in thought, in everything.

They wanted to make a revolution. "We took the Faculty of Medicine," a student told me. I smiled. I wanted to tell him that that is meaningless, that it is not a question of seizing power or replacing one system by another—but what sort! They talked about *autogestion,* about participation and self-management, without knowing what it was all about. The important thing is to devise socialist structures suited to an advanced industrialised society, to solve the problem of socialist pluralism, for instance, or the relation of the individual to the administration, his participation in management in a socialist context. A great deal of humility, reflection, and human decency is required for the task. But they prefer playing with the idea of seizing power. *La révolution, en France? Mais, c'est fini.* Western Europe will never again see a revolution in the classical sense of the term. It is as unrealistic as if we had tried to carry out a socialist revolution in Czechoslovakia. In Europe today being a revolutionary means working away at reforms. We are in a system in which that is the form of the struggle: it is an obscure, nibbling process, but the only effective way of developing and adapting socialism to the modern world.

AT THIS POINT I can hear *les grands gauchistes* exclaiming "counter-revolutionary" (though in Paris I think the correct word is *"réactionnaire"*). I am sorry. I believe myself to be more revolutionary than they. Having said that, one must not generalise. What is possible in the West, and seemed possible in Czechoslovakia, does not necessarily apply elsewhere, either in the countries of the Third World—in which the conditions for revolution in fact exist—or in certain Eastern countries. In Bulgaria, "Byzantinism" is still the close ally of Stalinism. In the East German Democratic Republic the Junker tradition is mingled with the discipline of the party. As for the Soviet Union.... I leave that question in uncertainty....But nevertheless I believe there are tiny gains, long-standing underground trends which one day will break the ice. Practically no one here noticed an incident which, paradoxical though it may seem, filled me with hope. In Moscow,

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Larissa Daniel and the others were convicted for an offence which, however absurd ("obstructing the traffic"), was not *political*. This is the first time such a thing has happened.

THEY ADORE justifying themselves. They justify themselves the whole time, seriously, industriously, and humourlessly. They have to be busy, they have to have an overcrowded time-table. Why? Even those who have nothing to do (there is an enormous number of people here who have nothing to do) have to justify themselves. They love saying they are "working themselves to death." The Czechoslovaks are also working themselves to death, but without taking themselves so seriously. And the tendency to intellectualise everything, and to "psychologise." Blaming it on the unconscious is another way of excusing oneself. In Czechoslovakia we have no need to justify ourselves. We no longer want to. Unfortunately.

Our life is continuous, it flows in a single stream. Theirs is cut up into segments. Separate segments for work, eating, going out, for love and for making love.

Little *T.*, who was my pupil in Prague, came to see me. She is living in Paris with a Frenchman she is in love with—a handsome, splendid boy. "All the same, I miss Czechoslovakia," she said with a sigh. She is right. The most difficult thing here is to establish real human relationships. There is no warmth. No one really gives himself. The rules are respected. I have now learnt the laws of formal good behaviour that govern social relations here. How to begin a conversation with trifles, talk about holidays, films, etc., before going on to serious things—and above all not talk politics too much. Then there is the code for invitations to lunch or dinner. In Prague I always took friends with me. I now know that in Paris one must "forewarn" one's hostess. How sad. Our life is drying up, shrivelling like a plant without sap. Last night I saw my friend Milan K. He, Jiri, and I seek each other out in Paris. Only when we are together do we feel at ease, and we huddle together as if round a fire. With others communication or even contact is always difficult and sometimes impossible. It has to be by way of "phrases."

To *T.* it is the same, though she is in love with her French boy-friend. Where she hoped for warmth and tenderness she finds only sexuality and intellectualism. I wonder why this Western world is a world of drought and Paris a desert. Is it because this society is based on money? Money that you must have on penalty of dying, money which determines and conditions the individual—even if he is a Left-wing intellectual ("I am going to my place in the country to work" is a phrase often casually dropped in conversation). But we have the same dreams in Czechoslovakia, only ours are more modest (mine is for a small car). So we too get caught up in that game and acquire their dryness of heart.

No, WHAT IS MISSING is something else. Everyone cultivates his own garden. There is no solidarity, no common social aim. In Czechoslovakia there is. In the first place everyone's social condition is the same; that is the positive side of our poverty. Equal pay, equality in the face of difficulties, means that everyone is faced with the same problems and that communication is automatically established. Before January we were against "them." Afterwards we were for them. It was wonderful; humanity, respect for the individual, had been revealed. To find "a common language between workers and students" we were not faced with the difficulties of the Paris law student who goes by car to Flins for a *"dialogue"* at the Renault works. But, above all, we had lived for so long under the crushing weight of didacticism, in a dehumanised society. Then everything was clear, as clear as surviving is in war-time; we had to react with generosity, with respect for the human being. When one lives in Kafka's world, the first thing that has to be cultivated is humour and tenderness. Lack of love is fatal.

La tendresse pour l'homme. That, curiously enough, is what most divides us from a great many French Communists. I followed with passionate interest the dispute in *L'Humanité* between Roger Garaudy and Lucien Mathey. Mathey's arguments dumbfounded me. When I read what he said about the attitude of socialism to the creative individual, that it was merely "a fine literary formula . . . without any scientific value, that totally obscures the idea of social class," I said to myself that this Mathey, a member of the Central Committee of the French Communist Party, had understood nothing of the real meaning of socialism. Valuing the creative individual (and not the mediocre individual, the man with enormous muscles, as was done in the Stalin era, with its

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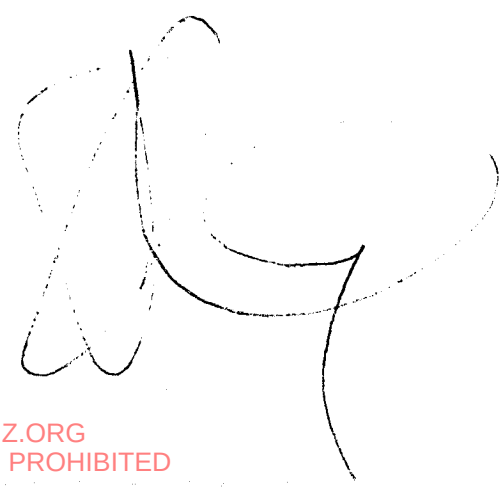
huge statues of brawny-armed men) is neither a trivial matter nor a class question, but touches the heart of the problem. The point is that by totally rejecting the "human dimension," some revolutionaries merely create a new alienation of man—a socialist alienation, far more tragic in fact than capitalist alienation, for in a monstrous deception it drapes itself in humanitarianism. I am weighing my words carefully. I am speaking as a Communist. And as a Communist I ask my French comrades why they *a priori* accept this dehumanising side of socialism. Nothing forces them to do so. The other day I talked to a French Communist, a militant of long standing, in the 5th *arrondissement*. "Of course I condemn the Soviet intervention in your country," he said. "But all the same it had to be done. It was necessary." In both cases the process is the same. Both the veteran militant and Mathey refuse to see that the aim of socialism is the complete liberation of man. Or, to state it more exactly, they refuse to think about it, because they are still under the influence of the Father Complex—that dreadful complex of the Infallible Party that governed our wills and our lives. So they take refuge in formulas, rouse the spectre of "anti-socialist forces." But what are these "anti-socialist" forces in Czechoslovakia today? They have never explained. Yet again, what counts is discipline. For years it was what counted with us too. An ambiguous discipline, both accepted and imposed, that led men like Edouard Goldstücker to accuse themselves of imaginary and inconceivable crimes.

BUT THEN ONE DAY the spring broke. We said to ourselves: "We Communists can keep silent no longer. It is a crime and a disgrace. We are covering up a distorted reality." The risks were great, and for a long time we paid dearly for this attitude. But the time came when fear vanished and the myth of the infallibility of the party finally collapsed. One day Ludwig Vaculik and others appeared before the Party's ideological committee. The judges whispered among themselves. Suddenly Vaculik (he looks like a big, bespectacled peasant) lost patience. "Well, what is it you are whispering?" he said. "I'm a Communist like you, I have a right to know, there's no reason to keep me out of the discussion. But if this is the way things are, I'm going. If you want me, you can come and fetch me at the corner café." We are still Communists, but we got rid of schematism and—it must be added—fear.

FEAR HAS perhaps returned to Prague, but I do not believe the occupation will make us change our minds on that point. We now feel ourselves to be accountable and responsible in relation to socialism. Shall we go on being able to keep things moving? The process will go on even without us. My mind reverts to Mathey and the French Communists; I am convinced that they know we are right. At all events the leaders know it. But they have been refusing to tell their followers for too long. Now we must wait for the latter to catch up.

The news from Prague is bad. Moscow announces the taking of another step, and the last thresholds are approaching. Every morning we telephone each other from one end of Paris to the other. When there are rumours of arrests or kidnappings or a closing of the frontier, Milan K. and I get worried. Should we remain here? Here, there is security and freedom. We should be able to work, perhaps create. In Paris, the world's loveliest city. But we are homesick for Prague. It is there that we are committed, and it is there that history awaits us.



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Nadine Gordimer

Open House

FRANCES TAVER was on the secret circuit for people who wanted to find out the truth about South Africa. These visiting journalists, politicians, and churchmen all had an itinerary arranged for them by their consular representatives and overseas information services, or were steered around by a "foundation" of South African business interests eager to improve the country's image, or even carted about to the model black townships, universities and beerhalls by the South African state information service itself. But all had carefully hidden among the most private of private papers (the nervous ones went so far as to keep it in code), the short list that would really take the lid off the place: the people one must see. A few were names that had got into the newspapers of the world as particularly vigorous opponents or victims of *apartheid*; a writer or two, a newspaper editor or an outspoken bishop. Others were known only within the country itself, and were known about by foreign visitors only through people like themselves who had carried the short list before. Most of the names on it were white names—which was rather frustrating, when one was after the real thing; but it was said in London and New York that there *were* still ways of getting to meet Africans, provided you could get hold of the right white people.

Frances Taver was one of them. Had been one for years. From the '40s when she had been a trade union organiser and run a mixed union of garment workers while this was legally possible, in the '50s, after her marriage, when she was manager to a black-and-white theatre group before that was disbanded by new legislation, to the early '60s, when she hid friends on the run from the police—Africans who were members of the newly banned political organisations—before the claims of that sort of friendship had to be weighed against the risk of the long spells of detention without trial introduced to betray it.

Frances Taver had few friends left now, and she was always slightly embarrassed when she heard an eager American or English voice over the telephone, announcing an arrival, a too-brief stay (of course), and the inevitable fond message of greetings to be conveyed from so-and-so—whoever it was who happened to have supplied the short list. A few years ago it had been fun and easy to make these visitors an excuse for a gathering that quite likely would turn into a party. The visitor would have a high old time learning to dance the *kwela* with black girls; he would sit fascinated, trying to keep sober enough to take it all in, listening to the fluent and fervent harangue of African, white, and Indian politicals, drinking and arguing together in a paradox of personal freedom that, curiously, he couldn't remember finding where there were *no* laws against the mixing of races. And no one enjoyed his fascination more than the objects of it themselves; Frances Taver and her friends were amused, in those days, in a friendly way, to knock the "right" ideas slightly askew. In those days: that was how she thought of it; it seemed very long ago. She saw the faces, sometimes, a flash in an absence filled with newspaper accounts of trials, hearsay about

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activities in exile, chance remarks from someone who knew someone else who had talked over the fence with one who was under house arrest. Another, an African friend banned for his activities with the African National Congress, who had gone "underground," came to see her at long intervals, in the afternoons when he could be sure the house would be empty. Although she was still youngish, she had come to think of "those days" as her youth; and he was a vision strayed in from it.

THE VOICE on the telephone, this time, was American—soft, cautious—no doubt the man thought the line was tapped. Robert Greenman Ceretti, from Washington; while they were talking, she remembered that this was the political columnist who had somehow been connected with the Kennedy administration. Hadn't he written a book about the Bay of Pigs? Anyway, she had certainly seen him quoted.

"And how are the Brauns—I haven't heard for ages—" She made the usual enquiries about the well-being of the mutual acquaintance whose greetings he brought, and he made the usual speech about how much he was hoping he'd be able to meet her? She was about to say, as always, come to dinner, but an absurd recoil within her, a moment of dull panic, almost, made her settle for an invitation to drop in for a drink two days later. "If I can be of any help to you, in the meantime?" she had to add; he sounded modest and intelligent.

"Well, I do appreciate it. I'll look forward to Wednesday."

At the last minute she invited a few white friends to meet him, a doctor and his wife who ran a tuberculosis hospital in an African reserve, and a young journalist who had been to America on a leadership exchange programme. But she knew what the foreign visitor wanted of her and she had an absurd —again, that was the word—compulsion to put him in the position where, alas, he could ask it. He was a small, cosy, red-headed man with a chipmunk smile, and she liked him. She drove him back to his hotel after the other guests had left, and they chatted about the articles he was going to write and the people he was seeing—had he been able to interview any important Nationalists, for example? Well, not yet, but he hoped to have something lined up for the following week, in Pretoria. Another thing he was worried about (here it came), he'd hardly been able to exchange a word with any black man except the one who cleaned his room at the hotel. She heard her voice saying casually, "Well, perhaps I might be able to help you, there," and he took it up at once, gravely, gratefully, sincerely, smiling at her —"I hoped you just might. If I could only get to talk with a few ordinary, articulate people. I mean, I think I've been put pretty much in the picture by the courageous white people I've been lucky enough to meet—people like you and your husband—but I'd like to know a little at first hand about what Africans themselves are thinking. If you could fix it, it'd be wonderful."

Now it was done, at once she withdrew, from herself rather than him. "I don't know. People don't want to talk any more. If they're doing anything, it's not something that can be talked about. Those that are left. Black and white. The ones you ought to see are shut away."

They were sitting in the car, outside the hotel. She could see in his encouraging, admiring, intent face how he had been told that she, if anyone, could introduce him to black people, hers, if anyone's, was the house to meet them.

There was a twinge of vanity: "I'll let you know. I'll ring you, then, Bob." Of course they were already on first-name terms; lonely affinity overleapt acquaintance in South Africa when like-minded whites met.

"You don't have to say more than when and where. I didn't like to talk, that first day, over the phone," he said.

They always had fantasies of danger. "What can happen to you?" she said. Her smile was not altogether pleasant. They always protested, too, that it was not for

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themselves, it was for you, etc. "You've got your passport. You don't live here."

SHE DID NOT SEE Jason Madela from one month's end to the next but when she telephoned him at the building where she remembered him once having had an office on the fringe of the white town, he accepted the invitation to lunch just as if he had been one of the intimates who used to drop in any time. And then there was Edgar, Edgar Xixo the attorney, successor to her old friend Samson Dumile's practice; one could always get him. And after that? She could have asked Jason to bring someone along, perhaps one of the boxing promoters or gamblers it amused him to produce where the drinks were free—but that would have been too obvious, even for the blind eye that she and Jason Madela were able to turn to the nature of the invitation. In the end she invited little Spuds Butelezi, the reporter. What did it matter? He was black, anyway. There was no getting out of the whole business, now.

She set herself to cook a good lunch, just as good as she had ever cooked, and she put out the drinks and the ice in the shelter of the glassed-in end of the big verandah, so that the small company should not feel lost. Her fading hair had been dyed to something approximating its original blonde and then streaked with grey, the day before, and she felt the appearance to be pleasingly artificial; she wore a bright, thick linen dress that showed off sunburned shoulders like the knobs of well-polished furniture, and she was aware that her blue eyes were striking in contrast with her tough brown face. She felt Robert Greenman Ceretti's eyes on her, a moment, as he stood in the sunny doorway; yes, she was also a woman, queening it alone among men at lunch. "You mix the martinis, there's a dear," she said. "It's such a treat to have a real American one." And while he bent about over bottles with the neatness of a small man, she was in and out of the verandah, shepherding the arrival of the other guests. "This is Bob—Bob Ceretti, here on a visit from the States—Edgar Xixo." "Jason, this is Bob Ceretti, the man who has the ear of presidents—"

LAUGHTER AND PROTESTS mingled with the handing round of the drinks. Jason Madela, going to fat around the nape but still handsome in a frowning, Clark Gable way, stood about glass in hand as if in the habit acquired at cocktail parties. With his air of being distracted from more important things by irresistibly amusing asides, he was correcting a matter of terminology for Robert Ceretti—"No, no, but you must understand that in the townships, a 'situation' is a different thing entirely—well, *I'm* a situation, f'rinstance—" He cocked his smile, for confirmation, to Xixo, whose eyes turned from one face to another in obedient glee—"Oh, you're the *muti* man!" "No, wait, but I'm trying to give Bob an obvious example"—more laughter, all round—"—a man who wears a suit every day, like a white man. Who goes to the office and prefers to talk English."

"You think it derives from the use of the word as a genteelism for 'job'? Would you say? You know—the Situations Vacant column in the newspapers?" The visitor sat forward on the edge of his chair, smiling up closely. "But what's this *'muti'* you mentioned, now—maybe I ought to have been taking notes instead of shaking Frances' martini pitcher."

"He's a medicine man," Xixo was explaining, while Jason laughed—"Oh for God's sake!" and tossed off the rest of his gin, and Frances went forward to bring the late arrival, Spuds Butelezi, in his lattice-knit gold shirt and pale blue jeans, into the circle. When the American had exchanged names and had Spuds by the hand, he said, "And what's Spuds, then?"

The young man had a dough-shaped, light-coloured face with tiny features stuck in it in a perpetual expression of suspicious surprise. The martinis had turned up the volume of voices that met him. "I'll have a beer," he said to Frances; and they laughed again.

Jason Madela rescued him, a giant flicking a fly from a glass of water. "He's one of

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the egg-heads," he said. "That's another category altogether."

"Didn't you used to be one yourself, Jason?" Frances pretended a reproof: Jason Madela would want a way of letting Ceretti know that although he was a successful business man in the townships, he was also a man with a university degree.

"Don't let's talk about my youthful misdemeanours, my dear Frances," he said, with the accepted light touch of a man hiding a wound. "I thought the men were supposed to be doing the work around here—I can cope with that" and he helped her chip apart the ice-cubes that had welded together as they melted. "Get your servant to bring us a little hot water, that'll do it easily—"

"Oh I'm really falling down on the job!" Ceretti was listening carefully, putting in a low "Go on" or "You mean?" to keep the flow of Xixo's long explanation of problems over a travel document, and he looked up at Frances and Jason Madela offering a fresh round of drinks.

"You go ahead and talk, that's the idea," Frances said.

He gave her the trusting grin of some intelligent small pet. "Well, you two are a great combination behind the bar. Real team-work of long association, I guess."

"How long is it?" Frances asked, drily but gaily, meaning how many years had she and Jason Madela been acquaintances, and, playfully making as if to anticipate a blow, he said, "Must be ten years and you were a grown-up girl even then"—although both knew that they had seen each other only across various rooms perhaps a dozen times in five years, and got into conversation perhaps half as often.

AT LUNCH Edgar Xixo was still fully launched on the story of his difficulties in travelling back and forth to one of the former British Protectorates, now small, newly independent states surrounded by South African territory. It wasn't, he explained, as if he were asking for a passport: it was just a travel document he wanted, that's all, just a piece of paper from the Native Affairs Department that would allow him to go to Lesotho on business and come back.

"Now have I got this straight—you'd been there sometime?" Ceretti hung over the wisp of steam rising from his soup like a seer over a crystal ball.

"Yes, yes, you see, I had a travel document—"

"But these things are good for one exit and re-entry only." Jason dispatched it with the good-humoured impatience of the quick-witted. "We blacks aren't supposed to want to go wandering about the place. Tell them you want to take a holiday in Lourenço Marques—they'll laugh in your face. If they don't kick you downstairs. Oppenheimer and Charlie Engelhard can go off in their yachts to the South of France, but Jason Madela?"

He got the laugh he wanted, and, on the side, the style of his reference to rich and important white industrialists as decent enough fellows, if one happened to know them, suggested that *he* might. Perhaps he did, for all Frances Taver knew; Jason would be just the kind of man the white establishment would find if they should happen to decide they ought to make a token gesture of being in touch with the African masses. He was curiously reassuring to white people; his dark suits, white shirts, urbane conversation and sense of humour, all indistinguishable from their own and apparently snatched out of thin air, made it possible for them to forget the unpleasant facts of the life imposed on him and his kind. How tactful, how clever he was, too. She, just as well as any millionaire, would have done to illustrate his point; she was culpable: white, and free to go where she pleased. The flattery of being spared passed invisibly from him to her, like a promissory note beneath the table.

EDGAR XIXO HAD EVEN been summoned to The Greys, Special Branch headquarters, for questioning, he said—"And I've never belonged to any political organisation, they know there've never been any charges against me. I don't know any political refugees in Lesotho, I don't want to *see* any-

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body—I have to go up and down simply because of business, I've got this agency selling equipment to the people at the diamond diggings, it could be a good thing if. . . ."

"A little palm-grease, maybe," said Jason Madela, taking some salad.

Xixo appealed to them all, dismayed. "But if you offer it to the wrong one, that's the. . .? In my position, an attorney!"

"Instinct," said Madela. "One can't learn it."

"Tell me," Ceretti signalled an appreciative refusal of a second helping of duck, while turning from his hostess to Madela. "Would you say that bribery plays a big part in daily relations between Africans and officials? I don't mean the political police, of course—the white administration? Is that your experience?"

Madela sipped his wine and then turned the bottle so that he could read the label, saying meanwhile, "Oh not what you'd call graft, not by your standards. Small stuff. When I ran a transport business I used to make use of it. Licences for the drivers and so on. You get some of these young Afrikaner clerks, they don't earn much and they don't mind who they pick up a few bob from. They can be quite reasonable. I was thinking there might be someone up at the Bantu Affairs offices. But you have to have a feeling for the right man"—he put down the bottle and smiled at Frances Taver—"Thank heaven I'm out of it, now. Unless I should decide to submit some of my concoctions to the Bureau of Standards, eh?" and she laughed.

"Jason has broken the white monopoly of the hair straightener and blood-purifier business," Frances said gracefully, "and the nice thing about him is that he has no illusions about his products."

"But plenty of confidence," he said. "I'm looking into the possibilities of exporting my pills for men, to the States. I think the time's just ripe for American Negroes to feel they can buy back a bit of old Africa in a bottle, eh?"

Xixo picked about his leg of duck as if his problem itself were laid cold before them on the table. "I mean, I've said again and again, show me anything on my record—"

The young journalist, Spuds Butelezi, said in his heavy way, "It might be because you took over Samson Dumile's show."

Every time a new name was mentioned the corners of Ceretti's eyes flickered narrow in attention.

"Well, that's the whole thing!" Xixo complained to Ceretti, "The fellow I was working for, Dumile, was mixed up in a political trial and he got six years—I took over the *bona fide* clients, that's all, my office isn't in the same building, nothing to do with it—but that's the whole thing!"

FRANCES SUDDENLY THOUGHT of Sam Dumile, in this room of hers, three—two?—years ago, describing a police raid on his house the night before and roaring with laughter as he told how his little daughter said to the policeman, "My father gets very cross if you play with his papers."

Jason picked up the wine bottle, making to pass it round—"Yes, please do, please do—what happened to the children?" she said. Jason knew who she meant; made a polite attempt. "Where are Sam's kids?"

But Edgar Xixo was nodding in satisfied confirmation as Ceretti said, "It's a pretty awful story. My God. Seems you can never hope to be in the clear, no matter how careful you are. My God."

Jason remarked, aside, "They must be around somewhere with relatives. He's got a sister in Bloemfontein."

The dessert was a compound of fresh mangoes and cream, an invention of the house; *"Mangoes Frances"* said the American, "This is one of the African experiences I'd recommend." But Jason Madela told them he was allergic to mangoes and began on the cheese which was standing by. Another bottle of wine was opened to go with the cheese and there was laughter—which Robert Ceretti immediately turned on himself—when it emerged out of the cross-talk that Spuds Butelezi thought Ceretti had something to do with an American foundation. In the sympathetic atmosphere of food,

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drink, and sunshine marbled with cigarette smoke, the others listened as if they had not heard it all before while Butelezi, reluctant to waste the speech he had primed himself with, pressed Ceretti with his claim to a study grant that would enable him to finish his play. They heard him again outlining the plot and inspiration of the play—"right out of township life" as he always said, blinking with finality, convinced that this was the only necessary qualification for successful authorship. He had patiently put together and taken apart, many times, in his play, ingredients faithfully lifted from the work of African writers who got published, and he was himself African: what else could be needed but someone to take it up?

Foundation or no foundation, Robert Ceretti showed great interest. "Do you know the play at all, Frances? I mean" (he turned back to the round, wine-open face of the young man), "Is it far enough along to show to anybody?" And she said, finding herself smiling encouragingly, "Oh yes—an early draft, he's worked on it a lot since then—haven't you—and there's been a reading...?"

"I'll certainly get it to you," Butelezi said, writing down the name of Ceretti's hotel.

THEY MOVED BACK to the verandah for the coffee and brandy. It was well after three o'clock by the time they stood about, making their goodbyes. Ceretti's face was gleaming. "Jason Madela's offered to drop me back in town, so don't you worry, Frances. I was just saying, people in America'll find it difficult to believe it was possible for me to have a lunch like this, here. It's been so very pleasant—pleasant indeed. We all had a good time. He was telling me that a few years ago a gathering like this would be quite common, but now there aren't many white people who would want to risk asking Africans and there aren't many Africans who would risk coming. I certainly enjoyed myself.... I hope we haven't put you out, lingering so long... it's been a wonderful opportunity...." Frances saw them to the garden gate, talking and laughing; last remarks and goodbyes were called from under the trees of the suburban street.

WHEN SHE CAME back alone the quiet verandah rang tense with vanished voices, like a bell tower after the hour has struck. She gave the cat the milk left over from coffee. Someone had left a half-empty packet of cigarettes; who was it who broke matches into little tents? As she carried the tray into the deserted kitchen, she saw a note written on the back of a bill taken from the spike. HOPE YOUR PARTY WENT WELL.

It was not signed, and was written with the kitchen ball-point which hung on a string. But she knew who had written it; the vision from the past had come and gone again.

The servants Amos and Bettie had rooms behind a granadilla vine at the bottom of the yard. She called, and asked Bettie whether anyone had asked for her? No, no one at all.

He must have heard the voices in the quiet of the afternoon, or perhaps simply seen the cars outside, and gone away. She wondered if he knew who was there. Had he gone away out of consideration for her safety? They never spoke of it, of course, but he must know that the risks she took were carefully calculated, very carefully calculated. There was no way of disguising that from someone like *him*. Then she saw him smiling to himself at the sight of the collection: Jason Madela, Edgar Xixo, and Spuds Butelezi—Spuds Butelezi, as well. But probably she was wrong, and he would have come out among them without those feelings of reproach or contempt that she read into the idea of his gait, his face. HOPE YOUR PARTY WENT WELL. He may have meant just that.

FRANCES TAVER knew Robert Ceretti was leaving soon, but she wasn't quite sure when. Every day she thought; I'll phone and say goodbye. Yet she had already taken leave of him, that afternoon of the lunch. Just telephone and say goodbye. On

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the Friday morning, when she was sure he would be gone, she rang up the hotel, and there it was, the soft, cautious American voice. The first few moments were awkward; he protested his pleasure at hearing from her, she kept repeating, I thought you'd be gone.... Then she said, "I just wanted to say—about that lunch. You mustn't be taken in—" He was saying, "I've been so indebted to you, Frances, really you've been great."

"—not phonies, no, that's not what I mean, on the contrary, they're very real, you understand?"

"Oh, your big good-looking friend, he's been marvellous. Saturday night we were out on the town, you know." He was proud of the adventure but didn't want to use the word "*shebeen*" over the telephone.

She said, "You must understand. Because the corruption's real. Even they've become what they are because things are the way they are. Being phony is being corrupted by the situation... and that's real enough. They're made out of *that*."

He thought maybe he was finding it difficult to follow her over the telephone, and seized upon the word: "Yes, the 'situation' —he was able to slip me into what I gather is one of the livelier places."

Frances Taver said, "I don't want you to be taken in—"

The urgency of her voice stopped his mouth, was communicated to him even if what she said was not.

"—by anyone," the woman was saying.

He understood, indeed, that something complicated was wrong, but he knew, too, that he wouldn't be there long enough to find out, that perhaps you needed to live and die there, to find out. All she heard over the telephone was the voice assuring her, "Everyone's been marvellous... really marvellous. I just hope I can get back here some day—that is, if they ever let me in again...."

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Waiting for Godot

If he arrives, he cannot be Godot.
The nearer he comes to us, the less is he Godot;
And if on arrival he were to introduce himself
As Godot, we should have to ring for the police.
He who thinks that he is Godot cannot be Godot.

So why wait? Go to sleep. When you awake it will
Still be the same scenery. Like the music of
Bruckner. A cliff of sound; then a comic dive
By a fully-clothed clown carrying an umbrella.
You could ring this fool's neck for insisting he's Godot.

No, Godot is the absent one, the poets' tranquil beloved,
Strolling at dawn through fields of corn,
Dressed in green, the dew sparkling like Mozart.
Or a sun-spot like a high-held C in the sky;
Or decades of light years away, a star.

Gordon H. Dyson

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Andrew Shonfield

Thinking about the Future

> *"I understand not how the Dreams and Prognostications of madmen (for such I take to be all those that foretel future Contingencies) can be of any great disadvantage to the Commonwealth."*
>
> *"Yes, yes: know there is nothing that renders Humane Councils difficult, but the incertainty of future time, nor that so well directs men in their deliberations, as the fore-sight of the sequels of their Actions. Prophesie being many times the principal Cause of the Event foretold. . . ."*
>
> THOMAS HOBBES, *Behemoth* (1679)

FUTUROLOGY has become a subject. I have even received an invitation from a German publisher through the post to subscribe to a new *Who's Who of Futurologists*—though he never explained how anyone came to rate an entry in the volume. It seemed an expensive purchase, so I still do not know. The subject itself has a Franco-American parentage, having been largely invented by Bertrand de Jouvenel and developed in a series of studies called *"Futuribles"* initially with the support of the Ford Foundation.[1] But more recently it has become very much an American subject, as witness the work of the Commission for The Year 2000 under the chairmanship of Professor Daniel Bell (in five volumes of mimeographed papers), and the ambitious exercise in systematic speculation by Herman Kahn, with Anthony Wiener and other members of his Hudson Institute, called *The Year 2000: a Framework for Speculation*.[2] Moreover, these publications are a reflection of a much more widespread intellectual climate in which studies of the future flourish, often with the aid of powerful institutions designed to encourage speculative activities of this kind, like the Stanford Research Institute and the Rand Corporation.

My first question is about the purpose served by these long-range projections. Some reviewers of the Kahn and Wiener book have treated it as if it was a straightforward attempt at prediction, and have then either belaboured the authors for trying to write history in advance or have asserted that they have got their future history all wrong.[3] This is to misconceive the nature of the exercise. If such books were not labelled with the year 2000 or some other date in the 21st Century, but were called instead *Utopia* or *Erewhon* or something of the sort, reviewers might be induced to apply a more appropriate set of criteria. They would ask, first of all, whether the author's account of his imaginary world told them anything new about the *desirable* organisation of society. One of the purposes of putting the story in the far-off future is precisely to throw off some of the intellectual limitations on the discussion of social policy which are imposed by excessive concern with the details of the present situation—or of the one that we conceive to be immediately ahead. Having sloughed off these impedimenta we are better able to think seriously about the essential purposes of social organisation, and above all about the order of priorities that we attach to different objectives. De Jouvenel makes this point in an essay on social forecasting in the latest English book on the study of the future.[4]

But in order to make sense of our preferences we have to proceed to the second stage and build a series of constraints into our invention.

[1] M. de Jouvenel's organisation S.E.D.E.I.S. continues, without Ford Foundation finance, to publish a monthly journal, *Analyse et Prévision*, devoted to the subject.

[2] Collier-Macmillan (1967), New York, $9.95; London, 63s.

[3] See, *e.g.*, Desmond King-Hele, in *The Listener*, 20 June 1968.

[4] *Forecasting and the Social Sciences*, edited by Michael Young, Heinemann (1968), 35s. This is a first product of the work done by the Committee on the Next Thirty Years, set up by the Social Science Research Council in 1966.

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If all the desirable objectives were equally capable of achievement, the keen sense of priorities which utopian literature at its best forces upon the reader, making him engage in unfamiliar social and moral choices, would disappear altogether. That is why the characteristic feature of powerful utopian writing, whether it is done by a satirist like Swift or Aldous Huxley or by a straightforward social reformer like Thomas More, is the consistency of the concrete detail. After I had finished reading a wide-ranging survey of utopian writing, *Yesterday's Tomorrows*, by W. H. G. Armytage,[5] I asked myself why in spite of the promise of the subject, the book had entirely failed to grip. What seemed to happen was that the potted review approach, giving the essence of the utopian plot but excluding the significant detail of living in a variety of invented worlds, left one's imagination in a curiously flaccid state. Without the feeling of the whole system of constraints within which people inside a utopia operate one never gets involved in the central problems of choice which are the whole point of the exercise.

THAT IS WHY the new literature of systematic projection of long-range futures is an especially effective form of utopia-building. The constraints on what is desirable are systematically worked out by taking a set of factual data out of the present and the recent past, postulating a trend of development and then calculating the consequences that would emerge after an interval of a generation or two. One important difference from traditional utopian writing is that in the latter the social choice is presented as already given. The great policy decisions which have made the imaginary society what it is dominate the scene; the social environment which sets limits on what the policy-makers are able to accomplish is treated as secondary. In the literature of the future the primary subject matter is by contrast the environment itself, or better, the various possible environments that could emerge from the extrapolation of identifiable trends in the present world; we are then invited to choose between alternative combinations.

IT IS EASY to see why the method is particularly relevant today, why futurology has largely taken over from traditional utopianism. We are changing our environment with extraordinary rapidity, and are likely to do so faster and faster in the future. Apart from the odd natural cataclysm there never has been environmental change at this pace before. That the amount of change per year is likely to increase and go on increasing is a consequence of the exponential rate of growth of our incomes. If the national income is doubling every quarter of a century (which is what happens when it grows at the fairly modest pace of around three per cent a year) then it is obvious that the absolute quantity of *additional* goods and services which will be produced in the year 1993 will be twice as large as the same three per cent rate of growth would produce in 1968. It seems likely, unless something is done about it, that this doubled increment in our collective wealth will dent our environment twice as hard.

What the process of projection does is to make us pay attention, in time, to the consequences of pursuing a lot of desirable things which happen to be incompatible with one another. It is a way of forcing us to choose an order of priorities. Otherwise it will be a matter of chance which of several desires that conflict with one another in greater or less degree comes out on top. Since our order of priorities will be irrelevant to the outcome we shall have diminished our freedom in the process; a number of options that we should have liked to keep open will have been irretrievably closed. The Buchanan Report on *"Traffic in Towns"* (1963) was one of the first effective uses in this country of the method of subjecting the long-range future to explicit social calculations. It compelled us to recognise, among other things, that if we seriously set about designing our environment to accommodate the long-term growth of private transport on the scale of recent years there would be disappointingly little money left over for other important social purposes. Here the dent in our environment from the foreseeable consequences of the future rise in our personal incomes was going to be enormous.

There are two kinds of incompatibilities which are worth distinguishing. One is the familiar conflict between our wishes as private consumers, each of us intent on his own exclusive purchase, and our concern with getting the best out of the things that we use collectively. The conflict grows sharper, throughout the Western world, with every month that passes. It is the central issue of the politics of

[5] W. H. G. Armytage, *Yesterday's Tomorrows* (1968), Routledge & Kegan Paul, 35s.

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this generation. The parties of the Left which had concerned themselves actively with this type of problem once believed that they had some special guidance to offer on it. But the traditional formulae of socialism have not visibly helped social democratic governments to cope with the conflicts between collective and individual choice. Indeed they have helped to obscure the problem by their anxiety to assert its non-existence. But the pursuit of some urgent social purposes inevitably involves interference with personal liberties on an increasing scale. It is no longer possible to pretend that this is a problem which affects the well-to-do classes only, while the rest of society is overwhelmingly concerned with the fulfilment of collective aims. The dividing line in this piece of politics is less and less a matter of class interest.

The second kind of incompatibility is the simpler case where the means chosen for fulfilling some widely felt desire has the consequence of frustrating, partly or wholly, the original desire itself. Thus, to take a case that lies ready to hand, the fulfilment of the general desire for individual houses with small plots of land sited away from cities produces in time extended urban sprawl which destroys the countryside. However, that does not induce anyone spontaneously to give up the desire for a country retreat. Extrapolation, to be an effective disincentive, has to be buttressed by authority.

Business Interest

ALTHOUGH the practical purposes of the study of the long-range future are most obvious in the sphere of public policy, a straightforward commercial interest has emerged in the subject too. I.C.I., for example, has recently concluded a large-scale forecasting exercise on the Year 2000; moreover, it apparently regards the result as so valuable that it treats it as confidential. In spite of I.C.I.'s penchant for prestige advertising in support of its image as an organisation especially addicted to far-sighted public service, it has decided not to publish these findings. It is not the only firm which is especially concerned to keep its views of what the 21st Century is going to be like under its hat. One's first suspicion is that the company directors, with a professional reputation as hard-headed men to keep up, are loath to be caught out engaged in so wildly speculative an enterprise. But there is, in fact, something more at stake than the personal prestige of feet-on-the-ground types. The main point of the long-term projection is to supply some sort of guidance to those who have to decide how the very large sums devoted to research and development by these companies ought to be spent. I.C.I. spends around £30 million a year on *R. & D.* A piece of basic research may easily take ten years before it results in a saleable product. Adding on the time for building up the plant required to manufacture the product in volume and the marketing facilities, it may be another five years before the operation pays off and *begins* to produce a profit. So some of the decisions of the director in charge of research during the coming year will have to be based on a view of what the market for chemicals and other products is likely to be in the late 1980s.

Since the resources required for effective research and development are severely limited—simply because there are normally only small numbers of able people with a sufficiently advanced knowledge of any specialised field of science—how a firm has decided to commit the main body of its effort for the ultimate development of products at present unknown may be an important trade secret. Big business firms nowadays normally engage in defensive scientific intelligence—a term which covers a wide range of activities, some of them readily recognisable as traditional spy stuff but others concerned with more humdrum tasks. These include the systematic reading of obscure journals and scientific papers in order to discover who *may be* thinking up some new and dangerous thoughts—that is dangerous to the position established, or likely to be established in the future, by the products of your own firm. Moreover, since in many of the science-based industries the limiting factor on the new activities of even a giant corporation is frequently the size and the quality of the intellectual resources which it is able to deploy, the knowledge that it has opted for certain directions in its long-range *R. & D.* programme may tell you something very valuable about the probable absence of a major effort in fields where you might otherwise have had reason to fear its competition.

GOVERNMENTS HAVE BEEN SLOWER than big business to get into the speculative exercise of constructing long-range futures. Perhaps it is because they have not felt the need to respond to

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the same type of competitive pressure. In modern large-scale industry where the market is often dominated by a very few major firms, there is commonly a tacit understanding to avoid competition by straightforward price-cutting—that's called "cut-throat competition" —so that firms try to get the edge over one another by thinking up new products. In government, on the other hand, the pressures (at any rate in a democracy) are against innovations which offer only a long-term pay-off. No investment analysts are on hand to pick out the long-term growth propositions worth investing in now, in spite of a low current yield on their shares, for the sake of the extra income that will be produced by them some years hence. There is, unfortunately, nothing in government corresponding to the splendid device of the stock market to help an enterprising and successful management to discount its future prospects by upgrading the present value of its shares. So when a government sets out to recommend itself to the electorate in the guise of efficient management, its instinct is to show its mettle in the business of making a fast buck. Five-year-plans have normally hitherto set the limit of the time horizon brought into public view.

Five years is in fact a desperately short time in which to produce any significant change in the quality of the services which governments are increasingly called upon to supply to the community. Even altering a bit of the curriculum in schools in order to achieve the more efficient learning of some subject like mathematics takes a good deal longer than that. The new text-books have to be written and distributed; instructors at teacher-training colleges have to master the new method before they can begin to instruct the new generation of teachers; and the existing body of teachers has to be retrained. All this without allowing for the time that is taken up in a society which values the principle of voluntary assent in converting the practitioners to the conviction that the new really is an improvement on the old. When it comes to improving the productivity of some social service like caring for the sick or the old the time-lag is often longer. This is partly because of the need to invest in new buildings or equipment, and partly because established practices in places like hospitals tend to acquire a sanctity comparable to that of an agricultural ritual in a traditional peasant society.

What all this means is that social investment typically has what economists call a long lead-time. The full yield on an expensive project undertaken now may not make itself felt until the 1980s or 1990s. It is remarkable how little awareness of this fact was reflected in the Labour Government's approach to planning. The National Plan of 1965 contained no hint of the problem which the French planners had already by then begun to tackle. They had set up a "Working Group for the Year 1985" because they felt that this long perspective had become a necessary element in the preparation of their series of four and five-year plans. Without some clearer vision of the distant social objectives, they found, the perspective on the near-term changes contained in the four-year plan lacked sufficient definition. The long-term exercise has since been reinforced and made much more elaborate in the preparatory work that is now going forward in the *Commissariat du Plan* on the Sixth Plan (1971–75).

THIS FRENCH VENTURE is especially interesting because it forces the attention of the planners on the "utopian" aspects of long-range forecasting. The twenty- or thirty-year projection wonderfully concentrates the minds of those in charge of a national Budget on the ultimate purposes of different kinds of social investment, all offering the promise of some useful return. It is not only a matter of establishing a hierarchy of objectives, ranked according to their importance. The social planner often finds that although one objective may be judged to be somewhat more important than another, the first turns out to be so much more costly than the second that it seems reasonable to distribute the limited resources available in a way which puts the second objective ahead. He is more inclined to do this if, as often happens with social investments, there is a minimum critical size which has to be reached before a programme begins to have any serious impact at all. In the end the planner has to make what the Americans call a "trade-off" between one desirable end and another in the light of their relative costs. The principle of "cost effectiveness," which the social planners in France and elsewhere are trying to employ in the spirit that Robert McNamara introduced in the U.S. Defence Department sounds technical and satisfyingly neutral, but in practice it brings one up sharply against some very complicated problems of moral choice.

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Social v. Natural Scientists

WHEN SOCIAL SCIENTISTS and natural scientists meet to discuss the future one is struck by the way that each group adopts towards the other a mock-humble accusatory tone, the accusation being that the other's role is the decisive one. The social scientists say: "If you would only tell us clearly what kind of technological changes we can expect, we could begin to analyse how society is likely to change." To which the natural scientists answer: "Never you mind about us; all we need are some marching orders. Given enough time, modern technology has an almost limitless capacity to invent—so long as society decides that a sufficient volume of resources is to be put at the disposal of any particular programme. So you just tell us what is wanted by society: that is going to be the decisive factor in shaping the future...."

It would be nice and not, I think, outrageously foolish to take the natural scientists and technologists at their word. Of course, technological activity is not quite so subordinate nor technologists quite so passive as their story makes out. Still it is out of the knowledge of society, rather than of technology, that the major insights about the world a quarter of a century away are likely to come. But there is a certain ambiguity about the natural scientists' demand to be told "what is wanted" by society. They may mean that they want to know what society *will* want twenty years hence—*i.e.*, what is demanded is a straightforward prediction which will eventually be proved either true or false. I have suggested earlier that this is not what the recent studies of the future are intended to supply. There is the alternative possibility that the demand is to know "what is wanted" here and now, that is the underlying objectives of social policy which correspond to widely felt needs and which seem likely to be pursued in the period immediately ahead—with consequences which will make themselves felt two or three decades later. This is much more feasible. In part what is required is the kind of analysis which is commonly pursued by political scientists, who look behind the stated objectives of voters and politicians to discover a pattern of actions which can be most satisfactorily explained by imputing to the society a set of underlying motives. The motives which serve to explain the process may not be those which most members of the society, or their leaders, regard as determining their political choices. The point is that they can be used for purposes of prediction. Watch these, and you will have a guide to the probable pattern of behaviour in widely differing circumstances.

BEYOND THAT IT IS POSSIBLE for the social scientists to say something about the way in which certain patterns of behaviour tend to go together. Thus if, say, two or three probable features of a society of the future can be identified, it may be possible to establish a number of other things that are likely to happen too. The social sciences are gradually discovering methods of analysing some of the probable results of a given balance of the thrusts and tensions in different kinds of society. This is the sort of thing that de Tocqueville did so well—perhaps better than any individual before or since—when he identified what he took to be the central features of American society in the 1830s and used them to construct the pattern of a future world, which he expected to be governed more and more by the underlying forces that he had detected. Chief of these forces was the trend towards economic and social equality. In the final chapter of *Democracy in America* he said:

> The society of the modern world, which I have sought to delineate... has just come into existence. Time has not yet shaped it into perfect form... and it is almost impossible to discern what will pass away and what will survive.... Nevertheless in the midst of a prospect so wide, so novel, and so confused, some of the more prominent characteristics may already be discerned and pointed out. The good things and the evils of life are more equally distributed in the world; great wealth tends to disappear, the number of small fortunes to increase; desires and gratifications are multiplied, but extraordinary prosperity and irremediable penury are alike unknown.... Each individual stands apart in solitary weakness; but society at large is active, provident, and powerful: the performances of private persons are insignificant, those of the State immense. (Book IV, Chapter 57.)

He goes on with a series of bold judgments which reflect his conviction that he has seen the pattern of this new social structure *as a whole.*

> There is little energy of character, but manners are mild, and laws humane.... Human existence becomes longer and property more secure: life is not adorned with brilliant trophies, but it is extremely easy and tranquil. Few pleasures are either very refined or very coarse; and highly polished manners are as uncommon as great

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> brutality of tastes. . . . The ties of race, of rank, and of country are relaxed; the great bond of humanity is strengthened.

He then refers back to the decisive element in all these changes that he foresees, the dominant trend which in the long run will determine the shape of all the rest. "If I endeavour to find out the most general and most prominent of all these characteristics, I perceive that what is taking place in men's fortunes manifests itself under a thousand other forms. Almost all extremes are softened or blunted: all that was once most prominent is superseded by some middle term. . . ."

De Tocqueville is here trying to perform both of the two different operations which I tried to distinguish earlier in the business of forecasting. He first describes a wide range of different types of behaviour and shows convincingly why, in spite of their variety, they tend to cohere in a single pattern of society. This of course does no more than indicate a *possible* behaviour pattern, one of several alternatives, which may occur in the future. But he then proceeds to argue that this is also the most likely pattern to assert itself in the long run. Now this involved, implicitly, a set of predictions about the policies which would be pursued by various national governments. The operation was enormously hazardous. It is worth recording that when de Tocqueville was writing in the 1830s, Europe was still caught up in the authoritarian and hierarchical style of government—the very antithesis of the American mode—which was the legacy of the Congress of Vienna. So his confident predictions could not have been derived from any extrapolation of a visibly dominant European trend. Rather, his method was to examine the social structures and the modes of behaviour that seemed to be required for the smooth functioning of the new industrial societies which had begun to emerge, and to decide that these societies would willy-nilly find themselves moving in the same direction as that on which the United States had deliberately chosen to embark. American political ideas and practices thus provided him with a powerful device for predicting the less deliberate, much more uncertain, and yet inescapable modes of action which would be adopted in the long run by governments in Europe and elsewhere.

THE METHOD CAN USEFULLY be compared with the exercise conducted by Herman Kahn and Anthony Wiener in *The Year 2000*. They too believe that they have identified "the basic, long-term multifold trend." It belongs with what they call "sensate culture," whose significance can best be indicated by their own string of adjectives—"empirical, this-worldly, humanistic, utilitarian, contractual, hedonistic." There are a lot of other defining terms but these will do to suggest the general pattern of the society which they have in mind. It is an extremely permissive society where people work a great deal less and have a greatly diminished sense of duty. Its affluence could very well result in a widespread sense of alienation, so that "the politics (and even the culture) of plenty could become one not of contentment, but of cynicism, emotional distance and hostility. . . . The enhancement of private values combined with the increased sense of futility about public values would also entail a kind of despair about the long-run future of the whole society."

The rationale for this kind of prediction is primarily economic. Thus, for example: "If the 'puritan ethic' becomes superfluous for the functioning of the economy, the conscience-dominated character type associated with it would also tend to disappear. Parents would no longer be strongly motivated to inculcate traits such as diligence, punctuality, willingness to postpone or forgo satisfaction. . . ." And the intellectuals are expected to consolidate the reaction against the old bourgeois order, supplying the average person with the spiritual ground on which to construct his philosophy of non-obligation and non-engagement. "There would then be considerable cultural support for feelings ranging from indifference to outright contempt for any sort of success or achievement that has economic relevance."

Now this is fairly familiar Marxist stuff. Culture and politics are seen to be determined in a direct and detailed way by the nature of the economic order. Moreover, there is the implicit psychological assumption that as soon as the economic pressures which sustain the "puritan ethic" are off, people will tend to move towards more relaxed moral positions where the individual's sense of collective responsibility for political and social actions will be greatly diminished. The authors seem to be very definite about this.

> Indeed, unless there is a surprising interruption in the exponential progress of prosperity, sensate-humanist and epicurean values almost

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surely will come to dominate older bourgeois virtues, and may even return, in some respects, to criteria that antedated the "bourgeois" element of the multifold trend, which has been a driving force for more than five centuries.

Why so confident? It could, for instance, be argued that another kind of imperative will assert itself, derived from the political rather than the economic order. The organisation of the highly urbanised society of the future, with vast populations of affluent persons jostling against one another in crowded spaces, will surely require close regulation. It will also need the ready assent of citizens to the behests of public authority, for the sake of efficiency of movement and convenience of living. If people want these things, then it would seem they will have to acquire the habit of exercising very great personal restraint in their relations with one another.

IT IS UNNECESSARY to pursue the detail of these alternative social scenarios further. Even if Kahn and Wiener turn out to be right and my hunch wrong, the main doubt about their methodology would remain. Here is another sample of their method as applied to a narrower case—that of the future economic growth rate of Britain and the consequent change in the economic balance of power among the main nations of the world in the year 2000. The conclusion reached is that Britain will by then have the smallest national product of the five economic powers of the second rank (that is, second to the two super-powers, the U.S. and Russia) which are Japan, West Germany, France, Communist China, and Britain. The conclusion follows from the assumption that the British economy will continue to grow for the next thirty-odd years at about the same rate as during the past decade. This, it is argued, will occur regardless of what happens to the rate of economic growth in the other countries—"If their growth rates were to drop to that of Britain, Britain's growth rate would be more heartening and very likely much of the contemporary British self-hatred would disappear." But if the others continue to go forward at their recent cracking pace of growth, which is what the authors think likely, then

> while many in Britain will criticise the Government and bewail the current situation, it would seem that a "cure"—through English effort to double the growth rate—is unlikely, since no single class or large group is suffering so much or is so unhappy and/or frustrated by conditions in what actually is a prosperous and growing nation to force the necessary changes for faster growth.

The argument undoubtedly has some persuasive quality. It is a safe bet that it or something very much like it would readily persuade the occupants of scores of company boardrooms anywhere between Zurich and New York, if they had an occasion to consider the prospect for the year 2000 in these terms. But the judgment purports to be something more than the current conventional wisdom of the business community. The underlying logic of the argument seems to run like this. The British rate of growth has been relatively low for a long time, which suggests that whatever its cause it is very deep-seated. To remove the cause will require a radical change of some sort, unspecified. Since the existing rate of growth produces moderate satisfactions for the British the necessary effort required for the change to a faster rate is most unlikely to be made.

However, unless one knows rather more about the kind of effort that would be needed during the period ahead to make British production go up faster, it is hard to judge the substance of this argument. The first unstated assumption on which the argument rests is that the same factors which determined the rate of economic growth of nations during the first two-thirds of this century will continue to operate. No serious attempt is made to justify this. The second assumption is that whatever the unspecified thing is which it takes to push a nation up from a sustained low rate of growth to a higher level, it is unlikely to be accomplished unless people are subjected to severe economic discomfort as a result of *not* growing fast. Again, the nature of the discomfort is unspecified, so it is impossible to be sure what sort of events are envisaged as being uncomfortable enough. There is an absence of either sociological or psychological definition. This whole model is in fact a highly simplified piece of economic determinism—in a familiar Marxist tradition.

Now this kind of approach has its uses. But they depend on subjecting the historical material available to both deep and exhaustive analysis. The work requires most especially the exercise of historical imagination—in the manner of Marx himself. To sustain the Kahn and Wiener style of prediction about Britain, one would need to look for an advanced indus-

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trial country which had in recent times sharply improved its rate of growth and then ask what kind of circumstances were associated with the change. In fact the experience of France lies ready to hand. One would not have guessed from the Kahn and Wiener tables and charts that the British national product per head of population had *in fact* increased somewhat faster than the French during the quarter of a century from just before the outbreak of World War I until the year prior to World War II (*i.e.*, 1913–38). The interesting question then is what caused the drastic change in the French secular trend from the late 1940s onwards. Was it, as some people suggest, a sense of national humiliation leading to a collective urge on the part of a new generation of Frenchmen to modernise? No doubt this change of mood contributed something to the result, though it would require very careful examination of the data to decide how much. How important were the circumstances which were peculiar to post-war France, for instance, two protracted colonial wars, one in Indo-China and the other in Algeria? Did they help or hinder the decisive acceleration of the pace of economic growth, which Britain failed to accomplish?

THE QUESTIONS, to which I happen not to know the answer, are posed in order to illustrate the fact, which no one will surely find surprising, that useful prediction of future trends depends in the first place on the sophisticated interpretation of historical material. It also requires considerable intellectual rigour. The facile judgment that the British are unlikely to get sufficiently fed up with their poor economic performance to do anything serious about it needs to be ex-

The Neo-

IT IS an old story: easy to know what one is against, but what is one for? That is why the latest issue of Hans Magnus Enzensberger's revolutionary Review "Kursbuch" which is devoted to the subject of "Futurology" is particularly heavy going. Not only does it ruthlessly condemn other futurologists for their lack of social imagination but it seeks to shame them and brand them as "counter-revolutionary obstructionists of the future" by confronting them with a row of "concrete blue-prints for the future" derived from New Left sources. Indeed, the review even offered awards (never mind that it also argues in favour of the abolition of a Money Economy)—a first prize of a thousand marks to the author of the best "concrete Utopia."

What do the competition entries look like? How do Germany's youthful revolutionaries envisage the future? The thousand-mark prize went to a competitor named Géza Kirchknopf for an essay entitled "From the Elastic Family Group to the Commune." Kirchknopf proceeds from the assumption that the bourgeois family is the "reactionary basic structure" of our society and that the reform of society must therefore start with the family. He (or she) advocates the formation of communities of six or eight families in the same age-group living together in one house. This would, incidentally, solve the baby-sitter problem, allowing married couples a greater degree of freedom.

As to the other benefits: "It is by no means impossible that as the system develops sexual cross-exchanges will take place between the individual families living in the house. . . . We must not, of course, overlook the fact that the sexual taboo of monogamy is deeply rooted in the psychic consciousness of every individual." The more progressive couples should therefore debate the matter with those tending to hang back. Additionally these sexual exchanges within the House-Commune should be legalised. "Progress would take the form of a pyramid of which the apex would be the group with the highest social consciousness, the broad masses following after. The breakdown of alienation among human beings would begin at the top and gradually spread to the foot of the pyramid." Thus Géza Kirchknopf.

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS *to this futurological symposium concern themselves with the Universities, the Legal System, and the distribution of Consumer Goods. According to an essay on educational reform, "An ability to teach should not be the decisive factor in the appointment of teachers, but the interest of the school council in learning some new subject and finding people competent to teach it." Police and law-courts, it goes without saying, must be abolished. One contributor (Rolf Schwendter) has drawn up a 20-year plan for "The Abolition of the Money-Economy." According to this blue-print the charge for admission to swimming-baths and libraries is abolished in the third year; free canteen meals for all will be served in the eighth year; and in the ninth year there will be "free distribution of cereals, potatoes, and fruit-juice." But beer will not become free until the fourteenth year, and tobacco in the fifteenth.*

In the tenth year (i.e., between the free distribution of potatoes and the free distribution of beer), Herr Schwendter envisages "a state

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amined more closely in terms of the kind of forces which do change national moods—apparently changed the national mood of the French in the aftermath of World War II. Is the *only* thing that is likely to interest the citizens of a country like Britain the assurance that they will have a little extra private income each year? Kahn and Wiener argue implicitly that as long as this is assured no government is going to be driven to embark on any major change of economic policy which will require the energetic collaboration of the ordinary Englishman. Is it not at least possible that, for example, the frustration of some widely felt social purpose might provide a powerful motive for radical change? But to answer this type of question one first needs to know a great deal more about the *kind* of change that is going to be required to do the trick.

I think it is plausible to argue that it would need a very sharp wrench indeed away from existing social and economic arrangements in this country to push the British rate of growth up very fast—say, to the German level—here and now. But that is very different from the proposition that in the 32 years between now and 2000 the British will not make the necessary structural changes to bring their rate of growth at least up to the current average West European level. There is no evidence that the British are peculiarly averse to even very profound changes, if they occur gradually over an extended period. Post-war experience, *e.g.*, of the ending of empire—the British having a bigger empire than any other European power and managing its dissolution in a much more orderly fashion—might suggest the very opposite.

Utopians

of socialist competition in the consumer field." A first contingent of consumers will be placed in the Utopian position of receiving no pay or other remuneration but will be put on the free list for all consumer goods. Everyone in this group will receive an electronic record-card by which the price of the goods and services he receives will be assessed in terms of the current money-economy. An annual statistical survey comparable to the reckoning of points in a football league will make it possible for "extravagant consumers" to be excluded from the system, while, on the other hand, new members will be introduced. So much for Herr Enzensberger's sociological break-through.

MERELY TO LAUGH *at the misconceived and childish visions which are here proposed to us as "concrete futurology" is not enough. The neo-utopians deserve our sympathy. In their perfect ignorance of economics and of psychology they are a good hundred years behind the times. They cry out again and again for a "simplification of oppressive social structures" and take as their model the petty bourgeois anarchism of the Paris Commune of 1871. How can they help falling into precisely the errors with which they charge liberal planners? They prolong the* status quo *indefinitely and welcome as sublime utopian arrangement schemes that have long been discounted as belonging to the oppressive past.*

Why, for example, should sexual cross-exchanges among the "elastic family group" be treated as the first law of the new Utopia when wife-swapping (if we are to believe what we read in certain American novels), has become a commonplace in middle-class U.S. circles, quite without the benefit of futurological prompting? And why talk about "socialist competition in the consumer field" with free distribution of goods to an élite possessing an electronic card, when the New Class in the Soviet Union have been living under this kind of system for decades, and thereby (if the argument holds) eliminating alienation at the apex of the pyramid? Is this the spirit of a new Jerusalem?

But unfortunately these neo-Utopians are not merely naïve. They claim to be world-improvers, but there is little love in them and even less mercy. One of Enzensberger's experts, writing about the Elimination of Bureaucracy (in West Berlin), ventures this: "What are we to do with the Bureaucrats? The Berlin Bureaucracy is composed for the greater part of women, crippled women.... The Bureaucrats cannot automatically be transferred to productive work. They have fallen so deeply into the state of parasitism that they are incapable of supporting themselves. A large number of them will have to emigrate to West Germany...."

WELL, AT LEAST *it is good to know that they will not be shot! Liquidation plays no part in Enzensberger's Utopia. People are merely "removed," "shelved," "disposed of," "eliminated," "re-functioned," "negated," and so forth. The neo-Utopian jargon throws its own light on the illiberal intolerant Utopia of the "concrete futurologists." Which way do we go for the nearest concentration camp?*

Günter Zehm

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Limitations of Method

MY PURPOSE, however, is not to put up alternative guesses to those made by Kahn and Wiener. It is rather to suggest that the essential method, which projects forward from highly generalised statistics and bases itself on a very abstract model of economic and social structures, has severe limitations. Michael Young's plea in *Forecasting and the Social Sciences* for a body of people who are non-economists to engage in long-range studies of the future is very much to the point.

Yet it would be most ungrateful to the authors of *The Year 2000* to allow the criticism to obscure the real value of the work that they have done. Their most important contribution is that they have brought some order into the chaos of predictions about possible future worlds and tried to set some limits to the probable extent of the change that it is reasonable to expect during the next thirty years or so. The material is usefully organised in a uniform framework, starting with the picture of a "standard world," which shows the outcome of a number of existing trends to the year 2000, and then going on to sketch out a number of "canonical variations" on the main theme. These show the consequences of introducing a series of alternative assumptions about the locus of power, about the way people will feel and behave, and so on. All this helps the reader to think more clearly about fundamental issues of political and social choice. The authors have done a lot of useful sums, which provide some benchmarks for measuring the margin of manoeuvre available to us and to the next generation in pursuing alternative policies.

One reflection which is prompted by the exercise is that it is a major purpose of rational policy-making to *avoid* making final choices, wherever possible, for the people who will have to live twenty or thirty years hence in the environment which is being constructed for them. It requires a deliberate effort to keep some of the options open, to decide that we do not know certain things about the way of life that they are likely to want to lead. Of course there are a lot of firm decisions which have to be made now—about schools, hospitals, new towns—if life in the 1980s and 1990s in Britain is not to be dreadfully impoverished. Mistakes have to be risked, because the alternative of making no firm decision is bound to be worse. But planners ought always to bear in mind that there are many matters that they should try *not* to plan in detail. The plans need to be designed in such a way as to preserve a substantial margin of the unplanned, on which future options will be exercised. It will usually be more expensive to do this than to have it all cut and dried. So it is important first to try to identify those areas in the society of the future about which we ought to be uncertain, and secondly, to decide on the range of realistic options that it is worth while keeping open. The extra cost of keeping any particular option open for a future generation has, after all, to be justified to the present generation of taxpayers.

The Kahn and Wiener exercise at its best offers its projections for just such a purpose. The authors call these projections "heuristic metaphors," meaning that they are devices which help one to think more clearly about the range of probabilities that ought to be taken into account when making a decision whose effects will be felt in the more or less distant future. The trouble is that they cannot resist the temptation of moving beyond this eminently practical task into the business of actually predicting the future, without recognising that for this exercise something more is required than the ingenious manipulation of identifiable trends. It needs a vision of society as a whole. And for that, as I have suggested, the historical imagination has to be especially rich and finely attuned. Systems-analysis in the contemporary American style is no substitute for an intimate feeling for texture and detail.

ONE HAS to look elsewhere for the deeper insights which seem to be of particular relevance to the year 2000—for example, to a sociologist with a strong feeling for the history of ideas, like Daniel Bell, who writes the introduction to the Kahn and Wiener book. Bell is the inventor of the "Post-Industrial Society," which has already passed into the folklore of forward-looking business executives with a large research-and-development budget to justify to their shareholders. Bell has sketched out the main features of this future society in a recent essay[6] What is especially impressive about his approach is the way in which he concentrates on one characteristic feature of the system and shows how it is likely to permeate the whole functioning of society. This is the new role of the intellectual. It is, of course, a familiar point that the technical and managerial intelligentsia

[6] *The Public Interest* (nos. 6 and 7, 1967).

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are a crucial element in the advanced industrial societies of the 20th century and are likely to exercise increasing power in it.[7] The special interest of Bell's approach is that he starts by identifying a particular feature of the intellectual process which is likely to have a decisive function in the society of the future, quite different from the function which has been performed for any society hitherto. He argues that what is new is the decisive importance in the new society of *theoretical* knowledge—"the primacy of theory over empiricism and the codification of knowledge into abstract systems of symbols which can be translated into many different and varied circumstances." The essential point is that "every society now lives by innovation and growth; and it is theoretical knowledge that has become the matrix of innovation."

The point emerges most obviously from a comparison of the style of scientific invention of the 19th and early 20th centuries led by men who were, as Bell says, "inspired and talented tinkerers" with the methodical application of the fundamental discoveries of science in the great laboratories of today. These are governed by programmes of research systematically exploring a range of probable consequences of some particular advance in the understanding of the laws governing the behaviour of the physical world. When one thinks of the problems of managing a research and development programme with an annual expenditure of several million pounds in one of the big businesses of today, one begins to have some sense of the "primacy" of theory. To take the example of I.C.I. again, it employs over 2,000 employees of Ph.D. or equivalent qualifications and spends on their research work nearly as much as the net amount which it distributes in dividends. Those in charge of this work have got to have a very clear idea both of the most promising lines of investigation leading to new products that are constantly being opened up by discoveries of a fundamental nature, and also of the kind of opportunities which their rivals in research, the Du Ponts, the Bayers, and others are likely to seize—because they too are watching every move forward in the theoretical work on chemicals in order to switch their resources of intellectual manpower into the lines of activity that will give them an edge over their competitors. The research manager is the ultimate guardian of the profit-earning capacity of his company.

BUT THERE ARE MORE subtle ways in which the pervasive dominance of theory manifests itself. It has supplied the basis on which the new techniques of management of the economy by governments have been built up since the War. Here, too, it is the steady advance in the theoretical knowledge of economic structures which has allowed economists to show how certain changes in taxes or the rate of interest or subsidies and incentives of various kinds are likely to affect the size and composition of the national income, the balance of payments and so on. And the same process has begun to be applied, though more uncertainly as yet, to the management of long-term change in social structures. The consequence is, as Bell says, that

> the university, which is the place where theoretical knowledge is sought, tested and codified in a disinterested way, becomes the primary institution of the new society.

The university's position in the next hundred years will, he thinks, be analogous to that of the position of the business firm as the key element in the organisation of production during the past century. Profound consequences are likely to flow from this, because the whole style of decision-making by the dominant members of the future society will be different. It is not only that a different set of assumptions, tastes, and prejudices will come to the fore, the very process of thought which leads to the typical decision will take on new forms. It is hard to foresee the detailed results of such a change, in terms of political and social structures. It would be splendid if someone could, like de Tocqueville a hundred and thirty years ago, find a living model in the present which would make it possible to discern the essential elements of the society of the future.

TO ASSERT the role of imagination and intuition in the work of social analysis applied to the future is not to decry the value of the systematic pursuit of more humdrum practical investigations, particularly those of a statistical character. But I am, finally, left in some doubt about the primacy accorded to statistics based on the long-term projection of national income figures in the Kahn and Wiener study. It is, at any rate, important that people

[7] See, for instance, J. K. Galbraith's *The New Industrial State* (1967).

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responsible for long-term planning decisions, whom this type of study is designed to serve, should recognise the severe limitations of the national income figures as a guide to the wealth or poverty of a society. The longer the projection the less reliable they become for this kind of purpose.

The figures are treated in the exercise by Kahn and Wiener as if they were somehow disembodied, so that a movement up or down has the same significance for a society whether it occurs in 1968 or in 2000. The Western industrial world's capacity to produce is expected to be about five times as great at the end of the period as it is now, which will mean that the average G.N.P. per capita of the O.E.C.D. countries will be some three and a half times what it is today. But the truth is that the national-income technique is designed for the measurement of changes over fairly short periods of time during which the composition of the national income itself does not change significantly, either in terms of the actual things produced or of their quality. That is because changes in real national income are measured in terms of the weight or volume or the actual number of individual products produced. Whichever way, the measure depends on the nature and quality of the component items remaining largely unchanged.[8]

It is indeed obvious that if twenty years from now half of the national income consisted of new things which have no equivalent today, it would be impossible to measure the increase in the real value of income which would have occurred in the interval. It would be no use trying to measure it in terms of all the extra money paid, because the value of money itself is changing all the time. Indeed the only way in which we measure changes in the "real" value of incomes is by ignoring current prices, and taking instead some collection of goods and services, assumed to be unchanged in their individual quality and in their importance in the average person's budget, and asking how much more of them are produced and consumed at two different points in time. In fact it is absurd to suppose that societies which will have it in their power to produce five times as much *extra wealth* each year as we do today will not have profoundly different notions about the way in which their riches are to be deployed. What is less understood is that changes in the composition of national production are also very likely to affect the rate at which production itself can grow.

THE FOLLOWING EXAMPLE shows why. Assume that, after a period in which privately owned goods multiply prodigiously in the hands of all wage-earners, there is a widespread feeling about the need to improve the lot of people who, either by nature or by accident, are at a disadvantage because they cannot perform efficiently in their jobs, their schools, or their homes. A political decision is made to give this problem the highest priority. In consequence, large resources of highly skilled professional effort are concentrated on the training of disadvantaged children and on the more sensitive care of the ageing (now greatly increased in number), on the sick and on people with psychological troubles. In terms of any conventional measure of output, such a society as this would very likely show up as a stagnant economy. No increase in productivity would be registered, since the main effort would be on increasing the number of social workers and others available per disadvantaged person. All very "unproductive." It would be a much more "efficient" economy if those devoting themselves to the care of the inefficient members of society got on with the business of producing some more goods themselves. The general point which emerges is that the rate of economic progress is not something that can be usefully measured on its own, independently of changes in society, its ideas, tastes, and moral stance. The very nature of a society's wishes will determine the level of its production in physical terms. It need hardly be said that a society which opts for a certain kind of improvement for its disadvantaged members is not in consequence poorer than a society which concentrates its resources successfully on meeting the needs of the five-car family or the three-TV set household.

Once again, one sees how these solid-seeming, straightforward statistical measurements acquire significance only when the speculative social imagination is applied to them. There is nothing for it. Futurology remains allied to fantasy. It cannot be turned into a respectable "hard" science merely by getting the economists and the technologists to put some numbers to it.

[8] It is worth recalling the statistical effect on the British national income calculations of the move from the traditional 78 r.p.m. gramophone records to 33⅓ r.p.m. This showed up initially as a drop in the *volume* of gramophone record output (the number of records), although the actual amount of recorded music of course increased.

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D. J. Enright

Thai Personalities

The errors of a wise man make your rule,
Rather than the perfections of a fool.
BLAKE

NOT LONG AGO I had occasion to examine an earnest study of Thai peasant personality, or more precisely, or lengthily, a study of the patterning of interpersonal behaviour in a certain Thai village. The author derived much of his basic data from the responses of a number of peasants to a test requiring the completion of various sentences, or (as the author himself puts it) to "a series of standardised stimuli." One of the set sentences was *"When something worries him, he . . ."* and this sentence was completed by nearly half of the selected villagers with a phrase signifying *"felt worried."* Another sentence ran *"The thing which we want the most is . . ."*, and this sentence seventy-seven per cent of the villagers completed economically with the word *"money."* By the end of the book, after careful tabulation and analysis, a lot of terminological expertise or jargon, and twenty-two months of "field research" in the village, the author had arrived at various sensible and largely just conclusions concerning the salient features of Thai personality and behaviour which would have occurred to an intelligent and active tourist within his first week of sojourn in the country.

Since the practice of studying human beings as simple animals or as animals amenable to simple analysis at the hands of specialists has now been accorded the status of an academic subject (and after all, given that both the world and the academic profession are over-populated, it is true there is no time for complexity), I feel emboldened to employ here an even simpler technique for the exploration of Thai personality. This technique is based on the analysis of students' howlers and pseudo-howlers, and since the latter all derive from one year's crop of examination scripts marked by me personally, I cannot be accused of undue selectiveness.

MORE THAN IS the case with other student-races using English as a foreign language, the "mistakes" of the Thais have struck me as handsomely consistent or "pattern-making" and significant in fairly directly confirming their attitudes and behaviour as observed in other spheres. It will be gathered from the report that I do not altogether subscribe to the theory which holds the Thais to be a simple, innocent, cheerful, outgoing and somewhat backward people (this last adjective generally implies the attached adverb "conveniently"). Whereas the external demeanour of the Japanese seems calculated to induce outsiders to consider them more extraordinary and incomprehensible than they are, the demeanour of the Thais impresses me as calculated to persuade outsiders that they are more ordinary and easily understood than they are.

As I say, the specimens which follow have not been painstakingly culled over a period of years: they all fell in the same seasonal and local shower. And while students of every nationality and race produce howlers (if only to entertain their teachers), I believe that these particular ones could not, with a few exceptions, derive from Japanese, Egyptian, Indian, Singaporean, Malaysian or Chinese students.

"If the poet always sings the truth, he would have a little raw material to produce his work because there are not much truths."

"Poetry makes the world, the nature, have more technique colours than it really was."

"If men study poetry which is too romantic, it may lead to sadness at the end."

"'Fear no more the heat o' the sun' means: now we have air-conditioning."

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THESE WISE COMMENTS indicate the realism of the Thais, their only mildly regretful acceptance of things-as-they-are. It is not so much a cynical or pessimistic attitude as a Buddhistically modest view of this world of dew, this world of small expectations. We note too the direct and commonsense interpretation of literary texts (and an honest un-Luddite appreciation of the blessings of progress which ought to touch the heart of Charles Snow). The strong disinclination for flights of fancy, the willingness to suppose that what the poet means is what he most obviously says (even though it is wrong), this is very different from the ingenious profundity evinced by Japanese students of literature, whose respect for poetry is so immense that it sometimes leads them to ignore the poem. There are not many truths in the world, and the Thai is in happy but not arrogant possession of the most important of them. Western writers, and poets in particular, make a great song and dance about all sorts of funny fabricated pseudo-truths, far-fetched imaginings and sensational postulations, but all this adds up to little more than technicolouring and will lead to sadness (if to nothing worse) in the end. The penny-plain sort of truth is what counts. The first of my specimens, incidentally, is near to the description of Freud by a Western-trained Thai psychiatrist reported in the study of Thai peasant personality already mentioned: "a person who did not have too much to say because he only wrote about sex."

"R. Greene wrote *A Groansworth of Wit.*"

"Shakespeare was the great oppressive figure in Elizabethan period."

"A ballad usually consists of four lines and jealousy."

"Alliteration means making of literature all the time."

"Dr. Prime Rose . . . a character in *The Vigor of Wakefield.*"

"In rhyme there are both eternal and external rhymes."

AGAIN WE OBSERVE a sober and realistic estimation of literature's importance, especially as compared with the genuine verities—Buddhism, the Monarchy, food, rest, and one or two others. Perhaps we also detect a temperately expressed sense of grievance arising out of the imposition of the study of literature (to the making of which there is no end), a sense usually evincing itself in mischievous irony, as in the last two quotations. I have noticed that the possession of a quite celebrated politeness, courtesy and respectfulness does not seriously impede Eastern people in the indication of their true opinions. Very large groans can arise out of very slender little throats.

"I approve of his thought that sleep is the best time in the life. After sleep we seem fresh unless we are dozing and want to sleep again." (In a discussion of the lyric, *Weep you no more, sad fountains.*)

"I like to read poems as much as sleeping."

"Milton was Puritan so he did not believe in God very much."

"Yeats' wife went to France and saw many spirits."

As the first two declarations show, the enjoyment of sleep is an experience too positive, the value set upon the activity too high, for this phenomenon to be described as temperate. The students were aware that nevertheless there was in educational circles a feeling (however perverse) that they ought to work as well as sleep, so these passages also bear witness to a notable honesty, a degree of courage, and no overwhelming nervousness about losing intellectual face. That is to say, hypocrisy isn't worth the effort. The student who liked to read poems as much as sleeping was thus an avid reader of poetry. In addition, we notice the realistic or earthy attitude: Thai and Singaporean students are alike in their fondness for "coming down to earth"—and bringing literature with them. Japanese and Indians prefer to soar aloft in the vast inane.

I remember an impassioned appeal to common sense and everyday realities in an essay by a Thai student: "Antony and Cleopatra had many strong emotions, but sir, it is too hot to think about them." (Descriptions of the sexual act—see below—are presumably not so exhausting as descriptions of emotions.) The last two statements demonstrate the taste for economy of argument, for the neat and cogent summing-up; they bring to mind Ezra Pound's story in *ABC of Reading* about the Japanese student in America who was asked the difference between prose and poetry and replied, "Poetry consists of gists and piths." And also (the lecturer is more likely to have said that Yeats' wife went into a trance) they may be thought to adumbrate a politely conveyed absence of wholesale enthusiasm for foreign ways. Mrs. Yeats, France, Milton, puritans—all true poets, alas, all of the

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devil's party without knowing it—the devil of discontent!

"Shakespeare was genius in creating the quiverful quotation."

"Festival Macbeth was a good man, but later on he became bad."

These are of course phonetic confusions (from the context it was clear that Shakespeare was being praised, perhaps this time without entire sincerity, for his equivocal passages and rich ambiguities), but the first saying is at the least an intelligent mishearing and pleasingly ambiguous in addition, while the second bears witness to the Thai taste for ceremonies and anniversaries, holy days and holidays, and other forms of "a good time." A man who liked festivals (especially Buddhist ones) *would* be a good man.

"The beast's heart was not in the sacrifice." (Concerning the incident in *Julius Caesar* where "plucking the entrails of an offering forth," the augurers "could not find a heart within the beast.")

Here we have humour (perhaps) along with reluctance to kill any living creature, a reluctance which causes much of the work of slaughtering animals for food to devolve upon the Chinese community (who, Buddhists or not, believe that practically everything that lives is edible and may require killing first). Our garden was rich in snakes of different varieties, and whenever one was caught I would call a conference of the cook, the maid, the gardener and any neighbouring servants or passers-by who evinced interest to decide whether or not it should be killed. These conferences were never very successful, for half the arbiters held the snake to be absolutely harmless while the other half maintained (with graphic miming) that if it bit you you would fall down and expire in fearful agony. If I killed the snake I would offend the Buddhist feelings of the first party, if I let it go I would offend the human feelings of the second for I should show that I didn't care what happened to them. So I generally waited until they had dispersed and then, if it hadn't escaped, killed the snake for the sake of the child and her friends who were given to running round without footwear. Perhaps I should have done better to follow the accepted local practice, which involved lifting the snake up on a long stick and hurling it into the next-door garden.

"Milton wrote this book (*Paradise Lost*) for telling men how the was happened and why people must."

"Reading poetry makes you nice and neat."

It is very important to be nice. It is also very important to be neat. Indeed the two are barely distinguishable. They should be within the capacity of a properly educated person. (The three fundamental principles of Teaching Method, so I was told, are: the teacher should not possess any visible physical defect, the teacher should be neatly dressed and groomed, the teacher should not rub out the chalk on the blackboard with his or her fingers.) As for Milton, he has here been absolved of his puritanism, it would appear, and is allowed some more positive attributes.

THE THAIS display a strong and persistent tendency to moralise, or rather to expect other people to moralise, and they often feel unhappy if they cannot indulge this taste. Everything must teach a lesson, preferably a moral one; the lesson does not need to be a complex one, in fact complex moral lessons are suspect (doubtfully moral, that is). That the lesson is one you have learnt before does not detract from its value: in fact this serves to set the seal of approval on the moral—there are not many morals, either, in the world—and also on the medium of the moral (that is, a poem with a good moral is a good poem). If everything is to teach us a lesson, then clearly lessons themselves, at school or at the university, must teach us a lesson. It is not difficult to deduce the lesson of *Paradise Lost* since the author has thoughtfully summarised it in the first few lines of the poem. Nor is it difficult to locate the moral of *Macbeth*: we should not kill kings. This is a moral for which the Thais have a very special devotion. The fate of Lady Macbeth serves of course to point the same moral, but if the zealous student wishes to find a secondary lesson in this case, it can well be that "a wife should not speak to her husband in such a rude way."

Teachers in Thai schools were worried and embarrassed when Daphne du Maurier's *Rebecca* was set as an English reader. Finally one of them went to the Ministry of Education to make representations. The conversation unfolded along these lines:

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Teacher: "The pupils ask us what *Rebecca* teaches us, and we cannot give them an answer. What *is* the answer, please?"

Official: "The book is intended to teach them English."

Teacher: "But that is not enough. It is a book, and a book must convey a lesson of some sort. It must *teach*. If it doesn't teach a lesson, then they want to know why they have to read it."

Official (sophisticated above the average): "There are some books which we just read for pleasure."

Teacher: "Pleasure?"

Official: "Yes, pleasure. We derive pleasure from reading it."

Teacher: "But we can't tell our pupils that! They wouldn't respect us any more!"

Rebecca came very near to being dropped from the syllabus, but happily the Ministry discovered the answer in time. *Rebecca* does teach us a lesson after all: it presents us with a picture of upper-class English life.

WHAT IS THE PURPOSE of literature? What is the use of an arts education? In their direct and simple-seeming way the Thais, as often happens, have found an answer (albeit direct and simple-seeming) to a question which other nations have evaded with elegant loquacity, erudite irrelevance, and a great air of sophistication.

"Thai literature is full of detailed description of sexual act, which English literature is not. Or perhaps I have not read enough."

"... an allegorical comedy called *Cynthia Reveals*...."

"The rose, as the massage of unhappy lover, was sent to his girl to tell her the facts of life." (Of the poem, *Go, lovely rose.*)

The first writer, having boasted of his or her wide acquaintance with the indigenous literature, feels he or she had better be modest in respect of the foreign one. As regards the brief characterisation of the indigenous literature, I cannot do better than quote from a paper read at a conference of South-East Asian language experts held in Bangkok in 1957:

Great poetry is the outcome of rebellion of some kind, and the Thai has little chance to rebel, because of the satisfactory explanation of life given by Buddhist philosophy. Whatever great poetry there is in Thai is sensuous poetry, and that is one form of rebellion, rebellion against the ascetic idea of Buddhist preaching. It attempts to show that the senses are enjoyable and beautiful in contradiction to Buddhist teaching which says that the senses are painful and contemptible. The Thai language is second to none as an effective means of conveyance of such ideas....

The sayings quoted above, more particularly the second and third, may indicate a knowledge (officially non-existent) of what was going on in the night-clubs, massage parlours, and little theatres down town. (Note, too, the interesting anticipation of Marshall McLuhan.) Thai students manage to give the impression of being at the same time immaculately innocent and astoundingly knowing. In one's teaching one would proceed with the greatest caution, as if addressing a band of particularly young and delicate nuns, only to be greeted with a ripple of curious laughter, alerting one to some accidental innuendo in one's discourse. One felt like a piteously embarrassed and well-meaning bull in a china shop, a bull who has read books about the brutishness of bulls, and suddenly receives a sharp blow in his hindquarters from a flying teapot.

WOMEN STUDENTS at the university were required to wear uniform, a simple costume of white blouse and black or dark blue skirt, while men students were also expected to dress neatly and soberly. Nominally this was intended to prevent the richer girls flaunting themselves sartorially in the face of the poorer ones, and indeed great care was taken to avoid any sort of social discrimination in student matters. Even so, I think that the sumptuary ruling was also intended to remind the students that they were but children. Certainly Chulalongkorn University was one of the few educational institutions in the world where one could be sure never to encounter the old cliché about the purpose of education being to teach the student to think for himself. No, education meant a preparation for Thai society as it was and, with reasonably good luck, ever would be. If there were any changes to be made in Thai life or society (and nothing remains entirely static), they would be made by the appropriate authorities. And certainly not by students.

A male must never touch a female: this was part of my prior briefing, indeed I think the whole of it. Not even a friendly pat of encour-

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agement on the shoulder. I was told of an earlier cultural emissary who had disgraced himself irrevocably by tucking a frangipani flower into some young lady's hair: this action approximated to spiritual assault as well as sexual, since the head is held to be the seat of the soul. Quite early in my career in Thailand I found myself producing a play (by Lord Dunsany) and under the necessity of demonstrating to some of the young ladies taking part how (in accordance with the requirements of the plot) they should *pretend* to be attacking some other young ladies). (The roles were male, but we were short of male students.) They showed great interest in my instruction and intimated a wish to rehearse the incident. Therewith they fell upon me and proceeded, for all my resistance, to tear my shirt out of my trousers with signs of enjoyment, considerable strength of purpose and some success. I was rather disturbed by this, intellectually, and mentioned it to a European lady who had spent some length of time in the country. She told me, "You mustn't lay hands on *them*—but there's nothing that says they can't lay hands on *you*." It was obviously the case that men students were not supposed to carry away girls who had fainted, for I once saw the Dean of Arts sternly ordering some boys to put down their burden at once; they had to fetch one of the heavy stuffed armchairs which were scattered about the building, lay the unconscious girl in it, and bear both chair and body down the stairs to the nurse. Noticing my expression of concern, the Dean turned to me and shouted, "It is only her period!"

As I suppose is to be expected, the assumption of sexlessness went along with a pervasive repression of sexuality in any of its usual and more obvious forms. The students were pure spirit, almost bodiless, certainly organless, their behaviour was studiedly demure, their bearing impeccable. Consequently the atmosphere crackled with sexual consciousness of a most exquisite kind. Yet it was not an unhappy, frustrated consciousness, it appeared to have none of the agonies ascribed to repression. It seemed to be, like sleep, positively enjoyable. In the interests of accuracy, it has to be admitted that, while the girls were content to be neat, tidy and (if possible, as it often was) very pretty, and to wait, the boys, some of them, would occasionally go to a brothel, happily and sinlessly, and generally with the knowledge of their parents. One youth, the very student who a few days earlier had rebuked me for slipping into a faintly indelicate example of sentence structure during a class, invited me to accompany him on a Sunday to a "palace of pleasure," as he termed it, a place "where humble people take their pleasure." I shocked him again by asking if I could bring my wife too. "You cannot take a lady, *acharn*—the ladies are *there*!"

ADMIRERS of "the East" commonly claim for it a wholesale spiritual superiority over "the West," while allowing the latter a vulgar and equivocal superiority in matters technological. Where Eastern people often do have the clear advantage, I would say, is in grace. Grace of bearing, often of feature (their faces do not wear out so soon as ours), grace in everyday affairs, in their superficial relationships (so long as nothing untoward intervenes) and in their most intimate relationships. An unselfconscious dignity, an equable self-respect which is rather rare in the West—we tend to respect ourselves too much or (in an unpleasing way) too little.

But grace isn't the whole of the spiritual life, and I still think that the West has shown more concern for underdogs and outcasts than has the East. It is not *only* because time lies heavy on their hands or a sense of superiority needs to be fed that you find foreign women, the wives of diplomats and businessmen, so active in organising local charities. Nor can it be entirely accounted for as a palliation of guilt feelings. Asians are much better acquainted with the Great Chain of Being than our Elizabethan scholars are; perhaps better acquainted than our Elizabethans were. In Asian countries the person who steps outside his "caste" (I use the word in a general sense) often has nowhere to go to but the dogs: the term "pariah" is applied to both species. The idea of the romantic rebel, the classless or casteless hero, the "citizen of the world," is a Western one which is gaining ground among young people in the East just as the West is dropping it overboard. The East is predominantly conformist, not so much on principle or by "tradition" as by observation and rational deduction. Acceptance is not only safer but also more decent, more graceful, than rebellion.

Western-style politics, when introduced into some Asian countries, underwent a change: they became at the same time all-referential and yet the property of specialists. The man in the

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street or in the village was considered incapable of political thinking, yet much of what he did or had done to him (whatever its actual motivation) was seen as "political." In Malaysia and Singapore there is an energetic and conscious thrusting towards a more prosperous life—specially pronounced among those of Chinese race—which sometimes looks like politics, whereas Thailand is more content to sit on its traditional backside, to keep what it has and if possible get more from America. This is why for the intelligent and the industrious the former countries have more to offer at present. In Singapore you will prosper by working; in Thailand you will prosper, if perhaps in a smaller way, by not doing more work (particularly in the sphere of original thinking) than is required of you. Frustration in Thailand is not sexual but intellectual—and perhaps this is easier to bear. It is after all an ancient nation, unlike the others I mentioned. And possibly the cry of the leaders of the new countries for new talent will grow fainter in due course—for too much talent means disgruntled intellectuals, and disgruntled intellectuals mean political trouble. Hit-or-miss went out and "human engineering" came in just in time for the new countries to profit from the change.

In still other countries, what may look like politics in their most violent form is actually the rivalry of individuals or the power-contests of groups whose differences have little about them that can be called "political" if that word is taken as implying public policies, policies conceived and promulgated for the betterment of the human condition. In this respect Asia leads the West, and with a degree of panache: much of the world has moved from idealism to realism, from the politics of belief to the politics of expedience. And, therefore, towards intellectual conformism, for ideas will now be of little concern or moment compared with tricks and tactics; and petty though violent squabbles will still occur within the larger framework of conformism, of intellectual lifelessness and moral lassitude. As my Thai student might well say, "There are not much politics in the world." This coming world, it may be, is the world of affluence, in which murder and betrayal can exist but there is no room for heroism or sacrifice. In my gloomier moments—or my more realistic ones—I fear that the realists are carrying the day—and realists, the same the world over, will accept anything which testifies to man's fallen state and distrust anything which does not.

Love Song

Mabel was a
Table

Lovely table

On the table
(Mabel)

Lay a flower
Named Cyril

Barry Daniels

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Iain Hamilton

The State of the Union

Letter from Scotland

FOR MOST SCOTS, there was as much surprise as pleasure in Winifred Ewing's victory for the Nationalist cause in the Hamilton by-election in 1967. But for any who had charted the course of political mood and thought in Scotland over the past quarter-century the only surprising, and wryly amusing, thing about the Hamilton result was the surprise it sprang on so many London-based political commentators—rightists, leftists, metropolitan exponents of the famous, if mythical, "consensus" alike. For months and years, it had been clear to anyone who had done the obvious minimum of investigation that Scotland would soon be turning away from the London-controlled parties—and especially from Labour —to the Nationalists. There had been many early warnings that the first signs of a general precipitation of nationalist sentiment into political action could be expected at any moment. Mrs. Ewing and her staff *knew* that she would capture the Wilsonite castle. So did I; and if they have "the second sight," I haven't.

FOR A LONG TIME now it has been impossible to travel in Scotland without noticing that some at least of the natives are anxious to call in question, if not repudiate, the articles of the agreement in 1707 by which the political identity of Scotland was incorporated in that of England. There are slogans in large white letters on buildings, bridges, and naked rock, and slogans in bold black type on car stickers. A favourite one says simply:

SCOTLAND FIRST

and another glosses the sentiment with a jingle:

Only a fool
Wants London rule

In the last few years the variations have multiplied:

SCOTLAND FREE
SNP

or, more urgently:

SCOTLAND FREE
BY '73

The slogans are usually accompanied by a striking loop-like sign (a stylised thistle). That and the initials SNP are the marks of the Scottish National Party, whose declared aim is the restoration of Scotland's national sovereignty. The first significant effect of its success at Hamilton has been felt: such slogans are no longer jokey in the eyes of the London-controlled parties and their northern supporters.

It is true that during the past eighty-odd years London has from time to time discovered with mild astonishment the existence of a Scottish national sentiment capable of expressing itself politically. On such occasions a few administrative concessions have been made and, sometimes, a few extra royal visitations arranged; that done, the aberration has been forgotten. The behaviour-pattern of Westminster and Whitehall in response to Scottish discontents has been regular, predictable, and, in a way, paradoxical.

Throughout the 19th century and during the early part of the 20th, English politicians were always aware that Ireland was a colonial territory held down in the last resort by force, like the non-German and non-Slav components of the Hohenzollern and Romanov empires. But they had no such feelings about Scotland, although its administration was little less "colonial." Scotland was loyal, and, although it might be superficially eccentric in its legal and ecclesiastical systems, Scotland was in effect a truly integral part of Great Britain, *i.e.*, Greater England.

This was the context in which, until last year, U.K. party politicians and bureaucrats thought basically of Scotland. They failed to perceive the changed and changing nature of the relationship. The standard London reaction to the revival of the Scottish National Party (whose demands are much tougher, and more

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widely supported, than those of the Irish and Scottish "Home Rulers" of only a few decades ago) was shallow and entirely inadequate. Due notice was served by the Hamilton electorate that the price of such ignorance would have to be paid. For, a second important effect of Mrs. Ewing's victory will soon be making itself felt. During the past ten years at least (some would say as many as the last forty), many Scots, and in very many constituencies the majority of voters, might have voted Nationalist, had a Nationalist been standing—and if the electorate had had reason to believe that he had a fair chance. All the Nationalists had to do was to break the ice; and this is what was done at Hamilton—the "safest" of safe Labour strongholds, sacred to the memory of Keir Hardie.

Unless the Wilson administration has some miraculous counter-measure up its sleeve,[1] and can produce it in time, the flood will follow inexorably—exactly as it did in Ireland, with Sinn Fein's massive defeat of the Irish Parliamentary Party, after the equally unexpected, and more violent, thunderclap of 1916.

SCOTLAND ARRIVED AT A SENSE of national identity long before England. Historians have described it as one of the first nation-states to emerge in Europe. But in 1707, after an uneasy century with an absentee Executive, the sovereignty of this ancient European nation-state was submerged—by the majority decision of its own Parliament—in that of the English (or, henceforth, officially, the British) constitution.

In 1800 the Anglo-Irish Ascendancy Parliament in Dublin did the same for the Irish nation; but that second Act of Union could not do for Ireland what the first had done and would continue to do for Scotland. The 19th century, with intensive industrialisation in the midlands between Clyde and Forth, saw the wealth and population of Scotland grow; but this for the most part was a time of oppression, suffering, and decline for Ireland. The Anglo-Scottish Union was manifestly a success; the Anglo-Irish Union was no less manifestly a failure. Scotland had mineral wealth at hand to feed the industrial revolution: Ireland had none. Ireland was in effect an occupied country, a depressed colony with a disaffected native population held down on behalf of "English" settlers and their agents; Scotland, cherishing its nationhood and an idealised past, might be "radical" politically, but never rebellious. The English disliked, and failed to understand, the native Irish and their aspirations: but the doors of England's institutions and enterprises were freely opened to the Scots.

Sixty years ago the cases of Ireland and Scotland could scarcely have seemed further apart. The two peoples shared a common ancestry and an identical original culture, but by the end of the 19th century they were very different—socially, culturally, religiously, economically, politically. Scotland's aristocracy might have been superficially anglicised, but it did remain in some real sense strongly Scottish: unlike its equivalent in Ireland, at any rate, it certainly did not seem to constitute an *alien* ruling class or caste. And yet Ireland and Scotland had more in common than they knew: a stubborn adherence to the sense of national identity; a regard for the national past; a lack of national political and fiscal institutions; and (for differing reasons and in differing degree) a desire to order their own affairs.

The last Liberal administration of Herbert Asquith had resolved to grant Home Rule, first to Ireland and then, immediately afterwards, to Scotland. The Ulster Volunteers, the Curragh Mutiny, the disaffection threatened in England itself by Milner and his supporters, and, finally, the outbreak of European war in 1914 put paid to the measure. Because of the War, the United Kingdom seemed truly united, but within two years the Easter Rising had precipitated Irish nationalist sentiment into a force that could not be stemmed save by draconian methods unacceptable to British public opinion. So, a few years later, the centuries-old failure of England in Ireland ended in the first disruption of the United Kingdom—a disruption which also signalled the eventual break-up of the British Empire.

By this time—the early 1920s, that is—the long Hanoverian, Victorian, and Edwardian prosperity of Scotland had crumbled. After years of hard labour and Imperial rewards, coupled with self-congratulatory sentimentalism about the nature of Scottishness, the Scots began to recover their native political consciousness. They are now in the penultimate stage of that recovery—and the Hamilton victory must be seen in that context, not as an isolated event.

NOW THE EMPIRE is all but dissolved, the "Commonwealth" at its most tenuous, and Britain with no hope of quick entry into the Common Market. But in or out of the EEC, can the United Kingdom survive in its present

[1] Perhaps the proposal in the Queen's Speech at the opening of the present Parliament—to open consultations on the appointment of a constitutional commission to consider changes in the central institutions of government "in relation to the several countries, nations, and regions of the United Kingdom"—qualifies as such. But it is not so regarded in Scotland.

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form? A rapidly increasing section of the Scottish electorate think not. Is the full significance of this realised in London, even now? Is it still thought that the phenomenal growth-rate of the Scottish National Party needn't be taken all that seriously? Labour declines to recognise it by name. The Conservatives, more sensitive as always to the movements of Scottish opinion, have proposed a rather vague Scottish Assembly, which would provide an illusion of dignity but carefully withhold power. Is there still a strong suspicion that the SNP's startlingly high standard of performance is basically a fluke or a freak?

The truth is that Scottish public opinion has been preparing ever since the end of World War II to settle into a nationalist form that would eventually be effective enough to isolate and force the issue of autonomy. It has long been accepted by Scots of every political attitude that ever since World War I every U.K. Government has either neglected Scottish interests or, involuntarily, perhaps, acted against them. This, of course, has been particularly true of Socialist administrations and their bureaucratic centralism—sometimes ludicrously so. In fact, an axiom, gradually emerging since the end of World War I, is now in full view of all: the greater the attempt to plan centrally and legislate for the U.K. as a whole, the greater the economic, social, educational, and cultural damage necessarily done to Scotland. This, in Scottish eyes, is a straight and undeniable case of cause-and-effect.

Towards the end of the '50s there were two questions of major interest to close observers of the Scottish scene. What would create the atmosphere in which generalised resentment could be precipitated into a real political force? And when? The answers came sooner than most could have expected.

The air began to thicken at the time of the scandals and scuffles for power that characterised the closing stages of the last Macmillan administration. It was then, I believe, that the Scots began to harden their sentiment into the opinion that their own social and economic problems were quite different from those with which politicians and bureaucrats in London were preoccupied. Until the late '50s and early '60s the fundamental national differences had been more or less effectively masked, and not least, oddly enough, by a playing up of superficial distinctions. But as it gradually became clear, from the viewpoint of Scotland, that the United Kingdom's relative loss of power and prestige was exacerbating the English ruling class' failure of nerve (and so intensifying a social, economic, and cultural crisis which could only be resolved within the present governmental framework of the United Kingdom to Scotland's disadvantage)—as this became clear, so did the present surge of nationalism begin to gain momentum.

THE FIRST CLEAR SIGNAL of the new national temper was sent up from the "safe" Labour constituency of West Lothian in 1962, when at a by-election the SNP candidate, William Wolfe, ran second with just under 10,000—almost as many as Conservative, Liberal, and Communist combined. In London this unexpected impertinence was dismissed, not altogether unreasonably, as a typical by-election fluke. The freakish Nationalist vote, it was confidently predicted, would melt away at the General Election. But it did nothing of the sort. On the contrary, it jumped to just under 16,000. And in 1966 it jumped again and almost cleared the 18,000 mark. Labour's majority was now clearly vulnerable. In raising the SNP's share of the poll in under four years to 35·3 per cent., William Wolfe had shown what could be done by an active constituency organisation, no matter how small its financial resources might be compared with those of the London-controlled parties. He had also shown what a Nationalist could do in the teeth of ferocious opposition from the local press, controlled by the implacably Unionist Outram Group of Glasgow.

Wolfe's progress in West Lothian was a vivid expression of the wider movement of political opinion in Scotland. When he first laid siege to the Socialist stronghold six years ago, the SNP had 21 active branches throughout the country and a total paid-up membership of about 2,000. By the beginning of 1966, there were 130 active branches and a paid-up membership of 21,000. By the end of the year membership had passed the 40,000 mark, and 1967 saw it well beyond 100,000.

At the last General Election the SNP contested 23 of the 71 Scottish constituencies (as against 13 in 1964) and attracted 14·3 per cent of the poll (as against 10 per cent). A small enough share, one might think. But the plain percentages are misleading. A look at the SNP's electoral record, constituency by constituency, shows that the best performances—such as Robert McIntyre's in West Stirlingshire, William Wolfe's in West Lothian, Arthur Donaldson's in Kinross and West Perthshire (against Sir Alec Douglas-Home)—captured between 20 per cent and 35 per cent of the poll, and could possibly have been equalled by the rest of the candidates if they had had a sound organisation behind them and resources less hopelessly inferior to those of the orthodox parties. Even the most cursory survey of the line-up in 1966 shows very clearly that the results were an in-

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adequate indication of the SNP's latent strength. As to the present potential, the Hamilton result should have shown even the most orthodox faithful what an untrustworthy guide the pre-Hamilton percentages were. They are doubly misleading if one forgets the key factor—the accelerating rise of self-government from the status of *one issue among others* towards that of *The Issue*. It is only in the last few years that the preponderance of a single issue has registered in the general political consciousness of Scotland and enabled the SNP leaders to create an organisation capable of exploiting it. But even as late as the middle of 1967, Central Office and Transport House could cheerfully overlook the fact that north of the border a national body of formidable size, growing financial resources, and enviable *élan*, was threatening their old predominance.

AS I HAVE SAID, West Lothian was the first clear early warning. The next was flashed from the by-election in the Glasgow division of Pollok early in 1967. For Scottish observers there was nothing freakish about it. It simply confirmed, as was expected, the fact that the latest wave of nationalism was moving faster and mounting higher.

There had been a straight fight for Pollok in the 1966 General Election between Labour and Conservative. The result was:

Labour:	21,257
Conservative:	19,282

In the 1967 by-election the SNP appeared for the first time with a candidate who was down-to-earth and typical of the recruits the party has been attracting in recent years—a type that makes a bigger impression on the electorate than the literary or academic figures of an earlier phase of the Scottish revival. The Liberal and Communist parties also put up candidates. Both these parties are supporters of Home Rule —as indeed Scottish Labour itself was until the party managers changed course after the 1945 election.

Before the Pollok by-election campaign had well begun, three things were obvious: Labour was not going to hold the seat; the Conservative was going to win it; and the moral victory would go to the Nationalist. Any doubts about this among local speculators were finally removed when the Labour agent, normally a shrewd operator, trumpeted his certainty that the SNP candidate, Mr. George Leslie, would lose his deposit. Leslie did not oblige. On the contrary, he plundered both Socialists and Conservatives, mopped up most of the Liberal votes, and presented Professor Esmond Wright, the Tory, with the seat:

Conservative:	14,270
Labour:	12,069
SNP:	10,884
Liberal:	735
Communist:	694

The predictable reaction in London was, first, to take the result as a resounding victory for the Conservatives (and, in some quarters, as an overdue vindication of Edward Heath's leadership), and then to regard the SNP vote as merely an integral part of a U.K.-wide "protest" against the unpopular measures of the Labour Government. There were, it was admitted by some metropolitan "communicators," certain grievances that favoured the SNP cause, but they could be removed easily enough in due course by some "reform" (or promise thereof) of local or so-called "regional" government.

The refusal by the London press to see the real significance of the voting is evident in these typical extracts from editorials:

> If Whitehall is forgetful of Scotland and Wales, that can be put right—but at Westminster. . . . The nationalist attack on "rule from London" merely canalises what is basically a widespread dissatisfaction with Government in general.

> Past experience suggests that they [the protesters] will not indefinitely remain "don't knows" or Scottish Nationalists or even Liberals.

> This is not a regional problem. It is a national one. [National here means not Scottish but British.]

> The specific resentment of the Nationalist vote last week seemed to be the sense of remoteness from decision-makers in London. This is not confined to the Celtic fringe.

> The Scottish and Welsh Nationalist parties may, perhaps, in their territories only be taking over the traditional Liberal role of safety-valve for people who want to let off steam. [However, this editorial went on to say that in so far as there was a case for the need to decentralise social decisions wherever possible, Mr. Wilson would be wise to treat seriously the emergence of Welsh and Scottish nationalism as a political force.]

So, when Professor Wright took his seat, it was not as a candidate who had scraped home solely because the SNP's takeover bid for Labour had not yet reached the crucial stage, but as the hero of the hour, the champion of the Tory

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Leader, and the herald of the Tory revival. But we may be sure that Professor Wright, an Englishman, knew the Scottish situation well enough to have been thoroughly conscious of his debt to Mr. Leslie.

The exact nature of the debt and of the fundamental difference between the London and the Scottish attitudes was neatly illustrated by the contrast between the editorials in the English and Scottish editions of the *Daily Mail*. The London leader-writer explained that the result was another symptom of a "popular resentment at the fact that so far Labour has failed to deliver what has been promised and expected." But his Edinburgh counterpart, in the course of a blistering attack on the Scottish Secretaryship as "a billet for the time-server, the safe man, the conformist, who will be seen but not heard," described it as the serious manifestation of the widespread "desire for a national identity and purpose" which is thwarted by "both major parties who are equally guilty of submerging Scotland's interests." Scotland, the *Mail*'s Edinburgh editorialist ended, is "not something tacked on to the North of England. It is a nation with an ethos of its own."

It was widely conjectured in Scotland that this latest resurgence of nationalism might be the one that would break up at last the prevailing allegiance to London-controlled parties. Could it be fended off by the Socialists with vague noises about "regionalisation," further administrative "devolution," or bigger handouts—represented by London (but not by Scotland) as generous, charitable concession? Hamilton showed, unequivocally, that it could not.

THE INEVITABILITY of the nationalist movement can only be understood in the perspective of history.

The parliamentary union of 1707, following the regnal union of a century before, was far from popular in Scotland. But when the initial difficulties and disappointments had been overcome, the Highland power broken by force of arms, and when Westminster was less anxious to show its dominance, Scotland's energies were channelled into vigorous improvements and extensions of trade, education, agriculture, and industry. The growth of Britain's power was hastened by the industrial revolution, and here the intensive exploitation of Scotland's abundant coal and iron ore was a major factor, just as the military use of Highland manpower was a major factor in imperial expansion. Until World War I, the general level of education in Scotland stood much higher than in England. A relatively advanced technology combined with a high degree of inventiveness to create the new heavy capital industries: these concentrated the bulk of the expanding population (including a considerable immigration from Ireland, Eastern Europe, and Italy) in the Scottish midlands. For many years Scotland remained politically quiescent. Throughout virtually the entire period of Edinburgh's intellectual ascendancy, the country was "managed" by the Tories and their agents like one great rotten borough. But the industrial revolution and its consequences created also—and more forcefully than in England, because of Scotland's general educational superiority—a demand for electoral reform. It was into this demand that the residual national sentiment of Scotland was first turned. With the reform of 1832, the political hegemony of the Tories in Scotland was over, and although by this time the aristocracy of the country, both Lowland and Highland, was largely anglicised, middle-class Scotland was solidly behind the Liberal Party. And while Scotland's political consciousness (in terms of nationality) lay stagnant in those spreading lagoons of sentimentality from which the grotesqueries of Balmorality and the Kailyard were in time to sprout, it soon became expedient to reward the country with some special administrative attention. In 1885 a Scottish Secretary was appointed: but this was a concession won by radical, not nationalist, pressure.

In the following year, however, the Scottish Home Rule Association was founded. Although this turned out to be in effect the beginning of the modern nationalist movement, it was also an end-product of the Chartist agitation. As I have suggested, the cause of Home Rule in Scotland, from its beginnings until the general election of 1945, was intimately connected with that of Labour. To forget this is to fail to understand the peculiar bitterness with which Labour's loyal work-horses and placemen in Scotland regard the confident and jubilant Nationalists of today, or the peculiar contempt in which Nationalists hold the allegedly self-seeking "Quislings" of Labour.

THERE IS A STRONG TINCTURE of guilt in the Socialists' present hostility. "Until we have a Parliament of our own," said Keir Hardie in his first election campaign, "we cannot obtain the many and great reforms on which the people of Scotland have set their hearts." Not long after Keir Hardie's declaration, the secretary of the London branch of the Scottish Home Rule Association was none other than Ramsay MacDonald. But for a long time the renaissance of Scotland's national identity cut clean across all party lines. The notion was widely shared in those days that there was an essential

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and in the end unsupportable indignity in a relatively prosperous and educationally advanced nation's total lack of representative and effective political institutions. Scottish Conservatives, Liberals, and Socialists—they all joined in support of the Scottish Home Rule Association. Eleven Home Rule bills were introduced at Westminster between 1907 and 1920. Not one of them was opposed by more than two out of every ten Scottish M.P.s.

But Asquith's promise in 1914 of an independent legislature for Scotland was buried beneath the débris left by the Easter Rising in Dublin, by the greater national insurrection which that gesture inspired, by the threats of bloody counter-revolution in the Protestant-dominated areas of north-east Ulster, and by the monstrous world war itself. In the post-war confusion, Scotland began to learn a few hard facts: for example, that the pattern of its pre-war prosperity had depended entirely on circumstances created, shaped, and conditioned by the growth of England's imperial and commercial dominance. But this dominance had gone now, and already England was beginning to concentrate its economic power in the south-east of the United Kingdom. Scotland found not only that its economy was now perilously lopsided, but that in the course of the preceding years of apparent progress and material prosperity the country had been provincialised almost beyond repair. The interests of Scotland as a national entity were seen to be no longer identical with those of England; and the particular interests of Scotland were seen to be of little concern to a U.K. Parliament in which Scottish M.P.s were a small minority split three ways and tacked on to the English parties.

It was on the writers and intellectuals that the real nature of Scotland's new status first dawned. They, seeing its significance and likely consequences primarily in cultural terms, busied themselves creating that movement in the arts which was later to be described by a Frenchman as the "Scottish Renaissance"—and which was indeed similar in many ways to the cultural precursors of political nationalism in Ireland, Norway, Finland, Flemish Belgium, and other small European communities. But Scotland's new status was reached at the moment when Labour took over the power of the old Liberal Party in British politics. And Labour, firmly orientated to London by this time, was becoming increasing unionist—more so, in fact, than even extreme Tories had ever been.

In 1927 the last Home Rule bill was presented at Westminster. It was introduced by one Labour M.P., James Barr, and seconded by another, Tom Johnston. The bill was talked out. And with it receded the first wave of the nationalist movement.

The failure of Barr's bill resulted in the formation of the National Party as a political organisation devoted not only to dramatising the issue of self-government but also to fighting the London-controlled parties. Supported by most of the Scottish intellectuals who did not seek advancement in the South, its rhetoric was richer than its resources, and without a popular base the new party found it difficult to make much progress. Moreover, in Scotland the Labour Party as well as the Liberals still paid lip-service to the principle of Home Rule, with the result that the new party could not claim nationalism as their exclusive property.

The National Party's difficulties were increased by the paradoxical alignments of the immigrant Irish vote. This was determined not by Scottish considerations but by the decision of the Conservative Party years before to play the "Orange card" (as Lord Randolph Churchill put it) against the Liberal Party. The result of this was that the Catholics of industrial Scotland voted solidly for Labour, Orangemen for the Conservatives. To the dogmatic, the fanatical, and the merely disquieted on both sides of the religious divide, the National Party was a party to avoid.

Furthermore, the party at this time lacked organisation as well as funds; and since the qualities that make an artist or intellectual are seldom those which make an effective politician in a modern democracy, it was easy for the press to represent the most articulate nationalists either as irresponsible romantics or as wild men. Some of them, undoubtedly, were. But they, like the more sober, had their value.

Nevertheless, some electoral progress was made during the next twenty years. The first candidate in the field attracted no more than four per cent of the poll, but the by-election performance steadily improved. The late William Power gained 37% of the poll in Argyll in 1940, Douglas Young 41% in Kirkcaldy in 1944; and Robert McIntyre over 50% in Motherwell in 1945. McIntyre, who polled 11,417 against his Labour opponent's 10,800, was the first Scottish Nationalist to be returned to Westminster. He lost his seat when the party truce ended and the 1945 General Election brought a Conservative into the field.

This, together with the Government's centralising policies and the silencing of Scottish Labour M.P.s on the Home Rule issue, marked the end of the second phase of nationalism.

THE THIRD WAS SET in motion almost at once by a group under the leadership of John MacCormick, a Glasgow lawyer who had

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broken away from the National Party because he feared that its separatism would alienate those whose habitual allegiance to the U.K. parties remained stronger than their nationalist sentiment. The Scottish Covenant Association was an all-party organisation which fought no elections but worked solely to publicise the general Scottish feeling that Scotland should have much more (but by no means total) control of its own affairs. The constitutional suggestions which it put forward were basically old-style Liberal, pleading for a degree of domestic autonomy roughly equivalent to that enjoyed by the Six Counties of Northern Ireland. According to the Covenant, the Scottish Government and Parliament would be clearly subordinate to Westminster, rather as Stormont is today.

The Covenant was signed by some two-and-a-half million people (out of a population of just over five million). One or two local plebiscites indicated that at least three-quarters of the Scottish electorate were in favour of Home Rule; and for a time it looked as though MacCormick and his associates—lay and clerical, Conservative, Socialist, Liberal, Communist, and Scottish Nationalist—might be able to concentrate effectively the enormous energy embodied in the campaign. But the organisation at the top was fragmentary; MacCormick himself threw away much of his "non-party" credit by standing as a Liberal with Conservative support. Finally, he and a colleague went off to the United States to solicit support, and, thanks to a jovial and much-publicised luncheon (off gold plate) with the Anglophobe Colonel McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune*, scared off still greater numbers of their supporters at home.

With John MacCormick's death, not long after that unfortunate expedition, the Covenant campaign died, and with it the third nationalist wave. But it had undoubtedly left more of a mark than the others. It had strongly reinforced the impression that the great majority of Scots, whatever their place in the Left-Right spectrum, were strongly in favour of Home Rule of some sort. But the Covenant leadership had no leverage; its all-party philosophy was bound to dissipate such political force as it could accumulate; neither strategically nor tactically was it any match for the professionals of the Conservative and Labour machines.

OUT OF A HALF-CENTURY of trial and error emerged the modern Scottish National Party. Events had shown the leaders just what could and could not be achieved by non-party (or all-party) effort. They had learned that it was not enough simply to base their policy and appeal on the advocacy of self-government. It was clear also that the party had to bury its old reputation as an agreeable but ineffectual collection of eccentric lawyers, intellectuals, divines, artists, and assorted romantics. A new one had to be made—tough-minded, businesslike, well organised, closer in touch with Scottish realities than the Conservatives and Socialists, and, unlike them, in no sense subservient to London. The new party would also have to offer a more hopeful prospect than the Liberals, who still clung to the Asquithian proposals, which would equate Scotland more or less with the British two-thirds of the province of Ulster.

The party had to build up its local organisation, and raise enough money to enable it to fight on a wide front. It had to look beyond self-government, draft practical policies within a plausible framework of legislative and fiscal autonomy, and sketch out in persuasive detail the political, social, and economic realities. It had to make sure that it would be taken seriously by the Scottish press and, as far as possible, by the B.B.C. It had to reach a position from which it could fight every seat at a general election as a cohesive party with a coherent programme.

By the middle of 1967, much of this had been achieved. There was money in the till. There were policies and programmes, general and particular, on paper. The electorate's self-interest, as well as its emotions, was being engaged. Party membership was rocketing. Every newspaper every day was full not only of Scotland's ills but also of the SNP's remedies, and even the *Glasgow Herald* (an excellent newspaper, but quintessentially Unionist) was giving the Nationalist case a generous hearing in its news and correspondence columns while blasting it editorially. One thing only remained to be done: a demonstration to the Scottish electorate that an SNP candidate could win a parliamentary seat. And that was accomplished spectacularly, by an attractive candidate in a constituency where a bare decade ago the SNP would have been lucky to get ten per cent of the poll. Winifred Ewing's victory at Hamilton was historic in more senses than one.

THERE CAN RARELY HAVE been a political party which made its mark so quickly with such a loose organisation. Scotland has no equivalent of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and the SNP in no way resembles Sinn Fein. One of the most striking things about the party's growth is its spontaneity. To the question: "Who is its Leader?" there is no answer, for the good reason that there is no single figure from whom the faithful take their cues. One

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looks in vain for the charismatic individual; and progress has been made without benefit of martyrs. The party's national officials, like the offices themselves, are scattered about the country. The full-time staff, mainly in Glasgow, is small. There is no executive political director to rough out strategy, control day-to-day tactics, exploit opportunities. There is no central secretariat to pull everything together and ensure that the wishes of the centre are understood (and acted upon) at the periphery. It is with the branches rather than headquarters that the balance of power lies. Party discipline is minimal. The voices of the national office-bearers and officials are the voices of inspiration rather than authority. And yet the flamboyance of the days when the SNP seemed no more than a theatrical offshoot of the literary movement has gone. Nowadays the party is guided—in so far as it is not self-directing—by sober-sided men from the professions, business, and industry who make their impression with pragmatic arguments.

Whether the present exceedingly democratic organisation can survive the strains imposed on the centre by the rapid growth of party membership and the prospect of success, remains to be seen. There are some who would like to see a larger share of the party's income diverted to the enlarging and strengthening of a full-time political directorate; but there are many others who believe that the movement might lose much of its élan and impetus if the local organisations were subjected to direction from the centre.

A YEAR OR SO AGO, I talked with Arthur Donaldson, the Chairman of the Scottish National Party, about these and other matters thrown up during a discussion I had just had with Douglas Young. Young, a lecturer in Greek at St. Andrews, a poet, polymath, and nationalist of long-standing (he went to jail during the war for refusing to accept the London Government's right to impose conscription on Scotland) is not now a member of the SNP. Not that he is any less nationalist than ever; but he maintains that the self-government movement would be more effective more quickly if it injected its energies into the U.K. parties. He is a member of the Labour Party. His senior in the "Renaissance" hierarchy, Hugh MacDiarmid (the *nom-de-guerre* of Dr. C. M. Grieve), is another lifelong nationalist who keeps well clear of the SNP; his membership of the Communist Party is an indication of the scorn in which he holds the men and measures of what he regards as a quintessentially "bourgeois" party.

I asked Donaldson whether there was any support for Young's idea that effective action could still be taken through the revival of an all-party pressure group.

"Virtually none," he said. "Look at the recent rush to join the SNP. Look at the feelers being put out by the Conservatives and the Liberals and even some Socialists. What would be the point of throwing away our advantage? Nationalism must be concentrated into one active party which must mean business. We have one, and we have a programme, and since it's now a distinct possibility that we shall have to put our policies into effect in five years or so, we've seen to it that it's a realistic programme. What we are doing, as you can see, is preparing for the day when we shall have to take over as a Provisional Government."

When I asked him how he explained the sudden and surprising access of support for the SNP, he said that it was in fact neither sudden nor surprising. "It's more like the spread of a heath fire. That's a very deceptive thing. It can go on for a long, long time without anyone noticing. Then somebody sees a small fire in one place. It flares up and then it dies down. That's the end of it, you think. Later on you see a few more fires at widely separated points. And then *they* die down. But the fire isn't dead: it's spreading out, and out close to the ground—just above the grass-roots! And then, when the weather's right, all at once the whole moor's blazing! . . ."

CONSERVATIVES AND SOCIALISTS cannot avoid being pushed further and further into a position of disadvantage. The present Prime Minister, for example, may have convinced an English TV audience when, during the period when he seemed to be hopeful of our joining the Common Market, he spoke reassuringly of his efforts, in preliminary negotiations with leaders of EEC, to ensure the sanctity of "regional" plans. But it should have been realised in London that this would have an intolerably patronising effect on Scottish ears. Tory leaders are much less insensitive, in their references to Scottish opinion, but they too are apt to give the impression that they believe that "regional" discontents can be allayed by handouts plus a little extra empty pomp. This rankles much more widely than Tory orators seem to realise.

The SNP no longer considers itself obliged to place the main stress of its propaganda on the long list of national grievances, real, exaggerated, or imaginary—the annual subsidy of between £60m. and £200m. to the U.K. Treasury; the relatively high unemployment rate; the emigration rate; the impossibility of correcting, without legislative and fiscal power, the lop-

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sided economy; the progressive erosion of educational standards; the neglect of road, rail, and air communications; the lack of tax concessions and differential freight rates for enterprises in remote parts of the Highlands; the Scottish Office, which is in effect a colonial administration; etc.; etc.

In the past ten years or so the Scots have learned by heart this old litany of woe. Furthermore, they believe it—even those who would not vote for a Nationalist. They do not believe the statistics pumped out from Whitehall whenever the pressure from the north reaches dangerpoint (there was a swift pumping operation after the Hamilton by-election) to show how heavily and generously poor old Scotland is subsidised by the U.K. Exchequer.

I am always highly suspicious of statistical evidence adduced in support of a political argument. Does the U.K. (which is to say England) subsidise Scotland? Is more public money spent per head of the population in Scotland than in England? According to Whitehall statistics the answer is "Yes." What is not disclosed, however, is the system of accountancy by which the figures are arrived at. Similarly, one may question the accuracy of the SNP's calculation that the Scottish economy subsidises the U.K. by something between £60m. and £200m. a year, plus the millions (£25m. perhaps) now annually removed by the Selective Employment Tax. But at least SNP experts can reply that their figures are accompanied by the method of computation, which is more than can be said for London's. It is in consequence of Whitehall's shiftiness on the financial issue that the SNP is in a position to say:

> The SNP has neither found nor has been given any reason not to apply the conclusions of previous examinations of this subject, which found that at least one-fifth of Scotland's revenue was in effect a loss from Scotland and a subsidy of England and Wales. The net drain from Scotland, in 1965–66, on this basis, is, therefore, estimated at £160m.

So far as I can judge, the SNP's figures are as good, or as bad, as the London figures. I have laboured the point only because it is one that the SNP has succeeded in getting across to the Scottish public in recent years. If London wishes to disabuse the Scots of the idea that they are pouring much more money into London than ever returns to them, then London will have to do much better by way of proof than it has done so far. That will not be an easy task in the political circumstances of today, because even if London succeeded in persuading the Scots that they were being subsidised by the U.K. Treasury, the SNP's answer would be that in that case Scotland's economy is being mismanaged and her resources neglected, which would not be so once the Scots shook off their colonial status and were allowed to put their own house in order.

But however sceptical of statistics one may be, there are some which are irrefutable and throw a cold light on the Scottish scene. These, for example:

> Between 1954 and 1964, the Scottish unemployment rate varied between 2·0 and 2·6 times that of England and Wales.

> In 1964 the population of Scotland was 5,206,000, an increase of 2·1 per cent on the 1951 figure. In the same period the population of England and Wales increased by 8·3 per cent.

> Scotland's emigration rate is one of the highest in the world. Between 1931 and 1965 its net loss by emigration was 708,000. Had it not been for the large emigration between 1954 and 1964, the Scottish unemployment rate in 1965 would have been 9 per cent of the population.

However Westminster may choose to interpret these figures, it must realise that the reality behind them causes discontent in Scotland at best, and bitterness at worst. The Scots were not impressed by the Conservatives' 1966 policy statement, which declared (in this at least the Tories were in tune with Labour) that "the Scottish Nationalist and Liberal arguments for Home Rule" were "a prescription for poverty." This was the prescription from which they were already suffering. A certain frugality of life is acceptable to them, but only as a concomitant of independence. They are not far enough advanced in modernity to understand that there is no true virtue in refusing to buy until one has the money to do so. The ethos of "affluence" and its accompanying *mores* have not yet caught up with the Scots, and London's politicians have never dreamed of taking this backwardness into account.

Similarly, the Tory contention which Labour shares, that "Scotland is best served by a vigorous Secretary of State" presenting the Scottish case "in a national cabinet," is greeted with ribaldry by right, left, and centre. Scotland has known its Secretaries (and evaluated their status in the Cabinet) too well and for too long. Any party leader capable, like Mr. Heath, of declaring that "to set up a Parliament in Edinburgh would mean a rapid decline into parochialism" is inviting the very effect that he wishes to avoid.

CONDITIONS, IN SHORT, have long been such that it is now virtually impossible for the U.K. parties to put a foot right in Scotland. This is

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something that the SNP can now take for granted, while they concentrate on their proposals for exploiting the opportunities for social and economic advancement that would come, they argue, with self-government. They make effective play with the contention that Scotland, commonly considered a "poor country" and more recently a "depressed region," or "development area," is relatively much richer in its natural resources than England (and therefore, *per capita*, than the U.K.). They point to the much higher standard of living in many independent European countries similar to Scotland in resources, population, exports, budgetary revenue—Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, the Netherlands. The party has formulated policies for finance, defence, employment, housing, industry, education, agriculture, forestry, fishing, transport, communications, and external relations. In the course of these academic exercises it has gone some way towards evolving a distinctive political philosophy which is neither "Conservative" nor "Socialist" in the Westminster sense of either word, but which resembles much more closely that pragmatic balance of public and private interests achieved by democratic means in Ireland under the later administrations of Fianna Fail.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the appeal that this makes to the young-to-middle-aged stratum of the electorate. It is not "parochialism" that they see in it, but the path to a genuine modernity which would also restore the national self-respect and protect the "quality of life" (as distinct from "standard of living") which they think to be endangered by the trivialising influences of the social, cultural, and economic shifts in the increasingly "Americanised" English order. For its supporters, without benefit of a high-powered PR operation or teams of TV consultants, the SNP has exactly that electrifying appeal which neither Harold Wilson nor Edward Heath has succeeded in putting across in their own country.

The old-style SNP tried to spread the news that Utopia would come into being as soon as Scotland gained control of her own affairs. But there is nothing Utopian about the policies of the new-style SNP. There are no "romantic" overtones. The growing moral strength of the party can be gauged by the very denigrations that have been hurled against it at recent elections. The loyal Labour work-horses have declared it to be "reactionary . . . Tory . . . fascist. . . ." Conservatives have denounced it as "red . . . revolutionary." From Labour committee-rooms the word has gone round that the real control of the SNP is exercised by the Grand Master of the Orange Order, in cahoots with the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, both dedicated to the extirpation of papists. Conservatives, on the other hand, have spread the rumour that it is really a wing of the I.R.A.

Such accusations have been more help than hindrance to the nationalists, particularly in respect to what they regard as the main point of their programme, stated plainly in *The Scottish Economy*, by Sir Alec Cairncross, head of the Government Economic Service:

> Scotland is a country in its own right, differing from England and Wales in memories and aspirations, temperament and tastes, institutions and culture. . . . There is also a sufficient degree of segregation from the rest of the economy, and a sufficient diversity within Scotland, to allow one to speak of a Scottish economy, functioning as a unit and with an independent momentum. . . .

But these are the very facts of life to which Labour administrations have been especially insensitive. Time and time again, they have applied to Scotland measures designed for the Midlands and south-east of England. Nothing has done more than these measures to check the "independent momentum" of the Scottish economy and alienate the Scottish voter.

THE ROOTS OF SCOTTISH RESISTANCE might be traced back as far as the death of James V; but one can arrive at an understanding of it without that historical effort. W. H. Marwick's introduction to his pre-1914 study of *Economic Developments In Victorian Scotland* ended with the sentence: ". . . Scotland entered the Victorian era materially well equipped, but rather deficient in the intellectual and moral qualities requisite to utilise these resources to the highest communal good." And he concluded that Scotland's ". . . industrial development during the Victorian Age suggests the successful elaboration of means towards an end unknown and unconsidered." That "end unknown and unconsidered" turned out to be the war that began in 1914, was resumed in 1939, and swept away the conditions in which Scotland *as a nation* could continue to flourish as an integral part of the United Kingdom. The last two decades have brought this home, and in the process not only restored to Scotland its sense of national identity, but weakened the sense of inferiority which was both concomitant and consequence of the material progress which Scotland made during the imperial expansion of England.

Scotland today, it must be noted, is socially much more stable (or "conservative") than England. The social, moral, and cultural crises of England have no counterpart north of the Border. The shifts in the balance of power that have blurred, for the moment, the identity of

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England, have clarified that of Scotland. There is no longer any point in attempting to take the political temperature of Scotland with a thermometer designed for the body politic of England. Scotland is at one and the same time more radical in mood than the Labour Party and far more conservative than the Conservative Party. The attitudes of politicians controlled by the Westminster Whips and by Transport House and the Central Office (not to mention other influences) seem increasingly irrelevant to the Scots. The underground approaches to the SNP are an indication that there is a certain awareness of this. Hamilton has sharpened that awareness. Some of the older nationalist hands get a good deal of amused satisfaction from the furtive wooing, but whether the wooers themselves will get much satisfaction remains to be seen. Up to the present, the only response of Central Office to the urgent representations of an influential group of Scottish Tories, who could see the writing on the wall as far back as 1965, has been Mr. Heath's "Scottish Assembly." But what these Tories tried to convince him of was that only by legislative as well as administrative "devolution" (the polite Conservative word) could the growth of nationalism be stopped. They went on to assure him that Britain's governmental system is manifestly out of date, and that it is Scotland that suffers most severely from its defects, especially under Socialist administrations which know how to centralise but not how to govern. There were strong political advantages, they pleaded, in offering some sort of Home Rule, and possibly (said some of them) in making some kind of "a deal with the Nationalists."

One might have thought that the prospect opened up by the Hamilton by-election—of Scotland returning no more than two or three Labour M.P.s to Westminster at the next General Election—might have induced the Conservative leadership to listen to such arguments. But Mr. Heath and those close to him seem to be too firmly stuck in the consensual attitude.

As for the Socialists, the original Home Rulers and defectors from their own ideal, they are bitter enough, and scared enough, to go down fighting.

THE ECONOMIC arguments, and the constitutional arguments, and the fiscal, financial, defence, and all other arguments, general and particular, are very important; and no doubt we shall be hearing a good deal of them in the next year or two. But basic to them all is the simple (or simplistic, according to viewpoint) demand by the Scottish National Party, supported at last by the decisive votes, that the sovereignty of the Scottish nation should be restored to a Scottish State. That is the long and the short of it.

And how is Scotland to regain its ancient sovereignty? "Through the democratic support of the Scottish people at the polls," says the SNP. Its stated policy is that as soon as a majority of SNP and fellow-travelling M.P.s are elected by Scotland to Westminster, the issue will be forced and agreement on Scottish autonomy sought. "Failing such agreement in London, the SNP M.P.s and other Scottish M.P.s who care to join them will form a provisional Scottish government. . . ."

Another *U.D.I.*, in fact, four hundred miles from Westminster.

What will happen, I asked one of the leaders of the party, if things continue to go well for the SNP, and they get their 36 M.P.s and allies in Westminster and the U.K. Government then either rejects their demands or puts forward proposals that would leave *real* power centred in London?

"The SNP M.P.s would withdraw from Westminster and take power in Scotland as a Provisional Government."

"Without force, or at least the threat of force?"

"There would be no need for force—for there would be no disorder. Can *you* see the Scottish police acting against us? Or Scottish troops?"

"But what if they did?" I put it to another, younger, leader of the party a day or two later.

"We would fight."

Which may be a joke now, when the Scottish Nationalists need no weapons more effective than their assertions; but would they be any funnier in the event than were the jokers of 1916 in their tragic days?

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Warwick Collins: Clapham Heights

There once was a man who travelled
By flame, chain and smoke to London
Who, standing in the soul and vein
Stared long and deep into the face of suffering metal.

Clapham Heights is one of those East End streets
With no discernable genesis and no conclusion.
It is neither grotesque nor beautiful, long or short
Clean or unclean, dead or alive.
Wet paving stones trail among the palisaded hedges,
Lose themselves in strangled cul-de-sacs
Or dwindle to forgotten bridle paths.
The smell of cheap detergent issues from some open doorway
To infiltrate the haze, to spread along the streets.
And fugitive cars, second hand,
Huddled shame-faced against the pavement
And aerials, row upon row of aerials
Like Sunday anglers, fishing for the radio waves.
The slates are darkened in suspended filth.
Behind, in the allotments, are erected poles, for beans.
Skeletal frames and wasted string,
They are not symbols of new fruit
But serve to mourn the failure of the last year's crop.

If forgetfulness is darkness, and memory light,
Then Clapham Heights is an undecided twilight zone.
Its people are stooped and medium
Sad faces that linger, drained of pigment,
In the aftermath of day.
One wonders if they cast a shadow
These pale human negatives, or whether,
Like the eyeless ghosts that haunt the upper windows,
They exist at all.
Lace-fringed sills, random flowerpots,
And the no-man's-land behind.
Rusted railings spiral to forgotten doors.
Their paleness is the uniformity of middle years,
Their shyness the tranquillity of failure.
At some uncertain time a spirit has died
And their bodies have lived on,
For the buildings sigh with empty rooms
And a lung wind lies breathless on the afternoon.

Down the road came a short, bubbling figure
On a buzz-bike
Crackling like electrostatics on the tar,
That young, rather ingratiating man
From the more expensive block up the road,
An Assistant Choreographer, they said
From the Ballet School.
Neat, elbows tucked, he strummed
Disconsolately down the road, like an overladen bee,
This neat electron on his grunting saddle,
The gas a fluted feather dribbling from his exhaust.

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The sky is overcast. The afternoon
Rots into the long premature half light of the Lowlands,
Hot electric air, damp with forebodings of rain,
Naked lightbulbs in the windows
And the walls the weary pallor of their faces.
Children they have not,
Save those few, those very few
Who linger thread-like in the streets
Whose cries are the cries of gulls
Against a gathering storm.

The clouds mill and concentrate, motivated
By no wind.
Though one expects the first furious stab of lightning
And the washing peace of clean rain,
None comes.
Instead the sky grows darker, and the ground beneath
More luminous.
A sudden stray breeze sweeps in like an afterthought
Rustling the dead leaves that fell from nowhere.
There is thunder, not from the clouds,
But from loose washing in the wind,
And the rows of hanging bats swing disconsolately from the bare lines.

D. M. Thomas: Eiger-Face

Ignorant of its nature, I must climb it because

I am here. Before I have time to consider, the valley

Is another-dimensioned world, watching me, splayed
Prometheus, through a telescope. Roped to one close friend,
My breath's concentrated, rasping ice-axe cuts with infinite

Weariness the next breath-hold, the next. Winter, sheer ice;
Summer, the unpredictable cascade of boulders—I hear a shout,
Cover my face with my rucksack, grow into the rock,

Loving its ferocious praying-mantis heart
Under the ice-clear brain that is out to get me.
See from the corner of my eye my friend

Tumbling backwards, crying my name whipped away by ultimate
Soundless Eiger wind. See with fear and yearning the pitons wrenched
Out one by one. The last, doomed to hold. Then I look down:

Her body swings on the rope's end, dead-alive; later climbers
Will come across it, and the glass holds it—this face,
Truthful as a maiden, is its own diary of accidents. I

Go on. There is no turning back. At last—ah! I will know
Why I must hazard the valley's cynical tired gravedigger:
My icebound, fur-helmeted face, castle-storming, clears

The peak and, surprised to find only air to be climbed,
More stubborn than ice, I set my teeth into a glittering wolf-
Grin, this frozen stubble is like a dead man's, still growing.

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Column

IN THE December ENCOUNTER, a correspondent suggested that the invasion of Czechoslovakia should not be made "the subject for a sermon on the evils of Soviet Stalinism, which by now surely needs nothing more in the way of condemnation by words, when it condemns itself so utterly by its own actions."

How happy I should be to go along with this suggestion! I have spent nearly all my life preaching sermons on the evils of Soviet Stalinism—indeed, a number of the sermons of my curacy came from the pulpit at a time when the evils were still those of Soviet Leninism. After forty years of fulmination, I have a chronic case of clergyman's throat and can say roundly that the reduction of my voice to a croak has been one of the many inaudible evils of Soviet Stalinism. Like our correspondent, I wonder: why do I go on preaching? Nobody in my numerous congregations has ever gone home a changed man after hearing my sermons, and they have never made the smallest impression on Soviet Stalinism. Better never to have become a preacher at all—but how was I to know when I was little more than a child that the pulpit was no place to denounce evils? I thought in those days that people really wanted to be told about evil; and once I had got used to telling them, the thing became a habit. Now, I would give much to stop, but I am too old. Soviet Stalinism goes on being evil. I go on saying so. I see no hope of reform either of Stalinism or myself.

I know that it is always wrong to blame a personal weakness on someone else, but I think that in my case Soviet Stalinism must share the responsibility. To put it bluntly: Soviet Stalinism has failed completely to condemn itself "utterly by its own actions." God knows, it has tried! It has massacred people by the million, it has starved them, it has invaded them, it has brought more misery into the world than any régime since time began. It intends, clearly, to continue to bring more. Well, I am generous-hearted enough to believe that it always performed each of those atrocious "actions" in the hope of utterly condemning itself—that is to say, of making it unnecessary for me to rush to my pulpit and anathematise that which had already anathematised itself. But now, I have begun to lose hope. The whole struggle has been a ghastly failure, and I can see no way to put it right. If I knew of any atrocious "actions" that had not been tried in the U.S.S.R., I would suggest them readily—anything in order to stop myself preaching. But I am sure it is no good: they have tried everything and they are still as stuck in their way as I am in mine. Nor can I draw any comfort from the fact that each time they have staged a new atrocious action during the last half-century, they have lost the support of a few shy people like myself. There have always been young recruits to replace the defectors: the West is full of people who still believe that to make an omelette you must break eggs. Some even believe that it is the breaking of the eggs that makes the omelette. No, nothing short of a revolution in Russia will rid the world of Soviet Stalinism and save my voice from total destruction. And even if there is a revolution, it will only mean that the executing and massacring will start all over again—which is to say, I shall start delivering my sermon again. The futility of it all!

ONE THING THAT I have learnt from life—and when I say life, I mean, of course, Soviet Stalinism, since that has taken up so much of it—one thing that I have learnt from life is that there is no truth in the old saying "Actions speak louder than words." Our correspondent is one who believes that when something called an action is performed, there can be no doubt as to what sort of action it is. Allow me to assure him that the very opposite is true. Most actions go entirely unheard and unnoticed, except by those who are their immediate victims: this is particularly true in countries where a quiet, private cell, disturbed only by regular revolver shots, is preferred to the noise of free newspapers and street-corner discussions. Other, more public actions, such as marching into the next country and carrying away the ruler in manacles, simply give rise to *debate*. This is because no action has any single, innate meaning. It exists, in a sort of strange Berkeleyan way, only in the eye of the beholder. It is he who decides what it is, what it means, and whether it is good or evil. I, for instance, am like our correspondent. I behold the invasion of Czechoslovakia as a bad action. We are both supported in this view by the Communist Parties of the West, which, after fifty years of beholding all such actions as good, provided they are done by Soviet Stalinism, have paused at last to behold the matter more carefully. But it would be childlike to suppose that the dedicated members of those Parties are going to view the action in this gloomy light forever.

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At a meeting in Moscow they will have the action explained to them in full, and will return home entirely convinced that not the action, but their eyesight, was the original error. They beheld as bad an action that was entirely good—and once reassured on this point they will recover all their old confidence. Or, to put it another way, when the next action comes along, they will know even better how to behold it.

Finally, there is a class of actions that is important precisely because its existence causes it to disappear. The aid given to North Viet Nam by Soviet Stalinism belongs to this class of non-existent actions. The radical intelligentsia of the West have never known that it was happening at all. They have sent their best reporters to the scene with no result: the only actions visible have been American. One or two of the reporters have even said frankly of Soviet aid that if such action existed, it could never come within the scope of honest reporting. I have never been able to understand this attitude, because it has always seemed clear to me that if aid were not being given to the North, there would never have been any cause to have sent so much to the South.

The foregoing, let me assure our correspondent, are the reasons why actions never speak louder than words and, at most, only give occasion for more sermons. Of course, sermons are a boring business; of course, one would rather be writing articles about Sartre and George Eliot. Here, in the present case, are two whole pages or more wasted on the "evils of Soviet Stalinism": how heartily I wish that the whole subject could be taken quietly to the Lubyanka prison and disposed of in the usual way.

BUT DO WORDS speak louder than actions? —that is the worrying question. For years we have been told that we cannot "communicate" with one another—an entirely absurd notion, in my opinion. I have never had the slightest trouble "communicating" with anyone. By taking care to say exactly what I mean, I have always managed to mean exactly what I said. Communication troubles arise only, I am sure, when the speaker or writer has either no idea what he is talking about, or is careless in his use of words. Let me give a few simple examples.

1. GOOSE LEAVES THE QUEEN FOR ROUND POND, a respectable newspaper informs me. Am I to conclude that owing to an action of some severity the monarch has been left to float? I think not. What has happened is that the writer of the headline has not known how to handle his goose. The more he has tried to control its ambiguity, the more of a flap he has got into. He has tried, and discarded, ROUND POND GETS QUEEN'S GOOSE and QUEEN'S GOOSE ON ROUND POND. Owing to pressure of time, probably, he has failed to see the plain, dignified way to communicate his message: ROYAL BIRD FLIES TO ROUND POND.

2. "The talks took place in a cordial atmosphere, in comradely and friendly spirit." This is from a Russian communiqué describing conversations between Mr. Dubcek and the Party bosses in Moscow. It is quite untrue, but at least it has none of the ambiguity that cooked the goose. We know that every major word in it should be exactly the opposite of what it is: thus we achieve communication by plain inversion. Read: "The talks took place in a strained atmosphere, in uncomradely and unfriendly spirit."

3. STRIPPER GAVE DISPLAY IN CELL, SAYS COUNSEL. So far, so good—the gist in a nutshell. The story then goes on to say that Miss ——— was picked up on the street by the constabulary and taken to a police station because her clothing had fallen below par. She protested; in fact, "her language when arrested was the worst a police officer had ever heard from a woman." Flung into a cell, Miss ———, a stripteaser by profession, did her stuff before the assembled officers, obliging them to defend their honour by covering her with a blanket.

The Recorder—whose name, oddly enough, was Mr. Clothier—said emphatically: "I can well imagine the scene"—showing clearly that no difficulty of communication was present for him. He then blotted his copybook by adding: "I do not think we need dwell on it, it is a murky episode."

Can one imagine a more careless use of words? Probably for the first time in the history of that glum police station, an episode had occurred that was the very opposite of murky. Flying in, swearing, like some enraged kingfisher or vivid goose, Miss ——— had delighted the plain sergeant and his men with a free display of the best she could show. Could Mr. Clothier not have responded in a more comradely and friendly spirit? Or are the statements made by our judges the same as those of the ideologues, and must be inverted to be understood? Read: "What a hilarious episode! How you boys must have laughed! It would be fun to dwell on it, but I suppose we had better push on to the murkier cases."

4. BEAUTY IS BLACK. These words were printed on a banner carried by a Negro during the recent Olympic Games. On first reading them, I was simply delighted: here, at last, was a communication that was short, clear, and quite unambiguous. Over here in London,

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Enoch Powell was saying that beauty was pink; over there in Mexico, a better, stronger colour had emerged. What could this mean, I wondered? I have never had any strong feelings myself about what colour beauty should be: the fact that my favourite colour is yellow is a matter of aesthetics, not sports or principles. Unlike Mr. Powell, I think England would look most beautiful if it was black. But I am sure that one could never make it black. This is because not all black people are black—a fact that the sportsman in Mexico has overlooked. In parts of the Caribbean, in fact, the most beautiful blacks are adjudged to be those who are whitest—a perfectly absurd way of estimating beauty, in my opinion. No, I think we must take people as they are: like our opinions, they cover all shades.

5. In a recent article in the *New York Review*, Mr. Christopher Lasch demands something called "the socialist transformation of American society." This will represent "a new moral and philosophical synthesis beyond liberalism" and take the form of "a radical movement which speaks to the real needs of the community instead of taking refuge in a revolutionary mystique of direct action."

What worries me is how one would make such a movement speak "to the real needs of the community." My own experience is that whenever a society goes through a "socialist transformation" it not only goes far "beyond liberalism" but quickly reaches a stage where all talks must perforce take place "in a cordial atmosphere, in comradely and friendly spirit." Mr. Lasch says that the underprivileged could make a start "by creating autonomous enclaves of socialism in the ghettos and elsewhere"; but the word "autonomous" gives me a queasy feeling. Like the Recorder: "I can imagine the scene very well"—but instead of imagining a plucky little community breaking bread and drawing water in a genuinely comradely and friendly spirit, I see only a handful of men with revolvers sitting under some such banner as BEAUTY IS BLACK and rubbing out any member of the enclave who disputes the "new moral and philosophical synthesis." In fact, I think that the weakness of Mr. Lasch's whole argument is a failure to realise *what* actions are represented by *which* words: this is not a failure of "communication," but simply a form of carelessness. We cannot afford that sort of sermon nowadays: the actions that are going on are bad enough without the words being stripped of all meaning and hidden under a blanket. Altogether, a murky episode, and I shall not dwell on it.

Nefastus Dies

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MUSIC

Who's Afraid of Pierre Boulez?

By Henry Pleasants

TWO LITTLE WORDS, *serious* (or *classical*) and *popular,* in music today, divide the essentially indivisible, frustrating communication and understanding among those whose common bond is the presumably universal language of music.

Serious (or *classical*), embraces everything from the troubadours through Monteverdi, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Verdi, Wagner, Strauss and Debussy to Bartók, Webern, Stockhausen, Pierre Boulez and John Cage. *Popular* can refer to anything from Lawrence Welk to the Modern Jazz Quartet, and include jazz, rhythm-and-blues, country-and-western, rock 'n' roll, pop and folk.

It matters not at all that much Serious music of the past has been—and still is—enormously popular, while much Popular music, nowadays, is so seriously intended, and is taken so seriously by musician and listener alike, that it enjoys no considerable popularity. Comic operas by Rossini, Donizetti, Suppé, Offenbach and Johann Strauss belong to Serious music, while a musical such as *West Side Story*, which is a tragedy, belongs to Popular.

A common view—and it is shared and encouraged by the musical Establishment—is that the one belongs to Art, the other to Entertainment; that the one endeavours to elevate and enlighten, the other to divert; that the one appeals to the intellect, the other to the viscera. And this view persists despite conspicuous inconsistencies and contradictions. Much of what we think of as Art in the music of the past originated in an impulse to entertain, while a good deal of what we think of as Popular in the music of today, especially in modern jazz, but also in pop, originates in the rejection of entertainment as a worthy objective.

The terminology, obviously, is imprecise and misleading. It is also unjust, conferring greater prestige upon the Serious musician's failures than upon the Popular musician's successes. There is a difference, all right, and it is profound. But the terms *serious* and *popular* are inadequate both as description and definition.

They may have sufficed a century ago to characterise the difference between Suppé and Brahms, between Johann Strauss and Richard; but they do not reflect accurately the difference between, say, Miles Davis and Boulez, between the Modern Jazz Quartet and the Juilliard Quartet, between the Duke Ellington Band and a symphony chamber orchestra. They imply a qualitative character for what is, essentially, an idiomatic distinction. The terms *serious* and *popular* are obsolete.

THIS IDIOMATIC DISTINCTION is something new in the evolution of Western music. Time was—and it was no more than fifty years ago—when the language of music was, within the confines of the Western world, universal. To put it more precisely, all Western music spoke the same language. Some music may have had higher aspirations. Some music may have appealed to a more sophisticated audience. But all music had the same basic vocabulary and syntax, the same rhetorical conventions. Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, Brahms, Verdi and Strauss may have employed a more elevated diction. They may have aimed at more subtle communication and have wrestled with larger and more exacting forms. But much of their finest music proved to be popular; and all of them could and did write purposefully popular music.

Franz Liszt and all the composer-virtuosos of his era flourished from pot-pourri arrangements of popular tunes, most of them from popular operas by Rossini, Donizetti, Pacini, Bellini, Weber, Meyerbeer, and even Mozart, Wagner, and Verdi. Serious artists were still composing, playing and singing popular music well into this century, catering to the tastes of a large and relatively unsophisticated public.

Many of us can remember when Caruso, Schumann-Heink, McCormack, Kreisler, Cor-

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tot, Rachmaninoff, Tauber, John Charles Thomas, Lawrence Tibbett and Ezio Pinza performed, in their recitals and on records, music, sometimes of their own composition, that is regarded today as beneath the dignity of a Serious musician. And the younger among them lived to see it rather counted against them. Nor was what they thought of as popular music any longer so popular. The new household names were Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, the Dorsey brothers, Glenn Miller and Artie Shaw, whose music differed from the music congenial to the Serious musician not only in character, but, more importantly, in idiom.

The Serious performer ignored this music not because he did not wish to sing it or play it, but because he could not. With the Serious singer, for example, even the songs of the musical theatre, closer than jazz to his own music, found him ill at ease. Everyone, of course, could execute the notes, but they could not execute them idiomatically. Ezio Pinza, for example, for all the thousands of times he sang *Some Enchanted Evening*, was never at ease with its lilting rhythm, and he had to look to a conductor for rhythmic guidance.

UNTIL THE ADVENT of jazz there was no fundamental confusion. But with the absorption of jazz into the main stream of popular music the idiomatic unity which had made it possible for the greatest composers to write popular music, and for the greatest performers to play it and sing it, was gone. The syntax and grammar of Serious music were no longer rooted in a contemporary vernacular, nor was Popular music any longer a simplification of grander techniques and devices. Never again could there be a Brahms *Lullaby*, a Rubinstein *Melody in F*, a Debussy *Clair de Lune*, a Schumann *Träumerei* or a Rachmaninoff *Prelude in C sharp minor*.

There was Serious music, almost all of it European and, in its contemporary manifestations, still dominated by Europeans—Schoenberg, Stravinsky, Bartók, Berg, Webern, Stockhausen, Boulez. And there was Popular music, primarily American, however widely imitated abroad, derived from a curiously haphazard fusion of European and African sources, and still dominated by Americans, including, very prominently and decisively, black Americans.

At the root of this musical *débâcle* in America and Great Britain, lies Europe; and, in Europe, the 19th century. The Europe from which our conventional and fashionable notions of musical culture derive is no more. The new musical culture is American, or, to be precise about it, Afro-American, even in Europe. And it is so offensive to those of traditional European orientation—and they dominate the musical Establishment everywhere—that it is still dismissed as "uncultured," "commercial," and "popular."

The very word "popular," indeed, in the vocabulary of the musical Establishment throughout the Western democracies—critics, educators, institutional directors, and the administrators of public and private cultural philanthropy—is a contemptuous epithet. It is this abhorrence and even fear of popularity and of popular success that has frustrated, and continues to frustrate, any reasonable or rational assessment of what has happened in music in the 20th century. In order to defend itself from the awful truth of Europe's passing, and of the passing of the 19th century, the musical Establishment has conjured up a never-never musical culture of its own, in which music is withdrawn from everyday life and its withdrawal greeted by self-congratulatory applause as evidence of valiant cultural integrity.

This is true, of course, not only of music. John Canaday, Art Critic of the *New York Times*, discussing comparable tendencies in the visual arts, arrived at conclusions as pertinent to music as to painting and sculpture. Noting the contradiction implicit in the term "museum of modern art," suggesting "a stance with one foot in the grave of the past and the other on the banana peel of the moment," he wrote:

> Thus combining impaired vision with precarious footing, critics have come up with some curious expressions leading to further bizarre analyses, thence to even more curious artistic expressions, and so on in a circle of intellectual incest. This circle has been winding like an ingrown hair ever since critic-historians began operating on a double standard by which *avant-garde* art was found interesting to the extent that it was (*a*) completely original and (*b*) the natural consequence of the originality that was immediately contemporary last week.
>
> Instead of following a natural development induced by a truly profound response to life, art can self-consciously set out to do what is anticipated by those who chart it. The fact that the line resembles a roller coaster makes it no less devoid of surprise, and the fact that the swoops and rises and descents may make you catch your breath when you are going along for the ride does not affect the fact that you are in an amusement park, not involved with life itself.

THE PRIMARY OBJECTIVE of the musical Establishment appears to be the stemming of the Afro-American tide. In the Establishment's view, of course, the objective is to preserve art from commercial pollution. Its accomplishment has been rather to secure social sanction for a condition of non-competitiveness, for communi-

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cative failure and, indeed, for the renunciation of any communicative responsibility. And immunity from competition and responsibility is as corrupting in the arts as in any other calling.

I am speaking, of course, only of contemporary production. The Establishment discharges its custodial and curatorial obligations well enough. The problem is its assumption of the prerogative of acting as arbiter of what, in the music of our own time, is to be accorded the accolade of art and what is not, and its insistence upon a public obligation to endorse, sponsor, support and applaud its decisions. Both the assumption and the insistence are, in my opinion, vulnerable.

Neither the American foundations, arts councils and universities, nor the British and European public purse, can provide enough hush money to preserve forever the fiction of forward movement, of an emperor alive and fully clothed. Music goes on, and it goes its own way, its characteristics determined by the impulses and pleasures of society as a whole, whether those strategically situated like it or don't.

IN OUR OWN CENTURY, and in our own society, the vitality and the production—as demonstrated in ragtime, early jazz, swing, bop, rhythm-and-blues, country-and-western, gospel song, urban blues, folk, pop and the songs of the Broadway musical—have been stupendous. They have been stimulated constantly by new facilities for dissemination. In no previous culture, probably, has contemporary music been so pervasive a part of the life of so large a percentage of the world's populace.

The musical Establishment has ignored it all; and a reckoning is, I believe, imminent, if only because so much of what is now being offered as new art music is so patently unmusical that even some of the Establishment are beginning to murmur. As long as what they were given could be related to music, even if only theoretically, they could grit their teeth, play the game and keep their misgivings to themselves. But the latest accomplishments of pan-Webern serialism and the electronics laboratories, against which Webern sounds like Puccini, are too much. This may be acoustics; it may even have potentiality as a musical auxiliary. It may be capable of being put to musical use, as some of the pop groups are demonstrating. But it is not music; and a great many sober individuals in the Establishment know it. Colin Mason, for example, in an article on *avant-garde* music in *The Daily Telegraph* (3 February 1968), said: "The crucial word here is 'musical'...." Cage and Stockhausen, he noted,

> have entered or created a world of sound that is "not music"—not merely in the sense in which modern music has always been "not music" to reactionaries, but in the sense that its appeal is no longer primarily to the musical sense.... Because such works use the medium of sound, we automatically classify them under "music"; but, without necessarily questioning their value or legitimacy as a form of art, perhaps we should simply reconsider how to classify them.

Sir Jack Westrup, Heather Professor of Music at Oxford, in an editorial in *Music and Letters* (January 1968), was less pussy-footed:

> The whole practice of "please-yourself" music has now reached a stage when any kind of idiocy asks to be taken seriously. A piano is not simply an instrument to be played. It is a piece of furniture which allows you to crawl underneath it and beat tattoos on its underside. Some time ago a critic remarked with apparent approval: "A slapped trombone is a glorious sound." These are strong words; but if "glorious" is to be accepted, they could be applied equally well to a coal scuttle....
>
> The critics might help if they were to refuse to take this sort of thing seriously; but too often they seem to be afraid of the possible reproach that they are old-fashioned, or else they are so weary of the drug of familiar music that anything new is welcome. If to be sane is to be old-fashioned, it is a pity that there are not more old-fashioned musicians about.... Experiment is the lifeblood of music; but those who experiment might well ask themselves whether there is not something to be said for communicating to others. A momentary triumph of complete absurdity before an audience of twenty-five people may, for the time being, satisfy composers who walk blinkered through the world. But this is not the reward that serious artists seek.

A few months after the appearance of this cogent advice, the London critics blandly illustrated Sir Jack's point. They dutifully attended an offering by the Focus Opera Group entitled: *Three? Avant-Garde? Operas?* And they dutifully recounted their experience in the following Sunday's papers (17 March). According to Desmond Shawe-Taylor, Music Critic of the *Sunday Times*, who devoted 1,200 words to the subject under a four-column heading, "How Many Ping-Pong Balls Make an Opera?", this is what they sat through:

> Electronic rumbles and thumps became audible; a man draped silver foil and coloured streamers round a music-stand (it fell down later, but what of that?) and aimed ping-pong balls at a wastepaper basket (with scant success, but what of that?); two clowns interminably shot more ping-pong balls at one another (dropping them nearly all, but what of that?); another man tinkered (or pretended to tinker?) with guitar, xylophone and flex; he might have caused some of the electronic noises, or not. The first man

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> took off his shoes and socks and put on sandals; he blew up a balloon, and rubbed it horribly with Stockhausen-like amplification....

Not that there hasn't been worse. Peter Yates, in his *Twentieth Century Music* (1967), tells how LaMonte Young "stuffed a violin with concert programmes and burned it in public performance" and how David Tudor "attacked a piano with chisel, rubber hammer and bicycle chain and, on another occasion, with a saw." Yates also cites, approvingly, an exercise carried out at the San Francisco Tape Music Centre: "The four glass sides of a tropical fish tank are painted with a musical staff and with squares indicating *arco, pizzicato*, etc. Four instrumentalists sit one at each side. Six fish, white or black, placed in the water, swim behind the staves and boxes to furnish notes and instructions. Several weeks of practising were needed to enable the players to keep up with the fish."

"One might describe this as *art accustoming itself to events in a nonesthetic landscape*," he added. "A strong element of humour and of play is involved, but the fun is serious." Yates tells of having "performed with pleasure" a less incandescent work of Young's consisting of "some thousand equal strokes with a wooden spoon on a cast-iron frying pan—or with any type of beater on any object."

There is literally no end to such things. The London Institute of Contemporary Arts (in its new quarters in Carlton House Terrace) has sponsored *Quadruple Play*, for amplified rubber bands, and *For 2*, for amplified glass plates, springs, tapes and photocell mixer. And under the same enlightened auspices Charlotte Moorman, the topless cellist, has played her accompanist's naked back with a string across it.

All of which would seem to encourage the lending of a sympathetic ear to John Cage's *4′ 33″*, a "silent sonata," in the performance of which a pianist sits at the instrument for precisely four minutes and thirty-three seconds, poised to play, but never playing.

Music critics do not, as a rule, praise these obscenities, but neither, as a rule, do they protest by word or example, that the spectacle of adult musicians tossing ping-pong balls, burning fiddles, attacking a piano with a bicycle chain or taking musical dictation from fish is beneath the dignity of a Serious critic. They attend, they remain, and they devote valuable newspaper and magazine space to an account of the proceedings. The great majority of them, as Sir Jack Westrup suggests, are running scared—or behaving like ostriches.

They gambled, from despair rather than courage or conviction, on serialism, and the rest of the Establishment with them. Now that this anti-musical procedure is ending, inevitably, in the computer, they are the victims of their own timidity; and they are the victims, more significantly, of their own cultural bias.

Peter Heyworth, for example, Music Critic of the *Observer*, in an article in the June 1968 issue of *High Fidelity*, can say: "Like other mortals, a critic has no choice but to accept the period he lives in even if he doesn't like it...." But Heyworth is speaking here not of jazz, or rock, or pop, none of which is mentioned in the 3,000 words of his text, but of—Stockhausen! For Peter Heyworth, and for most of his Serious music critic colleagues everywhere, the music of several hundreds of millions of people in every part of the globe is irrelevant to a discussion of music in the 1960s.

So far is he from accepting the period in which he lives that he resigns himself, with the docility characteristic of today's Serious music critic fraternity, to something in which, as Colin Mason noted, and as Stockhausen himself has said, any distinction between music and mere sound has finally disappeared. Also missing, one is tempted to add, is any connection between music and people.

What is one to make, for instance, of the *Computer Cantata* by Lejaren Hiller, director of the Experimental Music Studio at the University of Illinois? This work, according to an accompanying booklet of twenty-two double-spaced typewritten pages,

> presents the result of a series of studies in computer composition carried out in the spring of 1963... to test the efficiency and ease of MUSICOMP (MUsic SImulator-Interpreter for COMpositional Procedures), a completely generalised programming scheme for musical composition intended for use with an IBM 7090 computer.... It also includes two studies of computer synthesis carried out with a second computer, the CX-1... that permits compositional results to be converted directly into computer-generated sound.

When Hiller's colleague at Illinois, Dr. Herbert Brün, "performed" his *Non Sequitur* (*1966*) at the London Institute of Contemporary Arts exhibition, "Cybernetic Serendipity," in August 1968, an interviewer from the *Daily Telegraph* observed that tune and the heart must come in somewhere. "What's the heart got to do with it?" Dr. Brün wanted to know. "Some emotions, sure, but the heart—just a metaphor, ridiculous scientifically."

The critics, to return to Sir Jack Westrup, are also running lazy. They simply will not get off their butts or their beat to find out what has been going on in music for the past half-

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century. If it doesn't happen in the concert hall, the opera house, or the church, it is not music as far as they are concerned. Nor will they address themselves to anything but Serious music even when it can be heard on their own home ground in the concert hall, as is often the case nowadays. They leave it to jazz critics or the pop critics (or, in the case of the musical, to the dramatic critics), arguing that these others are better qualified to judge. That the argument is unexceptionable hardly speaks well of those who call themselves music critics, nor is it any excuse for ignorance.[1]

THE CONSEQUENCES of this auto-segregation, this "opting out" from society both by composers and by critics, will be with us for a long time, particularly in the United States, which, with its hundreds of university schools of music and the gullible largesse of the foundations, has provided nearly impregnable warrens for those who believe that computation and electricity, not the human heart and spirit, make music. But something is happening; and it is happening, as so frequently in music in this century, in the least likely of places—in the "popular" and commercial fields.

It would seem now, in retrospect, that there never was a chance that any considerable number of the Serious music community could be persuaded of the artistic virtue of jazz and the jazz musician. New Orleans and Dixieland were felt to be too primitive and, probably, too black; swing was too much identified with dancing, and bop, curiously, was too esoteric, while the new, or free, jazz has been too close to Serious music's own obstreperous and eccentric *avant-garde*. In the view of the Serious music community, I suspect, one *avant-garde* was enough. They couldn't disavow their own; but there was no need to compound the mischief and the din by welcoming another.

But not a few in the Serious music community have found pop palatable who could never stomach jazz; and neither the sometimes excellent quality of the lyrics, nor the reversion to pre-Baroque melodic and harmonic practices, can explain quite adequately why. Indeed, one would assume a preference for jazz, if only because of the harmonic sophistication of its mature forms and the superior virtuosity of its best musicians. It is possible that some Serious musicians and Serious critics have sensed in later jazz styles, and especially in hard bop and the New Jazz, familiar symptoms of decadence. But few of them will have heard enough of either to arrive at such critical conclusions. A more likely explanation, for the Serious music community as a whole, is that in pop, as opposed to jazz, the exotic African element, while actually stronger, has been less obvious.

MOST OF THE Serious music community know little or nothing of the origins of pop in rhythm-and-blues, gospel song and country-and-western, or of the extent of the African influence in contemporary country-and-western. Nor have they followed the evolution of the blues from country through rhythm-and-blues to the urban blues. Thus, when they are exposed to the new post-jazz black music through the intermediary of the white pop groups, especially the Beatles, they react innocently, so to speak, accepting the dilution without concerning themselves with the sources. Pop is not only more varied in its sources than jazz was forty years ago, but

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[1] Critical reaction to an evening of Stockhausen at the Camden Town Hall on 25 November suggested that some of the London critics, at long last, may be ready to join Sir Jack Westrup in saying to the so-called *avant-garde*: "Enough's enough!" Shawe-Taylor, for instance, in the *Sunday Times* of 1 December, wrote of "the bursting, for me, of the Stockhausen bubble."

> Whatever the merits of his earlier work, he has now moved into a phase of mystical chaos that defeats intelligent listening. Modern critics are said to suffer from a Hanslick complex: that is, from the fear of voicing distaste for the latest genius. All right: Hanslick, here I come!

John Warrack, in the *Sunday Telegraph*, uncharacteristically pointing a finger at his colleagues, wrote:

> The trouble is, not only the simple-minded are gulled. So great is Stockhausen's reputation that anything he now does is greeted with awe. I wish I could loyally feel that critics were exempt from this, but alas, the current critical sin is to react to the baffling not with abuse (which was in its way honest) but praise.... I deeply mistrust the new dress in which Stockhausen was clothing his activities last week; in fact, I am not sure that our respected Emperor should have turned out like that at all.

Best of all, for me, was Peter Stadlen in the *Daily Telegraph* of 26 November: "Musically speaking, it all strikes me as a dreadful affliction of mind and soul."

Nor should I forget Alan Blyth who, when Boulez' *Le Marteau sans Maitre* was played at a Prom concert last summer, said, in *The Times*, that the performance came "perilously close to being boring." Boulez, of course, as a first-class conductor and a brilliant theorist, is not to be lumped with the concoctors of happenings and electronic barnyard sounds. But Blyth came more perilously close than any other critic to the truth about Boulez the composer and his "masterpiece."

And so, as the translator of Hanslick (Wagner's famous antagonist), I extend my hand to Messrs. Shawe-Taylor, Warrack, and Stadlen. May their defiance gain in confidence and their tribe increase!

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also more varied in its manifestations. The visitor from the outside has more to choose from.

It may also be true that the relationship between white and black is entering a new phase in the evolution of Western music in its present Afro-American epoch. The young white musician, less shackled by diatonic harmonic tradition than the young white musician of the early jazz and swing eras, is free to offer more of his own native musicality. Pop, at the same time, is being enriched, particularly on records, by the imaginative and sophisticated guidance of a new type of creative musician, an unadvertised *deus ex machina* in the form of a musical director, most familiarly represented by the Beatles' George Martin. It is also being enriched by the participation in the studios of older professional musicians, frequently jazz musicians.

IT SEEMS inevitable that jazz musicians will be drawn more and more into pop, if only because the two styles need each other. Pop has thus far been predominantly a vocal style, despite all the noise of electric guitars and organs—which is all to the good—and jazz, having divorced itself from the Popular singer at the close of the swing era, has been too exclusively instrumental. Pop needs the jazz musician's instrumental skills and experience if it is to grow, while jazz badly needs the vocal and melodic innocence of pop. There is no fundamental idiomatic incompatibility. *Both are products of the Afro-European fusion* that has determined the musical course of the century. The jazz musician will find his way back to the mainstream, or perish in the more or less benign lunacy of the *avant-garde*; and the pop musician can use him in achieving musical maturity.

Not that Popular music is becoming more Serious. It is rather that in certain staple areas it is becoming more sophisticated on its own terms, especially in the work of the jazz composer-arrangers and the film composers, the latter drawn increasingly from among the many jazz composer-arrangers who now have Serious as well as jazz schooling: Henry Mancini, Quincy Jones, Lalo Schifrin, Dave Grusin, Allyn Ferguson, Oliver Nelson, *et al.*

The older Serious musician is not about to switch to pop or jazz, but many younger musicians who, forty or fifty years ago would have chosen a career exclusively in Serious music are being attracted to a more truly contemporary idiom. The Establishment, and particularly the educational Establishment, will have to follow suit, however reluctantly. It is, indeed, already beginning to do so, as demonstrated by the recent institution of courses in *useful* composition and arranging in some of the university conservatories both in the United States and Great Britain.

IT MAY NOT, therefore, be utopian to anticipate the eventual dispelling of such stifling superstitions as the incompatibility of art and commerce, the indecency of the artist as entertainer and the immunity of art from the discipline of supply and demand, although it would be utopian, certainly, to expect it to happen quickly. But happen it must.

"Music, architecture and painting, as well as poetry and oratory," wrote Addison in the *Spectator* of 3 April 1711, "are to deduce their laws and rules from the general sense and taste of mankind, and not from the principles of those arts themselves." Such an utterance would have been laughed down in 1911. But the cultural history of the past fifty years should restrain the laughter today.

IGNORANCE, defiance and neglect of this simple and reasonable stricture precipitated the decline and hastened the decay of European musical culture; and in the 20th century they have inhibited not only a just appreciation of our own culture, but even a common recognition or acknowledgement of what our musical culture is. What Addison wrote was true then, and it is true now. The quality of a society's arts depends not upon its artists but upon what it demands from its artists. A permissive society will get what it permits; and it will deserve what it gets. Our own society, as distinct from its cultural Establishment, has done well, and especially in music. Offered a reputable contemporary music that it could not stomach, it has produced an often excellent disreputable music of its own, establishing an idiomatic revolution (the Afro-American) comparable in its evolutionary implications with the idiomatic revolutions that took place in European music in the 14th and 17th centuries.

But gulled by the pervasive mystique of *serious* as opposed to *popular*, and of *Art* as opposed to *Commerce*, this same society continues to heed the value judgments and nourish the vanity of a musical Establishment which has known little of all this and despises what it knows—a somnolent Establishment, obese and obsolescent, but still greedy, which has spawned and continues to sponsor, in its contemporary production, a degradation and debasement of the art, a mortification of the senses, a mockery of intelligence, a repudiation of the spirit and a celebration of impotence and impudence unexampled in the annals of mankind.

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THEATRE

Dirty Hands, or The Higher Cleanliness

By John Weightman

AFTER A LONG and Herculean struggle, Mr. Kenneth Tynan has at last managed to stage Rolf Hochhuth's *Soldiers* in London. According to the press, he was so overcome on the first night that he shed tears of joy. The same papers carried a statement by Mr. Winston Churchill protesting at the accusation levelled against his grandfather in the play, and asking the British public to treat it with contempt. Mr. Tynan wept at the triumph of free speech and tolerance; Mr. Churchill sees the same event as a base slander. This is obviously, in its minor way, an issue like the Dreyfus Case or the Suez Affair; one has to begin by explaining where one stands.

The play, both in the printed and acting versions, definitely states that Sikorski's death was suggested by Lord Cherwell and acquiesced in by Churchill. The acting version is even more explicit than the text. When, in the last scene, Churchill is confronted by the young Polish officer who maintains an accusing silence, the author's direction reads: "He [Churchill] takes a step towards Kocjan but something seems to warn him not to extend his hand."[1] However, on the stage, he does put out his hand, which Kocjan ignores. Churchill meekly accepts the rebuff, thus confessing guilt by implication.

I must say that if someone had accused my grandfather of conniving, even for purely political reasons, in the assassination of a blameless public figure, I would have wanted to see the proofs. And had they remained inaccessible in a Swiss bank vault, I would have felt indignant if the accuser then proceeded to write a commercial stage play, even a masterpiece, based precisely on the unsupported charge. It is no good Herr Hochhuth saying that *he* is convinced; until he can produce chapter and verse, he has no right to spread an assumption of guilt, either about Churchill or about Cherwell, who apparently has no descendants to defend his reputation. To do so shows a strange lack of moral delicacy on the part of someone who claims to be dealing in moral values. Nor will the indelicacy be wiped out, even if Herr Hochhuth is ultimately proved to be correct about the facts. It is surely a simple rule of civilised behaviour that you don't accuse until you can produce your evidence. Politicians, caught in cruel dilemmas, may feel themselves obliged to resort to *Realpolitik* and even assassination; playwrights are under no such pressure to murder reputations prematurely. So, as far as I am concerned, it is thumbs down to Herr Hochhuth, and I am no Churchill-worshipper. Incidentally, it is rather surprising that there should be no law against defamation of the recently dead.

AS FOR MR. TYNAN, I can think of three possible reasons for his championship of *Soldiers*. If there is such a dearth of good new plays that the National Theatre had recently to stage a revival of so thin a work as Somerset Maugham's *Home and Beauty*, one can understand his excitement on reading a text which deals with great issues and tremendous characters. Being unable to get it into the National repertoire, he may have felt that his honour as a man of the theatre compelled him to find a home for it elsewhere. Then he may suppose that Churchill is already public property and part of history, so that it doesn't much matter what variations on the myth playwrights present us with. If so, I cannot agree. Churchill is not as remote as Joan of Arc or Mary Queen of Scots. We are still involved in the consequences of the political situation he was dealing with, and therefore what we think or believe about his behaviour still has an immediate relevance. Thirdly, Mr. Tynan may assume that Churchill is not damaged by the play, which tends to show the assassination of Sikorski as a frightful necessity, hurriedly accepted by Churchill and then a cause of sorrow to him. If so, again I cannot agree. The assassination, if it were one, would be a terrible stain on Churchill's record because, if we are to maintain any standards at all, there are some forms of loyalty that must take precedence over *Realpolitik*, even in extreme situations.

THIS BRINGS me to the play itself and the problem of understanding it. Contrary to what one might suppose, it is not a *pièce à thèse* making two points: (1) that Churchill agreed to the assassination of Sikorski, which he ought not to have done; (2) that he insisted on bombing German civilians, particularly workers, which again he ought not to have done. It is true that, in a sense, Cherwell is turned into the villain of the piece, a Mephistopheles or tempter, always at Churchill's elbow to prompt him to take the effective, or apparently effective, course rather than be hampered by moral scruples. It

[1] Rolf Hochhuth, *Soldiers*, translated by Robert David MacDonald (André Deutsch, 30s.), p. 247.

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is also true that Sikorski is allowed to express his views at length both as regards the Polish officers found assassinated in the mass grave at Katyn and in connection with the Polish right to the town of Lvov, just as Bishop Bell is allowed to put forward his arguments against the bombings. But it would be wrong to suppose that, in either instance, the author is definitely on the side of the "moral" case. He may, at first sight, appear to be, and the Provost of Coventry (who has contributed an Introduction to the printed version) is clearly under the impression that this is, in fact, so, because he refers to

> ... the games played by the powerful in which they "trade" tactics and strategies, while the pieces in the game—human hopes and human lives—are callously ignored as being expendable. It is this betrayal which merits the indictments contained in this play.

Yet, as I was reading the play and watching the performance, I had a feeling that the lesson was very different. There were no real indictments. Hochhuth shows how terrible the dilemmas were; he gives both Sikorski and Bell a good run for their money, but in the last resort he implies that Churchill was right to fall in with Cherwell's suggestions about Sikorski and the "fire-storms." In both cases, it was a question of discouraging Stalin from concluding a separate peace with Hitler; Sikorski was queering the pitch and the "fire-storms" were the next best thing to a Second Front. Churchill, being a superb realist, saw the point and acted accordingly. On the Sikorski question, a passage in the Epilogue of the printed version (pp. 252 and 253) is apparently intended to exonerate him completely:

> "Hardly cricket, what?" I mean
> "people don't do such things."
> And that is perfectly true—for people like us.
> It is no coincidence that not you,
> not him [*sic*], not I—but Churchill
> led the country to victory.
> Greatness has its own dimensions.
> How can you have the gall to condemn an action
> Simply because you could not have performed it? ...
>
> I was thinking of what he said in his essay on
> Asquith—it might have been a self-portrait....
> "Loyal as he was to his colleagues, he never
> shrank, when public need required it, from putting
> them aside once and for all.... But how else
> can states be governed?"...[2]

[2] Perhaps Herr Hochhuth has another play up his sleeve which shows how Asquith had his Cabinet colleagues quietly assassinated for the good of England. The study of the British purges has been seriously neglected.

> One must assume that it was thought necessary to save the alliance that saved the world.

THEREFORE, if my reading is correct, this is a *pièce à thèse* which is ultimately in favour not of sweetness and light but of *Realpolitik*, while accepting it with tears. Hochhuth admires Churchill because he thinks Churchill had the stamina to rise above moral issues in order to ensure an Allied, and consequently a British, victory. It follows that it must have been a good thing that the Prime Minister had Lindemann/Cherwell by his side, an immoralist in a bowler-hat, to brush away any remaining vestiges of British hypocrisy by means of German ruthlessness. If Churchill is to be admired as the executant, we must also admire Lindemann as the inventive brain, and so our initial attitude to the whole situation has to be reversed. They are both guilty, but their guilt is a higher form of virtue. They are meant, in fact, to have a kind of Nietzschean splendour, beyond good and evil.

It might, of course, be argued that *Soldiers* is not a *pièce à thèse* at all, but a tragedy, since it puts both sides of the question. I would say rather that, as in the case of so many *pièces à thèse*, its complexities arise from the fact that the apparent message is not fully in agreement with the half-conscious message. For the play to be really tragic, Herr Hochhuth, while seeing both sides, would have had to remain in a central position, which would have been some kind of moral position. As it is, he seems to come down emotionally in favour of the view that the end always justifies the means. If this were not so, he would not have such a tremendous admiration for the Churchill with whom he presents us. It is as if he *wanted* him to be responsible for Sikorski's death in order to be able to admire him the more. I would like at least to raise an eyebrow at this, on behalf of England.

THESE POINTS having been considered, I may add that the play, although heavy and slow in performance, is full of interesting stuff. It reminds one of Lord Snow's argumentative pieces, or of a more sedate Shavian problem-play. A number of Churchill's famous remarks have been introduced into the mixture and emerge, rather sadly, like pre-cooked witticisms. I cannot say that I was ever moved, because the dialogue, in English at least, is almost totally lacking in dramatic immediacy, except where it consists of direct quotation. However, Mr. John Colicos' impersonation of Churchill, which might have been very embarrassing, is a remarkable *tour de force*, and has the virtue of being underplayed rather than overplayed.

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NOTES & TOPICS

Letter from Vienna

Philosophers Galore

DIALECTICIANS hold that a quantitative change can result in a qualitative one, but the fourteenth International Philosophical Congress which convened recently in Vienna has demonstrated that quantity can sometimes result in chaos. The organisers pointed out, not without pride, that "never before in the history of humanity" had so many philosophers been gathered together in a single place, but they had to reconcile themselves to the discovery that a concentration of 3,000 philosophers can produce, not an Academy, but a Babylonian confusion of tongues.

The object of the quinquennial congress organised by the *Fédération Internationale des Sociétés de Philosophie* was to lead to a dialogue between the various competing schools and to draw public attention to new trends and advances in philosophy. Little of this was perceptible at the previous congress held in Mexico City in 1963; but the Vienna congress of 1968 resulted in the opposite of the desired result. Instead of open-minded dialogue there were sour monologues, and instead of the hoped-for new notes hardly anything was to be heard but the propaganda sirens of old and noisy established systems.

True, fruitful private encounters took place away from the official meetings, and some of the latter were notable, *e.g.*, for Sir Karl Popper's paper "On the Theory of the Objective Mind" and A. J. Ayer's contribution on "Philosophy and Scientific Method." But it is impossible to claim that the average standard was high. The organisers tried to give a chance to speak to as many participants as possible, with the result that many who really had something to contribute either did not speak or were so limited for time that they were able only very imperfectly to make themselves intelligible to the public. Reference to the congress' printed papers did not help, because of the proposed six volumes only two had been published —and, as material was set up in type on the principle of first-come first-served, these did not necessarily contain the most important contributions. Thus the congress was afflicted by the plague of excessive material from which most international congresses suffer nowadays, and matters were made worse in this instance by a specific factor that entailed the most lamentable consequences. The proclaimed primary object of the congress—in accordance with the prevailing vogue and the *genius loci*—being to establish a "dialogue" between East and West, between Marxists and non-Marxists, it was confronted from the outset with a multitude of papers from the countries of the Eastern *bloc* not at all concerned with intellectual exchange but solely with the prayerful repetition of certain propaganda themes.

The organisers had somehow failed to take into account that in the Soviet Union, for instance, Marxism is not a theory held by individual philosophers but the doctrine of the ruling political party which methodically lays down guiding lines from which no departure is permissible. So the Russian delegation (and the other Eastern *bloc* delegations) had to be accepted as well-programmed, multi-voiced talking machines whose pre-recorded tapes excluded any possibility of genuine discussion. Whenever a speaker from the Soviet Union, Bulgaria, or East Germany was at the microphone, paralysing boredom set in, and the shadow of intellectual barrenness that overhung the congress grew longer.

A SEAL WAS SET to the absurdity of the proceedings by the background of the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia against which they took place. While thousands of refugees crowded into the emergency camps hastily organised by the Vienna municipality, and applicants for visas waited in long queues outside the Swiss, West German, or Canadian embassies, Soviet (and East German) philosophers in the *Auditorium Maximum* of the university prated about "the inviolable unity of the Socialist camp," the "luminous heights of Marxism" that had been scaled in the Soviet Union, the "realisation of the true human community," etc., etc. No wonder audiences kept getting restless. It was not only members of the Viennese "extra-parliamentary opposition" who called aloud for a discussion of the consequences for Marxism of what was happening in Czechoslovakia. Even the chairman of the Congress, the Vienna logician Leo Gabriel, ended by coming out in its favour. But the Russians declined, on the cynical pretext, among others, that the "Czech comrades" present were obviously not interested in it either.

The distress of the Czechoslovak participants was betrayed by minor incidents which generally caused embarrassment but were then quickly forgotten. At a discussion meeting "On the Significance of Synthesis in Integrative Thought," for instance, the octogenarian Professor J. L. Fischer (of Olomuc) was speaking

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on "the approach to a qualitative synthesis" when the chairman gently reminded him, as he did other speakers, that his time was running out. This put the old gentleman into a state of great agitation; he began trembling violently, and exclaimed that he could not accept being gagged in this way. He had been working for years on a book on philosophy and politics in Czechoslovakia—it had been due to appear in a few days' time—and now it would be pulped! Could he not at least be spared five minutes here in Vienna to re-state his ideas?

The official representatives of the occupying countries also reacted nervously whenever Czechoslovakia cropped up. When the East German representative Mende was interrupted

To an Angry

IT WILL UPSET YOU *to learn that I agree with many things you said. For instance: "Don't question our sincerity!" I don't. You are about as sincere as anyone can be. You are sincerely unhappy, sincerely frustrated and sincerely confused. You are also sincerely wrong about the few facts you cite, and sincerely illogical in the violent conclusions you reach. Besides, what does "sincerity" have to do with issues? Any insane asylum is full of sincere patients. Hitler was undoubtedly sincere. So are the followers of Voliva, who think the world is sincerely flat.*

I sadly agree that your college courses have been "outrageously irrelevant to the times"—because your letter reveals that you could not pass a freshman exam in at least three fields in which you pass such sweeping judgments: economics, history, political theory.

You say, "Destroy a system that has not abolished unemployment, exploitation and war!" By the same reasoning, you should blow up all hospitals (and perhaps execute all doctors, biologists and researchers): they have not abolished disease.

Before you destroy a system, propose another that will *solve (not hide, shift or disguise) unemployment, "exploitation," war. Anyone can promise Utopia—without specifying a programme. Tom Hayden, idol of the New Left, has said: "First we'll make the revolution—then we'll find out what for." Would you employ a plumber who rips out all the pipes in your house before he learned how to repair a leak?*

You say, "The mass media are not telling us the truth." Then how and from whom did you *learn the "evils" you correctly deplore? After all, your information comes from one or another organ of—the mass media.*

"This society is only interested in higher prices and profits!" You apparently do not understand this society, or a *society, or the function of prices (and profits) in* any *economy. Has it never occurred to you that the marketplace is a polling booth? That buying is voting? That no economic system is possible without* some *form of pricing, without some measure of efficacy or worth? Has it never occurred to you that profits are a form of* proof *(that something gives satisfaction to those who pay for it)? Perhaps you should examine the public* uses *that we make of private profits—through taxation.*

THE COUNTRIES THAT FOLLOW *your platitude, "production for use,"* without exception *produce far less for their people to enjoy, of much shoddier quality, at much higher prices (measured by the hours of work needed to buy something). Don't you know that "Socialist" countries are smuggling "capitalist" incentives into their systems? Has it not dawned on you that wherever and whenever there is no free market, there is no free thought, no free art, no free politics, no free life?*

You rage against "a heartless country in which the poor get poorer." Alas, poor Yoricks: the decline *in poverty in the U.S. is among the more astonishing and hopeful facts of human history. (In 1900, about 90% of our population was poor; in 1920—50%; in 1930—34%; in 1968—15%). You will cry that 15% is outrageous. Agreed. The question is: How best abolish it? (A negative income tax makes more sense than anything your colleagues propose.)*

"The middle class exploits the unemployed." Please examine that cliché. Would the middle class be worse off or better off if all the unemployed magically disappeared? Obviously, much *better off: think of the enormous saving in taxes, the enormous improvement in public services, the enormous benefits from refocused energies now used to ameliorate poverty's abominable toll.*

YOU SAY YOUR GENERATION *"wants to be understood." Well, so does mine. How much have you tried to understand others? You pillory us for injustices not of our making, frictions not of our choice, dilemmas that history (or our forebears or the sheer intractability of events) presented to us. You say we "failed" because you face so many awful problems. Will you then accept blame for all the problems that exist (and they will) when you are 20 years older? And how do you know that all problems are soluble? Or soluble swiftly? Or soluble peacefully? Or soluble, given the never-infinite resources, brains and experience any generation is endowed with?*

I say that you *are failing* us—*in failing to learn and respect discomforting facts; in failing to learn how to* think *(it is easier to complain);*

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during the plenary session on "Philosophy and Ideology" with cries of "*Panzer!* Tanks!" he pleaded in a tear-filled voice to be allowed to finish, because in his time he had been imprisoned by the Nazis as a resistance fighter (a grotesque piece of bluff, for he was never imprisoned as a resistance fighter). During a speech in which the invasion of Czechoslovakia by the Warsaw Pact countries was being criticised, the East Berlin Professor Steiniger sprang to his feet and "as a citizen of Czechoslovakia" protested against "such anti-Soviet talk." In general the Russians and their followers met all references to political events with the rejoinder that they were attending a philosophical congress and not a political meeting, and conse-

Young Student:

in using violence to shut down colleges; in shamefully denying the freedom of others to study and to teach; in barbarously slandering and abusing and shouting down those who disagree with you; in looting, stealing and defiling; in failing to see how much more complicated social problems are than you blindly assume; in acting out of an ignorance for which idealism is no excuse, and a hysteria for which youth is no defence. "Understanding"? You don't even understand that when you call me a "mother ——" you are projecting your unresolved incestuous wishes on to me. The technical name for such projection, in advanced form, is paranoia.

AGAIN AND AGAIN, YOU SAY, *"the American people want" or "demand" or "insist." How do you know? Every poll I have seen puts your position in a minority. You just say, "the American people demand"—then add whatever* you *prefer. This is intellectually sloppy at best, and corrupt at worst.*

You want to "wreck this slow, inefficient democratic system." It took the human race centuries of thought and pain and suffering and hard experiment to devise it. Democracy is not a "state" but a process; it is a way of solving human problems, a way of hobbling power, a way of protecting every minority from the awful, fatal tyranny of either the few or the many.

Whatever its imperfections, democracy is the only system man has discovered that makes possible change without violence. *Do you really prefer bloodshed to debate? Quick dictates to slow law? This democracy made possible a great revolution in the past 35 years (a profound transfer of power, a distribution of wealth, an improvement of living and health) without "liquidating" millions, without suppressing free speech, without the obscenities of dogma enforced by terror.*

This "slow, inefficient" system protects people like me against people like you; and (though you don't realise it) protects innocents like you against those "reactionary . . . fascist forces" you fear: they, like you, prefer "action to talk." As for "security"—at what price? The most "secure" of human institutions is a prison; would you choose to live in one?

YOU WANT *"a society in which the young speak their minds against the Establishment." Where have the young more freely, recklessly and intransigently attacked "the Establishment"?* (Every *political order has one.*) *Wherever "our heroes—Marx, Mao, Che" have prevailed, students, writers, teachers, scientists have been punished with hard labour or death—for what? For their opinions. Where but in "fake democracies" are mass demonstrations possible, or your bitter (and legitimate) dissent televised?*

You rail against "leaders crazed with power," who "deceive the people." Your leaders are self-dramatisers who demand that power, which would craze them, and they deceive you in not telling you how they plan your "confrontations" —to force the police to use force, whose excesses I hate more than you do. I, *unlike you, want no one put "up against the wall." No "cheap politician" more cynically deceived you than fanatical militants did—and will. Your support feeds their neurotic (because extremist) needs. Washington's "'Non-Violent' Coordinating Committee" has engaged in gunfire for three days as I write this.*

YOU SAY *Marcuse "shows that capitalist freedom actually enslaves."* (*He doesn't "show"—he only* says.) *He certainly does not sound enslaved. And does mouthing fragments of 19th-century ideology (Marx, Bakunin) really liberate? And is not Marcuse 40 years "older than 30," your cutoff on credibility? Incidentally, would you trust your life to a surgeon under 30—who never finished medical school?*

Your irrationality makes me wonder how you were ever admitted into *Columbia. You confuse rhetoric with reasoning. Assertions are not facts. Passion is no substitute for knowledge. Slogans are not solutions. Your idealism takes no brains. And when you dismiss our differences with contempt, you become contemptible.*

PS. PLEASE DON'T TAKE *any more courses in sociology, which seduces the immature into thinking they understand a problem if they discuss it in polysyllables. Jargon is not insight. Vocabulary is the opiate of radicals.*

Leo Rosten
in LOOK *Magazine (New York)*

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quently all discussion of politics, and Soviet politics in particular, was out of place.

When did Marxists last draw such a sharp distinction between philosophy and politics? And when and where did Marxists ever agree on treating Marx as an abstract philosophical quantity? The Russians and their adherents treated him as a father of the church; Western scholars dealt with him as an episode in the history of philosophy to be dissected in cold blood.

There was discussion whether his concept of ideology applied only to "false consciousness," or faithfully reflected "reality," or radiated a strategic-Utopian force. Marx's early works were compared and contrasted, and the question was raised whether Marxism was to be regarded as a philosophical system compared with that of Kant. Also there was some dispute whether Marxism was a kind of "humanism," comparable with Existentialism, which regarded all objective realities (whether they were called God, nature, or the economic system) exclusively as transitional stages on the way to human self-realisation.

But hardly a word was devoted to the kernel of developed Marxism, the theory of surplus value, which has always been held to be the conclusive proof of the "exploitation of man by man" under the conditions of non-nationalised production. None of the prophets cared to consider how much of Marx was still relevant to present-day society.

THE SCHOLASTIC FOG was, however, eventually pierced by a young scholar from Biafra, Edmund Ekesiobi, now domiciled in Prague and a member of the Czechoslovak official team. Passionately he asked what one was to think now of a Marxism *à la Soviet* in the name of which nations could be crushed or brutally deprived of their freedom. Moreover, which kind of Marxism was the congress discussing? The Soviet kind? or the Chinese? or the Czechoslovak? The three differed totally and, as for what Marx "really" said and meant, none of the three could claim chapter and verse for itself. Why, then, all this quibbling about words? At all events, the young nations of the Third World, painfully seeking their way, had no use for it.

Ekesiobi's speech was not distinguished by any particular theoretical profundity but, so far as Marxism was concerned, it undoubtedly marked the high point of the congress. Ekesiobi's situation as the representative of a people threatened with extermination and as a guest-scholar with a nation whose sovereignty had been crushed by a foreign army gave additional force to his words. Above all, his intervention saved the discussion of Marx from total immersion in the sterility of dogmatic and pettifogging pedantry.

ANYONE WHO ZEALOUSLY attended the various discussion meetings must have felt as if he were undergoing a Finnish cure. Straight from the sauna bath of emotionally overheated political speeches he would regularly be plunged into the cold bath of super-cooled discussion of semantic or phenomenological problems, or problems in formal logic; and he would be tempted to conclude that modern philosophy consisted partly of crude propaganda and partly of games with glass beads so carefully screened by the champion players that the wind of reality never reached them.

Is there a causal connection here? Perhaps the incursion into philosophy by the ideologists has redoubled the caution of those to whom objectivity and love of truth still mean something, with the result that they have withdrawn into intellectual reserves into which no governmental cultural administrator can follow them.

At all events, it was very noteworthy that members of the Eastern *bloc* delegations whose spokesmen on subjects tinged with ideology were able to produce nothing but party Chinese, got on very well and often actually agreed with their Western colleagues on basic problems of philosophical linguistics, the classification of logical systems, or the evaluation of the significance of deontological logic for ethics or law. During a discussion on logical problems a Soviet representative contradicted a fellow-citizen for the first and only time during the congress. When Zabeichan Abdildin, of Alma-Ata, came out with Lenin's old favourite idea of a "dialectical logic," he provoked, not only the laughter of the assembled logicians of America and Western Europe, but also an intervention by the Moscow semanticist Narsky, who pointed out that there were after all very varying views on this matter in the Soviet Union.

In the value-free logical disciplines the contributions of the Eastern *bloc* countries had something in the nature of a national flavour. The Poles, for instance, shone in this respect with a number of papers in the tradition of the old Warsaw neo-logical school, and a number of Czech contributions were a reminder that Prague was the cradle of linguistic structuralism. The Czechoslovak Professor J. L. Fischer lucidly traced the origin of present-day structuralism from the holism of the 1920s. He saw structuralism as an anti-positivist attempt at a qualitative synthesis, and associated it with the monadology of Leibniz; "structure" was always given precedence over "element," whether the latter was atom or point. Also, he

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added pointedly, the nation was a "structure" with a life of its own, which could not be changed by outside intervention.

THERE WAS A GREAT DEAL of interest in the seminars on philosophical linguistics, which drew full houses. Those centred round the so-called Sapir-Whorf theory, which assumes a direct connection between ethical and language structures. Its supporters took their stand on anthropological research among North American Indians; its opponents cast doubt less on the theoretical plausibility of the alleged connection than on the soundness of the research methods used and the conclusions drawn from them. A great deal of acuity was brought into play on both sides, but no amount of it could obscure the fact that the debate was not a philosophical debate at all.

Philosophy at its grandest is and remains metaphysics, in which man seeks scientifically sound answers to the great basic questions of his life and his apprehension of reality; and in relation to this, disciplines such as logic, linguistics, or semantics can claim only subsidiary status. Nevertheless there is a definite kind of ontologising linguistic analysis (as represented, for instance, by Quine) which has revived the question of being with disturbing originality and made a deep impact, *e.g.*, at the last German philosophical congress at Heidelberg in 1966. But, though Quine was present in Vienna, the congress did not manage to forge this exciting, shocking and fascinating "link between Wittgensten and Heidegger." Instead, analytical philosophy took its bow in Vienna, in the good old Wittgenstein tradition, in the guise of an anti-metaphysical institution, and the analyst who set his stamp on the congress was not Quine, but A. J. Ayer.

I do not mean that Ayer played a negative role. On the contrary, the congress had greater need of an Ayer than of a Quine. A whole plenary session and a number of seminars were devoted to the theme of philosophy and science, and the only subject on which a larger number of inept contributions were made was Marxism. A great deal of reckless ontologising was blithely done in the style of Aloys Wenzl, categories were handed out as generously as rubber stamps at a passport control desk, and only very few (such, for instance, as Kurt Hübner and Hans Lenk of the new Berlin school of philosophy) paused to enquire into the antecedents in the history of ideas of scientific theory-making. So Ayer, who was received by the relieved public with applause, acted as a very necessary corrective.

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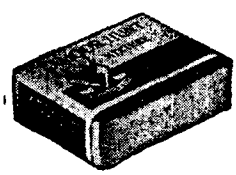

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ately preceding paper by the Soviet astronomer and "dialectical materialist" Victor Ambartsumyan provided him with ample *ad hoc* material), he dealt with the question of the possibility of a philosophical foundation for scientific theories. He banished the problem of a "scientific philosophy" embracing all the results of science to a realm of arbitrary choice that had nothing whatever to do with scientific proof. He did not fail to pay tribute to the Vienna *genius loci* and to express his esteem for the "Vienna school" (to which a special seminar had been devoted on the second day of the congress).

Nevertheless, even an Ayer could not extinguish the desire for a fully integrated philosophy, for the security of an all-embracing system, that manifested itself quietly but with remarkable tenacity at the Vienna congress. If the question is put, what new international philosophical trends emerged in Vienna, the answer is that there was a clearly perceptible trend to systematisation. Relativism has been put back on the defensive—both the older relativism of Dilthey and his followers in the field of cultural anthropology, and the sociology of knowledge and the newer relativism of analytical philosophy or of Adorno's negative dialectics.

THIS DEVELOPMENT could be closely followed at the congress. Marxism, I have already said, was put forward by its East European apologists as an integrated, self-contained, dogmatic theoretical structure. In the discussion group on "Cybernetics and the Philosophy of Technology" a big step was taken in the direction of the "metaphysics of information systems" as outlined by Gotthard Günther, and in the discussion of ethics a rigorous system of axioms was argued for, culminating in "the logic of deontology," the formal theory of normative propositions which has recently been gaining in reputation and influence.

Also, so far as the history of philosophy was concerned, interest was concentrated on the great system-makers—Plato, Leibniz, Kant and Hegel. Moreover, it was significant that (as at the 1963 congress in Mexico City) a great deal of attention was paid to phenomenology, and that special emphasis was laid on this occasion on showing in its true light the abyss between Husserl's method and epistemological psychologism. Sir Karl Popper rode his hobby-horse and described the mode of "understanding" historical processes as the logical analysis of a historical problem: *i.e.*, as a process having nothing to do with the capacity for empathy. He did this in the course of his paper "On the Theory of the Objective Mind," which can appropriately be described as the real (and only)

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sensation of the congress. At the same time it was the most impressive evidence of the growing trend to metaphysics in international philosophy.

Popper began with the proposition that most philosophical systems are dualistic, being based on the contrast between thought and being, mind and matter, subject and object. Monist and pluralist systems had been unable to stand up against them in the history of philosophy, and he, Popper, wished to put in a vigorous plea for a pluralistic system, that is, a tri-valent one. For, in addition to the worlds of being and of conscious perception, there was a third world, the world of objective ideas, that of logic and mathematics.

This was a product of the human mind, but nevertheless existed independently of it. There were, for instance, an infinite quantity of numbers which we could never enumerate and would never experience, but nevertheless existed. Thus genetically this third world was our handiwork, but ontologically it was autonomous. It was our product, but at the same time we did not intentionally produce it; we discovered it as a necessary condition of our theoretical and practical understanding of reality.

THE STRIKING THING about Popper's paper was that basically and inherently there was nothing new in it, but that it nevertheless made an extraordinary novel impact. He himself described the discoverers of "the third world" as Plato, Leibniz, and Kant. Also, without taking the plunge into any kind of mania for reason, he rigorously defined the only dimensions of the third world known to us, namely logic and mathematics. At the same time he made strikingly clear how infinitely multidimensional this third world can be, and how for all its rigour it makes baffling holes in the edifice of being, *e.g.*, even in the case of the familiar concept of infinity. Finally, when he passed from mathematics to history, he showed that man can master reality only by means of his relationship with the third world, which was an essential link between his subjective-intuitive apprehension of reality and his objective-rational thought.

Popper's paper was filled with the fervour of the most rigorous scientific spirit; it also possessed the fervour with which the 17th-century rationalists produced their proofs of the existence of God. In contrast to all the Utopians and Ideologists at the Vienna congress, he said nothing for which he could not immediately produce demonstrable proofs. Nevertheless there was more human hope in his paper than in all the sunny propaganda speeches combined.

Günter Zehm

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The Campus Universities & the Others

By Marcus Cunliffe

SEVEN UNIVERSITIES began from scratch in Britain during the 1960s. Sussex, the earliest by a short interval, took its first students in 1961. Within four years York, East Anglia, Essex, Lancaster, Kent, and Warwick were also in operation. They are now suffering a crisis of confidence—not in their own eyes, but in the country at large.

Even at the start their reception was equivocal. They received abundant publicity, on a scale hitherto reserved for the doings of Oxford and Cambridge. There was a certain amount of journalistic gush about "brilliant young dons," "breakthroughs," and the like. But they were newsworthy because they were new; and since good news is no news the press emphasised their sensational aspects. Understandably, they did not endear themselves to existing universities, with whom they were competing for attention and resources, and from whom they creamed off faculty and prospective students. Nor, naturally enough, was the ballyhoo about Sussex & Co. pleasing to those even more recent creations, the colleges of advanced technology that were being converted into technological universities (Bradford, Surrey, etc.).

Internally, the seven new universities were soon aware that some of their plans stood in need of modification: not every reform proves to be immediately feasible, or as sound as at first appeared. The atmosphere of lively new societies is almost always nervously hectic, and apt to be misunderstood—honestly or wilfully—by outsiders. There is an analogy with the young U.S.A. in its initial half-century of independence. New societies, that is, display a fierce and sometimes boastful pride in themselves. To say that they are promising is also to say that for a while they must necessarily offer promise instead of performance. They exaggerate the completeness of their break with the past while also—both these out of psychological need—seeking legitimacy and reassurance from past inheritance. They are fond of large ideological propositions. Their open status-structure is qualified by chronological stratification, based on the year of one's arrival on the scene. (Hence, perhaps, the sharp and dramatic gradations, by year, of American undergraduates: freshman, sophomore, junior, senior; innocence to venerability in four moves). They are restlessly innovative, self-critical and self-ridiculing. But innovation is far from easy when new societies have to co-exist with older ones. Sussex & Co., for example, had to conform to ritual requirements at the very outset. In order to be designated as universities they were obliged to devise and submit a charter, for royal approval. A charter, to be proper, must have a heraldically approved seal; the new universities must therefore invent an apparatus of crests and mottoes they might otherwise have dispensed with. A harmless obeisance to the old order, though it has stimulated the wags at older seats of learning. Again, the new universities were determined to depart from the narrowly specialised degrees that had frequently been diagnosed as among the curses of British education. But a few other British universities and professional bodies announced that they might not recognise such departures as providing an adequate preliminary training.

These in themselves are trivial. Nor should one take very seriously the criticisms of the "campus universities" expressed by neighbouring townsfolk. Though people may love their own children they do not always like them—and they certainly do not like other people's offspring, *en masse*. Even with long-established universities the relation between town and gown involves complex antipathies.

NOTHING IN THE ACTUAL development of the new establishments has gone badly awry. There is nevertheless at the moment a widespread disposition, typified by the title and in part the

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tone of Michael Beloff's little *guide noir*,[1] to believe that while it is too soon to concede that they are a success, it is not too soon to feel that they are a failure. It is suggested, among the public (and, I think, in government circles), not merely that the campus universities have turned out badly but that they were wrong *ab ovo*: by their seed shall ye know them. According to this view they were conceived in haste, without academic or financial forethought. Too many were sanctioned. They were put in the wrong places, remote from the great cities and even from their own town-centres. They cost too much: better to have spent the money on primary, secondary, and technical education. In Beloff's words:

> A sense of social priorities dictates that the schools must come first in the future, not just as launching pads for potential undergraduates, but so that they may be more satisfying places for those whose study ends in them.... It is a mistake to build the *Concorde* when it still takes over an hour to get from Victoria to London Airport.

In this current crisis of confidence one hears little about the long-run social and economic benefits that were expected to flow from the widening of university entry. Radicals are quick to declare that university expansion has not aided the working class but only subsidised the middle class. The reaction against the new universities has been intensified in the popular mind by news of protest-meetings, sit-ins, slogan-daubings, Grosvenor Square manifestations. No matter that the London School of Economics, a comparatively ancient institution, is in fact the stronghold of student protest; that protest is hardly unknown in Oxbridge (Balliol, one gathers, is richly slogan-daubed); that the students most discontented with their lot *as students* are in art colleges, not in universities; that recent protest-activity is by no means confined to students; or that anti-Viet Nam and anti-war demonstrations may—unlike the old, tolerated, boozy, rugger-club student riots—be about something important, even if one thinks them misguided. No matter that Britain's youth-culture has the same styles and tastes throughout the land, at every educational and social level.

The campus universities are seized upon as the scapegoats of modern Britain—native-born scapegoats: foreign-born immigrants serve a kindred purpose. On these academic scapegoats are loaded half the ills of England. They are singled out as the breeding-ground of promiscuity, drug-taking, indiscipline, demagoguery, intellectual slovenliness—the contaminators of academe, and our whole island. The tabloid press, which was never quite able to decide whether Sussex & Co. were a glory or a scandal, has plumped for the latter interpretation; the *News of the World* has found a fresh theme to diversify its stale repertoire of clerical and provincial debauchery. Misled by the notion that the campus universities are rolling in money—public money, mind you—the non-university sectors of education get in their whack. As for the older universities, it would be only human—and they are only too human—to expect them not to derive a refined satisfaction from the threatened collapse of the new academic "image." In the casting-about for persons and places to blame, Oxbridge has not gone entirely unscathed. The Oxbridge claim to be the breeding-ground of the nation's political and economic mentors has received some ironical scrutiny: it has been questioned whether they ought not to be ashamed rather than proud of such a progeny. But the new universities provide a more sensitive and more dramatic collective scapegoat. *It's not that we're*

[1] Michael Beloff, *The Plateglass Universities* (Secker & Warburg, 30s). I prefer to think of the heptad as the "campus universities." "Plateglass" has unpleasant connotations of shop-window display. The heptad are all in semi-rural surroundings, and—consciously or not—attest American influences in curriculum and vocabulary.

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against them, you understand (them = new universities/immigrants). It's just that there's too many of them. There's not room. We can't afford them. They may say they're British, but they're not really. Couldn't they just go away?

OF COURSE THIS IS to caricature reality. But there is a crisis of confidence, or more precisely a loss of nerve. The continued growth of the campus universities is endangered. Money has been withheld for additional buildings, and there will be no great increase in student numbers between now and 1972. Sussex, with over 3,600 students in 1968–69 (over a fifth of these post-graduates) is probably past the critical stage; some of its younger brothers are distinctly vulnerable.

The situation calls for a sensible, informed assessment. Michael Beloff provides snippets of valuable information; but on the whole his book illustrates rather than clarifies our current confusions. He prepared himself by visiting the campus universities and talking to people, and by looking through their prospectuses, press-clippings, and student newspapers. He deplores the newsiness of Sussex & Co., and what he takes to be their own appetite for publicity.[2] But this very newsiness is a prime reason for an enterprising young man to turn out a sort of Late Night Final on the subject; and his venture has duly received its share of publicity (TV advertising, an article in ENCOUNTER, and excerpts in the *Sunday Telegraph*).

The result displays the limitations inherent in most journalism, in aggravated form. His last "grand tour" of the campuses took place in the spring of 1967: a long gap in the life span of establishments only three to seven years old. Much of his information is already out of date. He is careless on points of detail, and visually both conservative and unobservant. He is ignorant of the civic universities, in which the greater part of Britain's undergraduates are educated, and which exhibit many features—dispersal of faculty and student residence, lack of week-end life, absence of official religious observance—that Beloff assumes to be peculiar to the campus universities. His seven chapters on individual universities indicate substantial

[2] Mr. Beloff is particularly hard on Sussex: "The pursuit of excellence and the pursuit of glamour are not necessarily compatible objectives. Newman and Narcissus are an unlikely pair of idols. . . ." Apart from being an unjustified imputation, it is a laughable one from an Oxford man, whose own university has been making the headlines with the great non-event of the year, Academe's equivalent to the Miss World contest or the Esso Tiger: the idiotic election to the virtually invisible Poetry Chair.

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differences of approach and mood. He bestows quite handsome praise on one or two of the seven foundations, notably Lancaster. Yet his generalising chapters lump them all together.

In short, he has no clear criteria. In so far as he has a yardstick it is Oxford or Oxbridge. Perhaps because of this, he sometimes sounds alertly intelligent (as when he comments on the badness of English law-education), sometimes stylishly languid in the manner of an Oxford Union debater, and sometimes old-fogeyish (as when he implies that the new law-curricula at Kent, Sussex, Warwick, and East Anglia are too radical to be acceptable to the law profession). What is the point of comparing an ancient and privileged foundation, which has had ample time to repair its mistakes or to hallow them as virtues, with a bunch of brand-new ones? Especially when the comparison is merely covert, and so seems often querulous or complacent. New campuses certainly look raw and bleak in the rain; building is a noisy business. So what? Balliol must have been damnably uncomfortable when it was rebuilt in the 19th century—in one of its best eras. Does Beloff mean that Oxford is an ideal at which to aim, or a cautionary tale? Perhaps one of his most significant remarks is that the dominance of Oxbridge is "threatened" by the new universities. Too much of his argument is accordingly of a high-table variety: limited in conception; preferring epigram to analysis; derivative; condescending.

So he rehearses the familiar plaints of 1968: for instance, on the siting of the campus universities. But it was surely right to put them in pleasant rather than unpleasant places. Nor could they have been put in large cities when every large city in Britain already had a university—and each of these was already expanding to the limits of its space. Perhaps the calculation of campus space-needs was too lavish. If they had been conceived frankly as urban, non-campus universities, densely built and offering no residential or other major amenities, it might have been possible to site some of the seven inside instead of outside their respective towns. The advantages would have been appreciable. But so would the disadvantages, and these would have increased with every decade. To have made them locally oriented, non-residential universities would likewise have been a dubious move, unless they were to be consigned to an academic limbo.

Britain *did* need some new universities. Seven was not a wildly extravagant increment. They were intelligently located, as one may see by glancing at a population-map. British higher education needed a jolt as well as an augmentation. The lead of Oxbridge was a matter of historical accident rather than intellectual vitality. This is not to say that Oxbridge is without merit, but that its primacy has been too easily attained, almost in spite of, instead of because of its structure. It has drawn in talent and resources, and frittered them. It has exercised a paralysing and depressing effect upon the other universities. London University is a partial exception to this statement; but then London has grown up as an agglomerate of separate institutions, with a constitutional tendency to faction and stalemate. Oxford, Cambridge, and London: all three suffer from a federal system that makes each somewhat less than the sum of its parts. It was essential to create new institutions that could at least attempt to break loose from the clichés of the old order. It was essential that Oxbridge should be challenged by the campus universities, though hard on the other non-Oxbridge universities (not forgetting Keele). Not only did the nation acquire several more universities, each with a capacity for growth far into the future. The new ones in turn stirred up the existing ones. There was a novel spirit of emulation, with its comical and its disagreeable sides—press-agentry, backbiting, poaching. But every improvement is purchased at a price. The price was well worth paying. The effect has been to stimulate the entire educational system. In Britain the universities determine school curricula in all sorts of ways. The best way of reshaping school sixth-forms (and so ultimately the lower forms) is to reshape university curricula, to try out diverse schemes, to seek to distinguish between methods that are old and tried and those that are merely old and tired.

To MAINTAIN THAT the campus universities have been the victims of national ignorance, prejudice, and timidity is not to say that they should be spared all criticism. After all, their internal reports are voluminously self-critical, and they are not reluctant to criticise one another. Anyone who judges them from their shrill, introspective newspapers, as Michael Beloff has done, might be forgiven for concluding that their inmates are an inferior breed with delusions of grandeur.[3] No doubt some of the new universities will prove to be better than others; it would be astonishing if all seven advanced equally in quality and esteem.

Criticism, though, should be open-minded, and set within the whole national context. Here are some propositions that seem to me true, and worth restating.

Some are based on Sussex, which I happen

[3] A Sussex joke: the campus newspaper, *Wine Press*, should be spelt *Whine Press*.

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to know best, and which as the "senior" campus university gives us most to go upon:

1. There is no significant difference in standards of faculty or student ability between the new and the previous universities. New university entrance requirements are indeed higher than the national average.

2. There is no essential difference of student mood, throughout the system. All have a small politically radical minority, and a large politically indifferent majority. All share the same sexual and other *mores*.

3. Students are a prey to nervous anxiety in all universities. Sussex is among the new universities that provides psychiatric advice. Possibly the benefits of psychiatry are exaggerated in the 1960s. But so far as the benefits can be measured, the psychiatric and other facilities provided by the Sussex University Health Service do far more good than harm: Sussex has an extremely low wastage rate, and it—in common with its new companions—has avoided the Oxbridge pattern of student suicide.

4. The campus universities, in their stress upon width of curriculum, risk superficiality. Their experiments—introduced by planning boards composed of professors from older universities—while innovatory, rest upon well-known precedents (the Cambridge *tripos*, Oxford *PPE*, joint-honours degrees), and take account of the weaknesses of these precedents. The older single-honours curricula, in stressing depth, risk narrowness. A four-year *B.A.* would help to solve both dilemmas.

5. All British universities, new and old, average a 30-week teaching year for arts undergraduates (except Oxford with a 24-week year, and Cambridge with a slightly less abbreviated pattern). Students in the campus universities work at least as hard as elsewhere. There are certain luxuries they would not wish to afford: *e.g.*, the Oxbridge involvement in county cricket.

6. The campus universities were created in a hurry. But there is no good reason to suppose that a more protracted debate would have led to different conclusions—except possibly on financial grounds.

7. Libraries are among the most urgent problems of the campus universities. But they have shown remarkable initiative in making the best of a temporary difficulty. East Anglia and Sussex are among the libraries that stay open for 78 hours a week. Sussex—Beloff's figures here are out of date—already has a quarter of a million books, the target aimed at by 1971, thanks to an energetic buying policy and generous donations. A benefactor who gave a couple of million pounds to the Sussex library could in one stroke lift the university out of

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its most crucial difficulty. Similar gestures on other campuses would transform the situation. It is hard to believe that the money cannot be found.

8. Such a need is all the more important because of the great appeal of the campus universities for post-graduates—a group hardly mentioned by Beloff, except to hint that Sussex & Co. are spawning a new breed of loafers, who stay on for further study because they cannot think what else to do. Sussex is not alone in having given intensive thought to post-graduate training. Far from being inbred, the majority of its graduate students come from other universities. The level of applications shows no sign of falling off.

9. Money is the key to the situation. Possibly the answer is to reshape the system of university grants and student awards. I cannot see why American practice should not be followed in certain respects: for example, in expecting students to perform certain tasks on campus in return for bursaries, and in encouraging private donations by means of tax-inducements.

10. It is absurd for the nation to lose its nerve at this stage, a few brief years after taking a courageous step forward. It is absurd to forget the long-term rewards that will accrue to us if we continue to develop our entire educational system. We have made some blunders in our national planning. We have also made some correct decisions—including the decision to expand higher education, and to establish new universities in the process. Part of Britain's folly consists in enlarging blunders through subsequent additional errors. Another kind of folly consists in lumping wise with unwise decisions, and converting the wise into the seemingly unwise—a self-fulfilling recipe for failure—by withholding support. In such a dismal, denigratory context an adjective like "courageous" becomes a code-word for "foolish"; the possibility that a decision might be both wise and courageous is excluded. Scapegoat-hunting takes the place of dispassionate enquiry. The new sub-societies in our midst are deemed to be punishably alien; or the vigour and confidence they embody is dissipated by flattening them into mediocrity. Fortunately, this has not yet happened with the campus universities; but it will unless we regain our national nerve. And their decline could be hastened by critics from other universities whose real complaint may be not that they are doing badly but that they are doing well—too well for comfort. This is another variant of the scapegoat game, as it always has been played (*Give them an inch.... They all hang together.... If you don't watch them, they'll be running the show...*).

Self Helpings

Self Help. By SAMUEL SMILES. Sphere Books, 5s.

SAMUEL SMILES would have approved of my Presbyterian headmaster, an Aberdonian who enjoined on a thousand recalcitrant Aussie schoolboys—and in gaunt tones I wish I could reproduce—"Boys, don't smoke. Smoking leads to drinking. Drinking leads to gambling. Gambling leads to the devil." How we kids snickered! Yet alas, how right he was, and how true his words! And how far, since my elder brother (now an ambassador) and I concocted cigarettes out of kitchen herbs and lavatory paper, have I, at any rate, trodden, or tottered down the perilous path against which the Doctor so rightly, and so early, warned me!

And how I groaned when I read *Self Help*: yes, groaned out loud. For in every Idle Apprentice whose wretched and deserved fate he records, I see myself; and in every Virtuous one, the emblem of what, had I listened to the Doctor (or Samuel Smiles), I might have been. And yet, and yet... why are his virtues, and his virtuous parables, so repellent to me? Because I have not these virtues? Subjectively, I must admit this. But objectively, it seems to me that from his portrait of the Good Life he leaves out (or does not see) so much that makes any life full, or even beautiful.

Samuel Smiles held high the banner of Protestant Good: and it is indeed that power which created, in their great expansive phases, England and America. It is from such as Smiles admired that we derive our prodigious industrial expansion, our staid civic virtues, our traditional social morality. But it is also in great part to them that we owe our money-bound class strife, and the undying hatred of millions subjected to the Self-Helpers' commercial exploitation. For Samuel Smiles, in his success stories, proceeds as if in an economic vacuum. Of course the virtues he enjoins will be rewarded, but even if equipped with them, are these rewards ever open to more than a lucky few, and does not the very application of these virtues cause most men to live in conditions where their own cannot operate at all?

Smiles' moral homilies about artists are specially fascinating. Thus, as examples of the good life, he describes, among others, Michelangelo, Beethoven, Benvenuto Cellini and Wordsworth; and over what may be discreditable about their lives, the discreetest veils of tact or ignorance are drawn. It is true he rebukes Burns, while praising him, and can also point to great artists—as Titian and Shakespeare—who arrange their affairs by what he took to be Smilesean principles whose nature

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might possibly have astonished them. Chaucer, in his index, appears only as "CHAUCER GEOFFREY, *as a man of business*"; so that the end of the book appropriately balances its enthusiastic foreword by Lord Thomson of Fleet.

Supposing Smiles had lived on till Rimbaud's day. Might we not have read this?

> "The French poet Arthur Rimbaud, a youth of modest provincial origins, won early by his talents and diligence the praises of such masters as Hugo and Paul Verlaine. An ardent traveller, he soon embarked on a voyage of discovery, one of the first subjects of his enquiries being England. Though living in extreme poverty in London and elsewhere, and yielding occasionally to a violence of youth that he was later fully to overcome, he composed, with prodigious industry, a number of poems by which no later French writer has been uninfluenced. At the age of 19, his natural sagacity persuaded him to abandon literature for the more practical pursuit of commerce, and he embarked on trading enterprises in the Middle East that were only concluded by his lamentably early death...."

In fact, this is scarcely satire. The real Smiles on Chatterton:

> It was one of the characteristic expressions of Chatterton, that God had sent His creatures into the world with arms long enough to reach anything if they chose to be at the trouble. In study, as in business, energy is the great thing.

No: the fact of the matter is that Smiles *must* win (as, indeed, Lord Thomson), within his own terms of reference. And if we remember its immense limitations, then to that extent he is an excellent instructor in practical and prudent conduct. The success of his teaching may also explain, to anyone still mystified, why it is that in the White Protestant countries where his ideas had the greatest influence, the rebellious young, confronted with the present fruits of his seminal doctrines, express a perverse eagerness to "smash the system."

We should be grateful, though, to Mr. Royden Harrison for an excellent note on Smiles, and to Sphere Books for reviving him. For in one way, he does not disappoint at all. Most writers we idly label "Victorian" turn out to be both quite unlike the stereotype, and often of infinite variety; but Smiles is so exactly what the term "Victorian" conveys at its most drear. His style is a sort of jog-trot: *Self Help* is constantly stopping and starting again with a jerk, like a car with a blocked carburettor. His wisdom is that of the homely fable, his imagination nil. But what he does provide, and vividly, is a self-portrait of a Head Headmaster who, try hard as he did to help us, never considered for a second what we really were.

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From Hart Crane to Gary Snyder

By Ronald Hayman

THE SELECTION of prose in the new edition of Hart Crane[1] doesn't include the letter to Gorham Munson in which he describes his experience under ether in the dentist's chair:

> My mind spiralled to a kind of seventh heaven of consciousness and egoistic dance among the seven spheres—and something like an objective voice kept saying to me—"You have the higher consciousness—you have the higher consciousness. This is something that very few have. This is what is called genius."

But it does contain plenty of other evidence of his naïve, humourless and perhaps pathological over-estimation of his own talent. He compared "the historic and cultural scope" of "The Bridge" to that of the *Aeneid*, and he considered himself capable of refuting T. S. Eliot's diagnosis of fragmentation in civilisation's psyche. He thought he could reconstruct the Greek attitude to beauty in modern terms.

> I found that I was really building a bridge between so-called classic experience and many divergent realities of our seething, confused cosmos of today, which has no formulated mythology yet for classic poetic reference or for religious exploitation.

Like Dylan Thomas, he produced a good number of individual images and individual lines that stick sharply in the memory, but his basic method was as artless as his basic objective. Simply by juxtaposing references to unrelated concepts, periods, fields of activity, he thought he was establishing meaningful relationships between them. He took Helen of Troy, seated her in a street-car and married her to Faustus, equating Faustus with himself, just as in "Chaplinesque" he bracketed himself with Chaplin.

As Yvor Winters has shown, the dominant influences on Crane were Whitman and Emerson, who both believed in Creation as a continuous organic growth. Nature is divine and (as Emerson put it) "all the parts incessantly work into each other's hands for the profit of man." Progress is inevitable; everything is driven by a spiritual force along the road to perfection. Unfortunately, Crane seemed to think that the same laws applied to the writing of a poem. He admitted to failing to understand his poems until after they were written and the uncontrolled jumbles of images show how totally he gave in to the two forces that carried him along —romantic rhetoric and alcohol.

Superficially, the results may be impressive, as in the proem to "The Bridge":

> *Again the traffic lights that skim thy swift*
> *Unfractioned idiom, immaculate sigh of stars,*
> *Beading thy path—condense eternity:*
> *And we have seen night lifted in thine arms.*
>
> *Under thy shadow by the piers I waited;*
> *Only in darkness is thy shadow clear.*
> *The City's fiery parcels all undone,*
> *Already snow submerges an iron year...*

But the rhythm is a stale one, the meaning is vague and the images do nothing to help each other. The traffic lights, the stars, the shadow, the fire and the snow are only juxtaposed, not interrelated, and even visually the effect is very blurred.

In his essay on Projective Verse, Charles Olson writes about "the singleness of the push to the nominative" in Hart Crane, "his push along that one arc of freshness, the attempt to get back to word as handle."

> There is a loss in Crane of what Fenollosa is so right about, in syntax, the sentence as first act of nature, as lightning, as passage of force from subject to object, quick, in this case, from Hart to me, in every case, from me to you, the VERB, between two nouns.

Olson's syntax is nearly as mannered and cryptic as Crane's but he's right about the feebleness of the verbs. Though Crane's texture is much richer than Whitman's, he follows his master's cataloguing method, and in the accumulation of subjects and objects, everything gets merged into everything else. The verbs are there but they gesture only very perfunctorily towards synthesising the raw materials. (The dots are Crane's, not mine.)

---

[1] *The Complete Poems and Selected Letters and Prose of Hart Crane.* Edited with an Introduction and Notes by BROM WEBER. Oxford, 42s.

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And from above, thin squeaks of radio static,
The captured fume of space foams in our ears—
What whisperings of far watches on the main
Relapsing into silence, while time clears
Our lenses, lifts a focus, resurrects
A periscope to glimpse what joys or pain
Our eyes can share or answer—then deflects
Us, shunting to a labyrinth submersed
Where each sees only his dim past reversed...
But that star-glistered salver of infinity,
The circle, blind crucible of endless space,
Is sluiced by motion,—subjugated never.

It is because of this total inability to synthesise that Crane's shorter poems (like "Praise for an Urn" and "The Broken Tower") succeed better than the long poems, individual passages better than whole poems, and individual images better than the passages that contain them. But the whole aim of "The Bridge" was to treat the Myth of America. "Thousands of strands have had to be searched for, sorted, and interwoven...." Crane claimed. "One might take the Sistine Chapel as an analogy." But the rapid journeys the poem makes through space and time don't at all have the effect of correlating the areas of experience that briefly get illuminated. The subway in "Van Winkle" takes the reader back into childhood and simultaneously into the childhood of American civilisation—Captain John Smith and the Conquistadores. The tramps in "The River" trudge on till we're back in the primitive world of the Indians. The chieftain, Maquokeeta, who is being burned at the stake, becomes united in death with Pocahontas, who is both a beautiful Indian maiden and a symbol for the American soil. Yvor Winters complains that the mystical union must be regarded "in either of two ways: as the simple annihilation and dissolution in the soil of Maquokeeta, or as the entrance into another and superior mode of life." I feel fairly certain that Crane thought he could have it both ways.

Theodore Roethke is another poet who has attempted a reply to T. S. Eliot. Writing about the sequence "Meditations of an Old Woman," Ralph J. Mills has said that the old woman "serves as an opposite to Eliot." She "embraces in memory and imagination the entire spectrum of her existence, its joys and delights, its sufferings and disappointments included." It is curious, though, how the echoes of Eliot's rhythms and his phrasing, are camouflaged by intermittent attempts at parody:

I have gone into the waste lonely places
Behind the eye; the lost acres at the edge of
smoky cities.

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What's beyond never crumbles like an embankment,
Explodes like a rose, or thrusts wings over the Caribbean.
There are no pursuing forms, faces on walls:
Only the motes of dust in the immaculate hallways,
The darkness of falling hair, the warnings from lint and spiders,
The vines graying to a fine powder.
There is no riven tree, or lamb dropped by an eagle.

The two chief questions which the collection of Roethke's poems[2] poses are (1) whether he digested his obvious borrowings from Eliot, Yeats, Hopkins, Dylan Thomas and Whitman, and (2) whether he ever got beyond the undoubted achievement of the "greenhouse poems" in his 1948 volume *The Lost Son*. Breaking things down in these poems to their lowest common factors, he speaks with his own voice and with a painful urgency. The poems smell of the earth and crawl with life; plants and little creatures like snails are seen not just closely but as equals. The verse runs its fingers right down into the roots of vegetable and animal existence. But it is a child's vision, which threatens to dissolve each time the poet comes anywhere near to putting it in an adult perspective.

Is this the storm's heart? The ground is unstilling itself.
My veins are running nowhere. Do the bones cast out their fire?
Is the seed leaving the old bed? These buds are live as birds.
Where, where are the tears of the world?
Let the kisses resound, flat like a butcher's palm;
Let the gestures freeze; our doom is already decided.
All the windows are burning! What's left of my life?
I want the old rage, the lash of primordial milk!
Goodbye, goodbye, old stones, the time-order is going,
I have married my hands to perpetual agitation,
I run, I run to the whistle of money.

Roethke later said of his father's greenhouses, which inspired these poems, "They were to me, I realise now, both heaven and hell, a kind of tropics created in the savage climate of Michigan, where austere German-Americans turned their love of order and their terrifying efficiency into something truly beautiful...."

Roethke shared (or got infected with) his father's love of order, and it seems to have been

[2] *The Collected Poems of Theodore Roethke*. Faber, 42s.

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a failure to achieve it in his own right that drove him both to his eclecticism and to the rather confused mysticism which falsifies the focus of so many of his later, more ambitious poems. The sequence "Four for Sir John Davies" shows how much the hierarchical 16th-century world-picture embodied in Davies' poem "Orchestra" attracted him, but the sequence fails, not because it leans very heavily (and confessedly) on a Yeatsian cadence, but because of the muzziness of the central vision. The lovers reach through sexual love towards eternity and

What shape leaped forward at the sensual cry?—
Sea-beast or bird flung towards the ravaged shore?
Did space shake off an angel with a sigh?
We rose to meet the moon, and saw no more.
It was and was not she, a shape alone,
Impaled on light, and whirling slowly down.

This is how the third poem ends. The comparison with Dante's vision of eternity in the fourth (and final) poem is intended not to demolish the lovers' rather doubtful vision but to perspective it, but both the allusion and the polished Yeatsian iambics have the effect of mocking both the failure to define the undefinable and the quality of the attempt. Whatever inner rapture the poet has achieved, his borrowed rhythm emphasises the half-heartedness of his efforts to externalise it.

The visible obscures. But who knows when?
Things have their thought: they are the shards of me;
I thought that once, and thought comes round again;
Rapt, we leaned forth with what we could not see.
We danced to shining; mocked before the black
And shapeless night that made no answer back.

Throughout the whole body of Roethke's work, the references to vegetable and animal life are far more solidly based than those to human life, and the worst, fairly frequent, failures come in trying to endow all three kinds of natural life with an aura of supernatural significance.

I see in the advancing and retreating waters
The shape that came from my sleep, weeping:
The eternal one, the child, the swaying vine branch,
The numinous ring around the opening flower,
The friend that runs before me on the windy headlands,
Neither voice nor vision.

As in Crane, one of the major lacks in Roethke is a shortage of humour. He wrote a

from Argo . . . . . .

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number of "humorous" poems, very much in the style of Edward Lear, but the serious poems are achingly solemn.

Denise Levertov has had to face a very similar problem. Much of the experience she prizes most has bordered on the mystical, but she hasn't fended off her sense of humour from entering into her attempts to relate the tangible with the intangible. The opening poem in her new collection[3] probes playfully into the sources of her imaginative vision—are they wings or is it a hump on her back?—and in "The Unknown" she focuses on the questing for the miraculous and again relates it very solidly to the everyday world and its commonplaces—a kettle boiling, a clean table-cloth, a vacuumed floor—while the poem's central conceit explores the area of overlap between sleep and vision.

The book's third section "The Crust" takes its title from Thoreau's admonition to love the crust of the earth:

> You must be able to extract nutriment out of a sandheap.
> You must have so good an appetite as this, else you will live in vain.

Denise Levertov extracts a great deal of nutriment, both for her own obvious enjoyment and for her verse out of all kinds of sandheaps. In "Living While It May" she projects herself imaginatively into the life of an elm which will have to be cut down, and in "A Day Begins" she finds ironic drama (without underlining it) in the contrast of simple observed phenomena.

> *A headless squirrel, some blood*
> *oozing from the unevenly*
> *chewed-off neck*
>
> *lies in rainsweet grass*
> *near the woodshed door.*
> *Down the driveway*
>
> *the first irises*
> *have opened since dawn,*
> *ethereal, their mauve*
>
> *almost a transparent gray,*
> *their dark veins*
> *bruise-blue*

This is the whole poem, an immaculate use of Pound's ideogrammatic method. Not one word more is needed: the final hyphenated "bruise-blue" locks up the relationship between the irises and the squirrel.

In these poised, modest, clearly outlined poems, she exercises total control over her imagination. She can let it out like a kite, just as far as she chooses to, pulling the string in just so far, at the same time as taking photographs of herself manipulating it. "I—Thou," she says, talking *à la* Buber to a cat, knowing it can become a metaphor if she lets it, and letting it, just for a minute, while still reminding herself of the dangers.

After shutting out the world of public affairs from her earlier work, she opened her doors to the Eichmann trial in her 1961 volume, *The Jacob's Ladder*, and in this new collection she sticks out her neck in a series of poems about Viet Nam, devoting most of her two final sections to it, "Perspectives" and "Life at War." But "perspecting" is just what she can't do. She suffers from a myopia which is very useful while she's watching sandheaps slowly metamorphosing into metaphors and back again, but she loses her clarity and her precision in poems like "City Psalm" and "Life at War." The feeling is generalised and the language restrained. The subject is too big: even the sentences run on too long.

Howard Nemerov also appears to have been influenced by Thoreau—who altogether seems to have irradiated a far healthier influence than his master, Emerson. Nemerov's concern with the way life renews itself in different forms is far less mystical than Crane's and far less muddling. In the poem "The Pond," the pond takes the name of the little boy who was drowned in it; and a passing dragonfly, by reminding the poet of its previous underwater life, prompts him to reflect:

> *How nothing given us to keep is lost*
> *Till we are lost, and immortality*
> *Is ours until we have no use for it*
> *And live anonymous in nature's name*
> *Though named in human memory and art.*

But there's no question of entering into any higher form of existence, and Nemerov obviously understands his verse at the moment of writing it. He also balances and backs his generalising reflections with meticulously objective observation of natural life, almost catching it in the actual process of renewing itself.

> *pondweed and pickerel-weed*
> *And bladderwort, eel-grass and delicate*
> *Sundew and milfoil, peopled thick the city*
> *Of themselves; and dragonfly and damselfly*
> *By hundreds darted among the clustering leaves,*
> *Striders by hundreds skated among the stalks*
> *Of pitcher-plant and catkin; breathless the air*
> *Under the intense quiet whining of*
> *All things striving to breathe; the gift of life*
> *Turning its inward heat upon itself.*

[3] *The Sorrow Dance*. By Denise Levertov. Cape, 21s.

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Open-air life predominates in the poems of this selection.[4] Usually Nature seems to have the initiative; human life is fragile and almost incidental. The sandheaps loom so large in Nemerov's vision of them that he himself becomes very small in comparison, and the verse is quite persuasive enough to make us share both the vision and the feeling. But there are also poems like "The Beekeeper Speaks" in which he shows himself capable of characterising and dramatising vividly and ironically, and there are others which play amusingly with the relationship between the private world and the natural world. In "Brainstorm," for instance, the use of rhyme reinforces the connection between the storm inside the head and the storm outside, while "Holding the Mirror Up to Nature" analyses bitterly and very effectively the connection between the life that surrounds us and the play of the images it projects on to the mental screen.

He is like Denise Levertov in being highly conscious of his own thought-processes, but unlike her in being able to sustain a long poem. In "Runes" he shows his ideas turning back on themselves as if in front of a mirror: the imagery of stillness in movement is worked skilfully through the poem's fifteen 15-line stanzas and the classical allusions, the biblical allusions, the argument and the observations all crystallise easily together. Pictures become analogies and sometimes allegories without losing their objectivity as pictures, and the rhythms and the use of half-rhyme are supple and adroit.

IT IS GOOD TO HAVE a new collection of Robert Creeley's poems,[5] but I see very little progress in the 1961–65 poems beyond the fairly limited achievement of his 1950–60 collection. Sometimes he ventures into longer lines than usual ("The Fire," "A Place"), and in "Anger" and "Distance" he attempts longer poems than usual in his usual short lines. But although he's a little less self-involved than before, the verse is seldom more substantial. The two poems which add up to most are "Something," which describes a woman peeing into a hand-basin after making love to him, and "The Woman," which weighs the sensations that the same or another woman gives him.

[4] *The Winter Lightning*. By HOWARD NEMEROV. Rapp & Whiting, 21s.

[5] *Poems 1950–65*. By ROBERT CREELEY. Calder & Boyars, 35s. Paperback, 17s. 6d.

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Then
your
mouth, it
opens not
speaking, touches,

wet, on me. Then
I scream, I
sing such as is
given to me, roar-

ing unheard,
like stark sight
sees itself
inverted

into dark
turned. Onanistic,
I feel around
myself what

you have left me
with, wetness, pools
of it, my skin
drips.

In "Projective Verse," Olson wrote:

> It would do no harm, as an act of correction to both prose and verse as now written, if both rime and meter, and, in the quantity words, both sense and sound, were less in the forefront of the mind than the syllable, if the syllable, that fine creature, were more allowed to lead the harmony on.

Infallibly, such short lines insist on the individual syllable, but often the syllables don't need the stress and can't take it. In Creeley's best poems, like "The Crown," "The River," "The Place," and "A Form of Women," the fragmentation of the sentence imposed by the short lines helps to strengthen the shaping of the individual phrase, but all too frequently the effect seems mannered.

Like Olson, Creeley recoils strongly against any use of the will to impose order on the poem, any "intention to shape language to a purpose which the literal act of writing does not itself discover." He also doubts whether a poem ought to have or be controlled by a subject. "I feel that 'subject' is at best a material of the poem, and that poems finally derive from some deeper complex of activity." In effect, this seems to imply a curiously old-fashioned kind of belief in the moment of inspiration. And when, as so often, the short lines seem calibrated to reproduce a tone of voice which Creeley is hearing inside his own head, he is both putting too much of himself into the poem and getting dangerously close to something Crane and Roethke often thought they were doing—letting the poem write itself.

Gary Snyder[6] has a much wider range because he is more fruitfully open to the world outside, but he also falls easily into mannerisms and he is bad at structuring his verse. The shorter poems are the more successful ones.

Most of his verse has the ripe tang of impromptu living about it and if it seems to be *about* something in a way that Creeley's doesn't, it is partly that he has neither lived in order to write nor written in order to live but lived first and written second. He has been a merchant seaman, a wood-cutter, and a student in a Buddhist monstery. He doesn't believe in isolation for the artist:

> In the new way of things, the community is essential to the creative act; the solitary poet figure and the "name" author will become less and less relevant. Hence I prefer to be with my friends—which is the creative context.

He has also said that the rhythms of his poems follow the rhythms of the physical work he is doing and the life he is leading at the time. This is true, and the poems take their subjects very directly from immediate experience.

Squatting a day in the sun,
one hand turning the steeldrill,
one, swinging the four pound singlejack hammer
down.
three inches an hour
granite bullhump boulder
square in the trail.
above, the cliffs,
of Piute Mountain waver.
sweat trickles down my back.

why does this day keep coming into mind.
a job in the rock hills
aching arms
the muletracks
arching blinding sky,
noon sleep under
snake-scale juniper limbs.

The hard, jolting rhythms are typical and so is the telegraphic style. Many of his poems read like hasty entries in a diary. The concision is useful but the habitual omission of the first person is more than a mere matter of syntax. The activity is usually made into a much more solid reality than himself, the agent, and in

[6] *The Back Country*. By Gary Snyder. Fulcrum, 30s. *Six Sections from Mountains and Rivers without end*. Fulcrum, 10s. 6d.

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poems like "The Public Bath," the visual impressions of other people are very vivid, but they are like objects, and the relationship between subject and object is guardedly underwritten. There are a few poems, though, like "Nansen" and the sequence "Four Poems for Robin" where he commits himself more personally.

Snyder has abviously been influenced by the style and rhythms of Japanese verse, particularly those of the haiku, and it is interesting to see, in the seven or so years that *The Back Country* covers, how he succeeds better and better at assimilating the influence. Some of the earlier poems handle English almost as if it were a foreign language, getting a long way from natural speech rhythms and hammering phrases into a concentrated powder, as if to make a soup cube. But in "Looking at Pictures to be Put Away," the Japanese influence is barely discernible, though clearly he would never have arrived at this kind of distillation but for the earlier experiments.

Who was this girl
In her white night gown
Clutching a pair of jeans

On a foggy redwood deck.
She looks up at me tender,
Calm, surprised,

What will we remember
Bodies thick with food and lovers
After twenty years.

This perspecting glance into the future is untypical. He tends to write in terms of unrelated instants of experience, in present participles and past participles, letting the noun-pictures proliferate and cutting down on verbs which might commit him to deeper participation, or even to a clear statement of attitude. But many of the later poems show his capacities for directness, comedy, abuse and dramatisation. And these surprise us because we've seen so little of them. He has a galloping talent but he hasn't always given it enough rein.

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EAST & WEST

The Sparrow in the Cage (II)

By Richard Lowenthal

The Warsaw Ultimatum

THE DECISION of principle to occupy Czechoslovakia rather than allow the trend of its Communist party towards internal reform and external independence to continue must have been taken in Moscow at the end of June. Soviet Ambassador Chervonenko delivered a threatening protest in Prague after the publication of the "Two Thousand Words." The departure of Soviet forces was delayed after the manoeuvres had ended on 30 June—because of "misgivings about internal Czechoslovak developments," as the Czech defence ministry later explained. Gromyko's communication to the U.S.A. that the Soviets were ready to negotiate on limitations of the armament race in long-range missiles and ABMs, delivered on 1 July, may have been an outcome of the same decision, intended to minimise its effects on American policy. In the very same days, the Soviets decided to break off discussions with the West German government on an exchange of declarations renouncing the use or threat of force; an *aide-memoire* denying that the German wish to renounce force was trustworthy was handed over in Bonn on 5 July, accompanied by emphatic warnings against any continuation of West Germany's attempts to improve relations with her Eastern neighbours. During the first week of July, the Soviet, Polish, East German, Bulgarian and Hungarian parties addressed separate but coordinated letters to the Czech Central Committee, urging a joint meeting to discuss the dangers threatening socialism in Czechslovakia at the earliest possible date. On 8 July, the Czech party presidium, with the manoeuvre troops still on its soil, rejected the proposal as smacking of intervention in its internal affairs, while offering to hold bilateral discussions with each interested party "at an appropriate time." Immediately afterwards, a new and more formal invitation, calling the joint meeting in Warsaw for 14–15 July, arrived: this meeting, it was made clear, would take place regardless whether or not the Czechs chose to attend. Even before the Czech presidium confirmed its rejection of this procedure and its preference for bilateral talks (on 12 July), *Pravda* on 11 July published an article that clearly foreshadowed an ultimatum threatening armed intervention. Under the heading "ATTACK ON THE SOCIALIST FOUNDATIONS," the commentator Alexandrov described the "Two Thousand Words" as the signal for an organised campaign by "anti-Communist, counter-revolutionary forces" working "in alliance with imperialist reaction," and warned that the Czech counter-revolutionaries were using "more subtle tactics" than their predecessors in Hungary twelve years ago. The implication was that the Soviet Communists had come to regard at least part of the Czech reformers *within* the party as more dangerous allies of the imperialist enemy than the one-time leaders of the Hungarian rising *against* the party, and that they were prepared to stamp out the danger by the same measures as in Hungary, even if not provoked by similar events. On the same day, *Izvestia* began to publish the hitherto confidential Soviet memoranda addressed to the West German government during the discussion on a mutual renunciation of the use or threat of force.

The contents of the joint letter to the Czechoslovak Central Committee, adopted by the five-party meeting at Warsaw on 14–15 July, corresponded to the Soviet decision indicated by *Pravda*. It starts from the now classical formula that the danger to the cause of socialism in Czechoslovakia and to its allegiance to the "socialist commonwealth" was not an "internal affair." The allied countries "could not remain indifferent" to it because it constituted a threat to their common security interests. The Czechoslovak party is charged with allowing its leading role to be undermined by tolerating non-Communist organisations and letting control of the mass media slip from its grasp, and —the most direct threat to bloc security—with permitting attempts to revise the bloc's joint, coordinated policy towards the German Federal Republic and to promote a flirtation with the West German revanchists—attempts said to find support in "leading Czech circles." To end a situation in which the "counter-revolution" is said to seize position after position, the signatories summon the Czech party to "attack the rightist and anti-socialist forces by mobilising all means at the disposal of the socialist state" (*meaning by police measures and not just by arguments*); to suppress the activity of all "anti-socialist political organisations" (*meaning the recently permitted clubs of non-party intellectuals*); to resume party control over all media of mass information; and, above all, to rally the

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party ranks, in strict conformity with the principle of democratic centralism, "against those who by their activity are aiding the hostile forces" (*in other words, to purge the most outspoken party liberals with the help of the conservatives*). The alternatives were clear. Either the Czech Central Committee would form a new majority out of conservatives, waverers, and some of the more submissive liberals, and thoroughly revise its policy under the tutelage of its five "allies," or the latter would move in to crush the "counter-revolution," pleading a threat to their security.

THE LETTER WAS PUBLISHED on the evening of 17 July after its approval by a plenary session of the CPSU Central Committee held that day. Though the approval was now described as "unanimous," the original decision of the Politburo clearly was not, as was indicated both by the composition of the Soviet delegation to the Warsaw meeting and by the list of speakers at the subsequent plenum. The delegation comprised, besides the "Troika" of Brezhnev, Kosygin and Podgorny, the Ukrainian first secretary Pyotr Shelest and K. F. Katushev, who had been appointed secretary in charge of relations with ruling Communist parties at the April Plenum. While the unusual step of sending the head of state along with the leaders of party and government might have been due to the wish to impress the other parties with the seriousness of the Soviet resolve, the inclusion of Shelest on this occasion was as revealing as the absence of Suslov, the ranking party ideologist who had always kept overall responsibility for inter-Communist party relations. It was even more remarkable that Shelest, who had publicly expressed his concern about the danger of "revisionist" demands for democratisation in the Ukraine only a few days before, should be the only other member of the delegation to speak in the Central Committee discussion on Brezhnev's report. Equally noteworthy was the fact that Yu. V. Ilnitsky, party secretary of the Ukraine's Transcarpathian *oblast* (the Carpatho-Ukraine which belonged to Czechslovakia before the war and was annexed by the Soviets in 1945), should also have spoken, although he is not a member of the Central Committee; that two specialists in the control of Soviet intellectuals (the president of the Academy of Sciences, M. V. Keldysh, and the secretary of the Union of Soviet Writers, N. M. Gribachev) took the floor in this discussion of Czech affairs; and that both Suslov and B. N. Ponomarev (the secretary responsible for relations with non-ruling Communist parties) were silent, During the days of the Warsaw meeting, Suslov and Ponomarev had been at leisure to receive the French Communist leader Waldeck-Rochet and also the two Italian representatives, Pajetta and Galuzzi, who had hurried to Moscow at the news of what was afoot—and had been so unable to reassure them that Waldeck-Rochet, returning to Paris on the day of the Central Committee session, launched an appeal for a joint conference of all Communist parties from Eastern and Western Europe in a plain attempt to restrain the Soviets and their supporters at the last moment. Clearly, the Soviets' pre-Warsaw decision had been a victory of both domestic and imperial concerns over ideological principles and internationalist ambitions.

In fact, the *imperial* element had appeared less prominently than the *domestic* one during those critical days. In particular, the published text of the Warsaw letter contains no demand for the permanent stationing of Soviet troops on the Czech frontier with Western Germany. But preparations to bring up this issue had by then been made. On 19 July, *Pravda* reported the week-old "discovery" of a cache of U.S. arms near that frontier. On the 20th, the Soviet general responsible for Warsaw Pact liaison in Czechoslovakia was replaced amid rumours of Soviet dissatisfaction with the results of the manoeuvres; and if we can believe unofficial Czech reports, a secret Soviet note, combining a protest against the Czech general Prchlik's public criticism of Warsaw Pact arrangements with the request to place Soviet troops on the West German frontier, was handed to the Czechs on the 22nd or 23rd. The raising of this additional major demand thus seems to have coincided with the agreement on the bilateral meeting of the two party presidia on Czech soil that was reached following a quick succession of exchanges between Prague and Moscow on 22 July, and with the announcement that the remaining Soviet "manoeuvre" forces had at last received orders to leave Czechoslovakia.

Cierna: A Stay of Execution

FOLLOWING the dignified rejection of the Warsaw letter by the Czech party presidium and its unanimous endorsement by a full meeting of the Central Committee (reinforced by newly elected party congress delegates from all parts of the country), the Soviets had first seized on the Czech offer of bilateral talks to suggest a meeting of all members of the leading organs —Politburo and Presidium—of both parties, to be held in the Soviet Union. They had then yielded to the Czech insistence on meeting only in Czechoslovakia and after the departure of the last Soviet troops. As the *Pravda* editorial accompanying the announcement showed, they

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wished to give their ultimatum a chance to achieve its aim before they decided to implement it. The Russian readers were told that the Czech comrades had failed to understand the counter-revolutionary danger in their country, but had shown a desire for improving relations with their allies—hence an attempt to convince them in a collective, face-to-face discussion could be of great positive significance.

However, the unprecedented displacement of the whole Politburo (except for two members left in charge of current party and government business in Moscow) outside the Soviet frontiers can hardly be explained by the mere desire to drive, by prolonged, intensive pressure, a wedge into the reformist majority of the Czech leadership. Even during the crisis of October 1956, no more than four members of the top Soviet leadership had gone to Poland and no more than two to Hungary at any one moment. The only adequate explanation is that the Russians were conscious that a new decision would have to be made at the end of the talks—the decision whether to regard their demands as satisfied, or whether to implement the ultimatum by giving marching orders to the allied armies which were kept in a state of readiness all around Czechoslovakia. Moreover, the members of the collective knew that some of them would apply more exacting standards of compliance than others, and they evidently could not agree on trusting a single leader, or even a "troika," with deciding in their name. They seem to have settled in advance on a precise list of maximum demands, spelling out in detail the generalities of the Warsaw letter—but not on their course of action in case the Czech majority failed to accept them *en bloc* or to break up over the issue.

IN FACT, NO AGREEMENT could be reached at Cierna-nad-Tisou on the major premise of the Warsaw letter. The Czech leaders opposed to the talk about the danger of "counter-revolution" the facts of the growing national unity around their party. When Brezhnev tried to present a list of "rightists" to be purged from responsible party positions, Dubcek is reliably reported to have refused even to listen to such attempts at detailed interference in Czech affairs, forcing an interruption of the talks. Moreover, though at least one conservative member of the Czech party presidium is believed to have sided openly and unreservedly with the Soviets, the visitors failed to win any of the supposed waverers and to break up or differentiate the liberal majority. Thus faced with the stark issue of having to use armed force against a solidly entrenched and popular Communist party leadership, hence in the most risky political conditions, it was the Russians who wavered. In this situation Dubcek's willingness to give them general as distinct from specific assurances seemed to offer them a way out. Here is the root of the later conflict between the Soviet claim that the Czechs had "broken agreements reached at Cierna," and the Czech denial that any formal agreements were concluded there. The Czech leaders concluded no written agreement, but they made a declaration of intent—and they suggested, as an earnest of their loyalty, that the Russians should draft a formula for the six-party meeting at Bratislava on that basis.

Yet in agreeing to this procedure, the Russians did not really declare themselves satisfied —nor did they drop the ultimatum. The Bratislava communiqué did not repeat the charge about counter-revolutionary dangers in Czechoslovakia, but neither did it withdraw it. It made no explicit mention of Czechoslovakia at all! Instead, it committed the Czechoslovak party, along with its other signatories, once more in general terms to the defence of the socialist achievements of the past (including the Stalinist period); to observance of the "general laws of socialist construction" (as defined at the Moscow conference of 1957), including the leading role of the Communist party and the principle of "democratic centralism"; to irreconcilable struggle against "bourgeois ideology" and "anti-socialist forces" attempting to undermine the system or to drive a wedge between the socialist states; and to ever closer cooperation within the Council for Mutual Economic Aid (COMECON), the Warsaw Pact, and the forthcoming Communist world conference. More specifically, it contained, along with the obligations to support embattled Viet Nam and to work to eliminate "the consequences of Israeli aggression," a pledge "to follow consistently a concerted policy in European affairs in line with the common interests of the socialist countries" against the forces of revanchism in Western Germany. And, most crucial of all, it argued that "the many-sided tasks of creating a socialist society in each of our countries are easier to solve with mutual help and support," and defined as the basis for the cooperation of the signatories "the principles of equality, respect for sovereignty and national independence, territorial integrity and *fraternal mutual assistance and solidarity*." The words put here in italics took the place traditionally reserved for "non-interference in each other's internal affairs."

Thus while the Czechs felt they had successfully buried the Warsaw letter and reasserted their national sovereignty and internal autonomy, the Soviet Politburo's real decision at the end of the Cierna talks had neither been

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to withdraw their ultimatum nor to implement it at this stage, but to tie the Czechoslovak party to a platform which, in their eyes, was bound to strengthen decisively Dubcek's conservative opponents. For in demanding a change of policy, those opponents could now cite as authority not only the views of the Soviet and East European comrades, but a document signed by the liberal Czech leaders themselves. All that remained to be done was to test the new formula in practice. Either the Dubcek team would carry it out and thus turn against its more consistently revisionist supporters, or it would fail to do so and would then be overthrown by the party—if necessary with the "help and support" from Czechoslovakia's allies which by its signature it had admitted to be legitimate.

THIS SECOND SOVIET DECISION was thus neither a true reversal of the first, as the Czechs then believed, nor a mere smoke-screen for continuing military preparations, as some of them felt afterwards. It was an attempt to improve the ideological basis for making invasion either unnecessary or less risky, and thus postpone the final choice. To this limited extent, it was more "moderate" than the first decision. It indicated the hand of Suslov, who had been as conspicuous by his activity in Cierna and Bratislava as by his absence in Warsaw, and reflected his belief in the magic power of ideological formulations to mould the policy of Communist parties anywhere.

For the moment, it served to paper over the differences not merely between Russians and Czechs, but within the Russian delegation. For while Suslov and the "conciliators" presumably hoped that it would help to avoid the odium of military action, the hard-liners were certainly more sceptical. The same division of opinion was visible among the allied delegations at Bratislava before the communiqué was signed. Kadar welcomed it with relief, but Gomulka and Ulbricht did not bother to disguise their fury and disappointment at the Soviets' hesitation. What, they seem to have asked, was the point of granting another period of probation to a Czech leadership that had plainly refused either to purge the open revisionists, to restore censorship, or to accept permanent Soviet garrisons on its frontier with West Germany?

The Road to Invasion

WITHIN A FEW DAYS after the Bratislava meeting, it became clear that the Dubcek team interpreted the results of the Cierna and Bratislava talks in a very different manner from the Soviets. The Czech leaders felt that they had made no concessions of substance, but had merely explained why their policy was in harmony with basic Communist principles, and that they were free to continue it—while taking care to avoid unnecessary polemics that might provoke their allies. To them, assuring the leading role of the Communist party meant assuring its support by the people rather than suppressing all independent organisations; struggle against anti-socialist elements meant political rebuttal, not police measures and purges; party control of the press meant guidance and education of inexperienced, but loyal editors, not censorship. If the Bratislava communiqué had stressed the importance of democratic centralism in the party, it had also approved steady progress in democratisation. If it talked of a concerted policy against West German militarism, revanchism, and neo-Nazism and of support for the East German state and the West German Communists, it had added (at Czech request) support "to all forces which fight against militarism and revanchism and for democratic progress"—did this not justify cooperation with the German Social-democrats? Indeed, the Bratislava text was ambiguous on a number of points. The error of the Czech leaders consisted in believing that it was for them to interpret it.

Thus in welcoming the result of the talks as "a success for all sides," the Czech party presidium announced no change of policy; it merely appealed to all journalists to stop polemics and act responsibly in the national interest. The advice was largely followed by the mass media including the daily press, but the intellectual journals continued to publish critical analyses of the pressure to which the country had been subjected in the preceding weeks. There were other causes of friction which the leadership did not desire but could not eliminate at once. On 30 July, the second day of the Cierna talks, *Pravda* had published a letter from 99 workers of a Prague car factory welcoming the protection of Czechoslovakia by Soviet troops. It turned out that they were a group of militia officials who had signed the letter without discussion with the thousands of other workers—while the plant was closed for summer holidays. Now the workers were back and demanded the dismissal of the "traitors." The party presidium rejected the demand as undemocratic, but the damage was done—the Soviet press could report "a witch-hunt against loyal, pro-Soviet workers." Less spectacular, but probably more important for the Soviet leadership's view of the trend of developments was the publication (on 10 August) of the draft of the new Party statute to be presented to the

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Party congress in September: it provided for election of all party officials by secret ballot, and redefined "democratic centralism" to permit continued advocacy of minority views *after* a policy decision if new evidence could be presented for them. To the rulers of the Soviet bloc, this must have appeared as outright defiance of Leninist principles.

The persistence of sharp policy divergence despite the paper compromise became apparent just as quickly in the field of foreign policy. The visits of Czechoslovakia's closest supporters, Marshal Tito and Rumanian party secretary Ceausescu, which had been postponed at Prague's request during the July crisis, now took place on 9–10 and 15–16 August respectively, and were turned into demonstrations of solidarity and independence not by the Prague leaders, but by the Czech people. The principle of non-interference in each other's internal affairs, missing from the Bratislava communiqué, was stressed both in Tito's press conference and in the bilateral treaty signed by Czechoslovakia and Rumania (at a time when the Rumanian treaty with the Soviet Union remained conspicuously unsigned). The spectre of a "Communist Little Entente" directed against Soviet hegemony must have appeared before Russian eyes. Meanwhile, Ulbricht had returned from his visit to Karlovy Vary on 12 August with empty hands—without new, written assurances on "the struggle against anti-socialist forces," without any progress on the stationing of allied troops on Czechoslovakia's West German frontier, and above all with a clear refusal of the Czechs to grant East Germany a right of veto over their dealings with West Germany by pledging that they would take no initiative in this direction without prior "consultation" with East Berlin.

In short, the range of continuing conflict between Prague on one side and Moscow and its allies on the other revealed itself so quickly and in such breadth that it seems pointless to ask which particular issue precipitated the third Soviet decision—the final turn to invasion. After all, the majority of the Politburo was probably not surprised at the unrepentant attitude of the Czech reform leaders. They had kept Soviet and allied troops ready for action by starting a new series of manoeuvres in Czechoslovakia's neighbourhood after Bratislava. What the optimists among them were waiting for was not a sign of conversion on the part of Dubcek and his friends, but a sign of growing opposition to them from within the Czechoslovak party, including its presidium and Central Committee; and we may assume that the sign duly came. After all, the remaining dogmatists in those bodies had everything to lose if the new course was approved by the Party congress in September, and had as vital an interest as the Soviets in overthrowing the reformers before that date. In the case of Bilak, the Slovak secretary who had taken the Soviet side at Cierna, the critical date was even closer because of the decision to hold the Slovak congress first, at the end of August. This group was in constant contact with the unhappy Soviet Ambassador in Prague, Chervonenko; and the latter, a man of limited intelligence, seems to have transmitted to his superiors the conviction that discontent and anxiety about the leadership's failure to fight the "counter-revolutionary danger" were rapidly growing within the party, and that decisive "socialist assistance" in the form of military intervention would quickly be welcomed by a reversed majority—once the troops were there.

For it was this assurance, rather than some particular outrage on Dubcek's part or some sudden act of independence by the Soviet marshals, that was now required to trigger the Politburo's decision. Within a week after Bratislava, it had been clear that the present Czech leadership was unwilling to mend its ways, hence that intervention would be necessary to prevent the disintegration of the bloc and the spread of "revisionism" in the Soviet Union itself. But the purpose of intervention was to quell unrest, not to produce a general flare-up; and this result could only be guaranteed if the *fait accompli* was accepted by the legitimate organs of the Czechoslovak party and by a reconstructed legal government. If that could be accomplished, it would also greatly reduce the damage to Soviet influence among the non-ruling Communist parties—a not unimportant, though secondary consideration.

The decision to invade must have been taken between the 10th and the 17th of August. Most Politburo members were officially on vacation after 6 August and only returned to Moscow on the 16th. But they may have been meeting in Yalta (where Kadar is said to have gone in an effort to dissuade them) and communicated with their colleagues in Moscow from there. There are reports that Soviet units in East Germany got their marching orders on the 14th. Soviet press attacks on Czechoslovakia were resumed by *Literaturnaya Gazeta* on the 14th and by *Pravda* on the 16th, causing growing anxiety in Prague by the end of the week. The highest Soviet military leaders visited East Germany and Poland on the 15th and 16th, presumably giving instructions to the Soviet units there for conducting a surprise occupation by night, starting with mass landings at Prague airport

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so as to minimise the risk of armed resistance. To obtain the cooperation of the Poles, East Germans and Bulgarians was a mere formality in the circumstances. The reluctant Kadar, eager for mediation to the last, was allowed to meet Dubcek on the 17th, to remonstrate with him about his failure to fulfil his "promises," and to present some final additional demands —notably the dismissal of the two most outspoken "revisionists" in the top leadership, Čisar and Kriegel, and the stationing of Soviet troops on the West German frontier—which were bound to be rejected; but he was *not* authorised to disclose that invasion was imminent. Two final communications went out from Moscow on 19 August. The first, intended to minimise the international repercussions of the invasion, was addressed by Premier Kosygin to President Johnson, informing him of his readiness for the summit meeting the President desired, and suggesting an announcement for 21 August, which the sender knew to be the morrow of the invasion. The second, intended to strengthen the hands of the dogmatists in Prague, was addressed by General-Secretary Brezhnev to Dubcek and accused him of failure to act in the spirit of the Cierna understanding and the Bratislava communiqué. Harsh as the indictment was, it did not mention the impending occupation either.

Blundering to Success

THE POLITICAL PREPARATION of the invasion, then, was in its way as thorough as the military one. The Soviets knew, in fact, that the Czechoslovak party presidium would be in session on the evening of 20 August to discuss the plans for the party congress. They knew that Dubcek would be obliged to inform the meeting of Brezhnev's letter. They also knew that Alois Indra, one of the dogmatist leaders who was still a Central Committee secretary, would submit to this meeting a draft declaration "reviewing evidence of anti-Communist propaganda and proposing measures to suppress it." They were confident, on the basis of their information, that the presidium would accept this new platform, after the arrival of the allied forces if not before, that Dubcek would be placed in a minority if he did not submit, and that the new majority would welcome their "assistance" by occupation. It was for this reason that they did not arrive with a ready-made "Quisling government," that no Politburo representative came to Prague with the troops in order to form one, and that the Central Committee building was not occupied for several hours while Ambassador Chervonenko waited for good news from his friends there. But the political plan went wrong: the party presidium in Prague rejected the Indra resolution, reacted to the first news of the occupation with a solemn protest, and continued its session. Only then did the troops receive the order to arrest Dubcek, Cernik, and Smrkovsky. It is characteristic that the Soviet announcement of the invasion and the Soviet comments of 21 August still contained no personal attack on Dubcek, and that the paragraph of the East German announcement of that day, accusing him and his group of "responsibility," was only given to the press in the early morning after hours of waiting for the news of Czech submission. In the first Soviet indictment mentioning his name—the two-page editorial published by *Pravda* on 22 August—Dubcek figures as leader of a "right-wing minority" in the Czechoslovak leadership, conducting treacherous intrigues—a reflection of the analysis and expectations that had guided Soviet political planning, though not of Czech reality.

It remains a puzzle just who gave the order to arrest the three top leaders of the Czechoslovak Communist party, Government, and National Assembly—surely the kind of snap decision that can hardly have been made by a collective. At any rate, it compounded the failure of advance political planning, and the next few days were characterised by confusion and increasing frustration on the Soviet side. Ambassador Chervonenko now was instructed to negotiate with President Svoboda the appointment of an alternative government on the broadest possible pro-Soviet basis. Pending this, the names of the "party and government leaders" said to have asked for Soviet occupation had to be withheld—not, according to the foregoing, because none existed, but so as not to isolate them and preclude the hope that their number might still grow. Yet by the second day of the occupation, Svoboda had refused to replace the arrested leaders, while the "secret" party congress and the protest of the National Assembly had shown the isolation of the would-be collaborators. It seems that the latter, too, were unwilling to form a government that could derive no appearance of legitimacy from either the party, the National Assembly or the President. When Svoboda, recognising that no Soviet representative in Prague had authority to make a new decision, offered to go to Moscow on the third day, the suggestion was eagerly accepted by the Soviets, who stipulated only that both the leading men of "their" wing, Indra and Bilak, and some presumed waverers should accompany him. Yet within hours of his arrival in Moscow, it must have become clear to the Politburo that the old man would

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not negotiate without his arrested comrades, and that there simply was no way of forming a legitimate Czechoslovak government and party leadership without them. Hence the decision to bring the arrested men to Moscow and make them join in the discussion on Saturday, 24 August—the fourth day of the occupation—anticipated in fact the decision to reinstate them if they would accept office under the occupation, which emerged at the end of the talks two days later. It was the fourth major policy decision of the Moscow collective since the beginning of the crisis. It amounted to renouncing, for the time being, the objective of breaking up the Czech leadership rather than renouncing formal legitimacy—provided that the other original objectives of the occupation (*i.e.*, the permanent stationing of Soviet troops in Czechoslovakia with Czech consent, the reimposition of censorship, and a purge of the most outspoken liberals from sensitive positions) could now be forced on the leading reformers by the physical presence of Soviet might.

This fourth decision, then, was a partial retreat of the Soviets and was widely felt as a setback to their prestige. For days afterwards, continued attacks on the reinstated leaders in the press of the occupying countries—Polish and East German papers even talked of the Czech party having fallen under the control of "Zionists"—showed the degree of continuing confusion in the Soviet camp. But for the Russians, the preservation of legitimacy even at that price had the overriding merit of both removing the basis for further debate in the United Nations —where the Czech foreign minister was now instructed by his government to drop the case—and above all ending the organised resistance of the Czechs and Slovaks with its still unforeseeable risks. Against it, the hard-line critics in the occupying countries may well have argued that this might prove yet another dangerous sham compromise—that even now the Czech leaders, having obtained recognition of their Communist *bona fides* and their indispensable legitimacy as representatives of the will of their party, might fail to comply with Soviet directives and have to be replaced by force—and that then the Soviets could no longer claim to act by invitation. But the Kremlin seems to have calculated that if it had been forced for the moment to deal with the rightful leaders of Czechoslovakia, the latter had been forced to take the first step towards recognising the superior right of occupation, and that time and the weight of Soviet physical presence would gradually push them further along that road. And this time, the Soviets did *not* miscalculate.

For ever since the unique negotiation between gaolers and prisoners held in Moscow on 24–26 August, the relation between the reinstated Czech leaders and the Soviets has been more and more determined by the harsh facts of military power, despite the astonishing moral solidarity shown by the Prague leadership and the solid, disciplined support given them by their people. The Soviets now had to abandon their claim to be in Czechoslovakia at the request of the true majority of the Communist party. But they also felt that, with the original risk of popular insurrection or armed resistance gone and world attention no longer focused on Czechoslovakia, they could afford to drop the pretence and to proclaim openly their own right to decide when the common interests of socialism were in danger in any allied country, and to use military intervention to forestall such danger—in open defiance both of the "classless" norms of international law and of the democratic principle of self-determination.

This "Brezhnev doctrine," first formulated in a *Pravda* commentary on 26 September, and repeated with the full authority of the Soviet government by Foreign Minister Andrej Gromyko addressing the United Nations Assembly on 3 October, amounts to denying in principle the sovereignty of any "socialist" country accessible to the Soviet Union. In its blunt assertion of a region-wide right of intervention, it has been compared not only to the Monroe doctrine, but with greater historical accuracy to the Holy Alliance between the Tsar and the monarchical rulers of Austria and Prussia. Its long-term international consequences are likely far to exceed its immediate purpose and the foresight of the men who decided to announce it. But it has certainly eased their task in the present Czechoslovak situation. For as the cooperation of the legitimate Czech leaders became less important to an occupying power no longer ashamed to rely on naked force, each new conflict over particular Soviet demands was bound to end with further reluctant concessions by the Czechs. By now, the right of the Soviets to keep troops in Czechoslovakia without a fixed time limit is recognised by treaty, while the Czechs' right to continue their programme of reform is no longer accepted by the Soviets even in words; and the eventual disintegration both of the reform leadership and of the popular morale of legitimate resistance under the prolonged strain seems inevitable.

On the whole, then, the Soviets would seem to have achieved their principal objectives. They have broken the *élan* of independence that threatened the cohesion of the bloc at a vital point, and the *élan* of reform that had proved a

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dangerous example for "revisionist" critics of their own régime. Given the character and interests of that régime, the invasion and occupation of Czechoslovakia, for all the blunders of detail that occurred in its preparation and execution, can thus not be judged a blunder from the Soviet point of view—the less so because the Soviets succeeded in keeping the total political cost of the operation rather lower than might have been expected.

They have succeeded, first of all, in snuffing out the flame of freedom in Czechoslovakia without provoking a conflagration—without a major Hungarian-type upheaval, and without open crises in any of the allied countries participating in the occupation. Secondly, they have succeeded in limiting the damage to their world position and to East-West relations in particular. After some acutely embarrassing days in the Security Council, a full-scale debate in the United Nations Assembly was avoided. The Americans have not fallen for the suggestion to announce agreement on a summit meeting on the morrow of the invasion, but they have hastened to make clear that their interest in bilateral negotiations between the super-powers remains unaffected in principle. Even the revival of solidarity among the European members of NATO, though visible as a marked change of climate, has so far brought few tangible results—and the setback suffered by General de Gaulle has made him no more amenable to the needs of broader political unity in Western Europe.

Only in relation to the Communist parties outside the Soviet bloc has the reverse been severe. The plan for a Communist world conference has had to be adjourned once more following the bitter protests of the leading non-ruling Communist parties of Europe and Asia. The gulf that has been opened here may well prove lasting. But there is good reason to think that the Kremlin leaders and their closest associates in the bloc had calculated this price in advance, and had consciously decided that for a post-revolutionary empire, the loss of the remnants of its revolutionary halo in the outside world was a lesser evil than the progressive loss of its own cohesion and discipline. Or, in the words with which Gomulka is said to have replied to a Polish Communist worried about the consequences for the Communist movement in the West: "A sparrow in the cage is worth a canary on the roof. . . ."

A Turning Point

THE IMPORTANCE of some of the turning-points in history is not to be measured by their immediate effects. Rather, by shedding a sudden, dramatic light on changes that have been taking place gradually without attracting much notice, they force a reorientation of minds which is bound to give rise to other changes in the long run. The occupation of Czechoslovakia, just because it came as a surprise to the world though it should have been expected, is likely to prove a turning-point in that sense. For it illuminates, more than any single previous event, the growing divergence between the development of the post-revolutionary Soviet empire and the political needs of Communist movements outside it.

For the Communist parties outside the Soviet bloc, this is the fourth of a series of major disorienting shocks—after Khrushchev's "Secret Speech," the Hungarian Revolution, and the Sino-Soviet split. The shock is not only in the simple fact that invasion of one "socialist country" by others has proved possible—a matter of quite immediate concern to Rumania and Yugoslavia, but also to Albania and even to China—nor in the contemptuous manner in which the warnings of many of the most loyal of them have been brushed aside. It lies in the new "Brezhnev doctrine" proclaimed by the Soviets in its justification: the assertion of the Soviet Union's claim to a right of intervention in any country governed by Communists, so as to control its foreign policy and to prevent toleration of free public debate. The first part is unacceptable to any Communist party aspiring to national independence. It has promptly led to measures of military defence accompanied by a sharp diplomatic reorientation on the part of Yugoslavia, to Albania's formal withdrawal from the Warsaw Pact, and to threats of counter-action by China. The second is intolerable for any party operating in a democracy and seeking to convince its voters and potential allies that it will respect elementary political rights after a victory achieved by "the peaceful road." The question is not so much whether the Communists of Italy, France, India, Japan or Chile can find some formula for resigning themselves to the final results of the occupation. It is whether they can continue to compete for power by democratic means without repudiating the *principle* on which the occupation rests: that the defence of socialism requires the suppression of free public debate (even *twenty years after* the seizure of power in an advanced country with democratic traditions!), and that the Soviet Union will be entitled to intervene to enforce this principle once they have become the governing party. Detachment from some aspects of Soviet domestic policy had become the practice of those parties for some time, but it will no longer be enough: they will have to proclaim a concept of social-

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ism different from that of the Soviets and to reject their "hegemonistic" claims as the Yugoslavs have done—or face the end of their prospects of ever coming to power by democratic means.

For the East European Soviet bloc, the invasion and the doctrine mean the reversal of the trend towards "de-satellitisation" started under Khrushchev. In Stalin's time the Communist states of Eastern Europe were satellites because their régimes were not merely relying on Soviet protection against external enemies, but were dependent on it for their domestic power. Conversely, it was understood that a change of domestic régime in any of them would have been a *casus foederis*. The growing scope for domestic autonomy granted to these régimes after Stalin's death, by enabling them to win broader popular support, gave most of them a chance to emancipate themselves from satellite status and become in fact weak but semi-independent allies of the Soviet Union, entitled to defend their particular national interests and policies within the alliance.

Now the present Soviet leadership has shown that it will not tolerate the degree of domestic autonomy and of tactical independence in foreign policy that is considered normal even in client states under the protection of a great power. As soon as their domestic political methods become visibly more liberal than those practised in Russia or as the differences in diplomatic tactics affect the situation in Central Europe, Moscow is prepared to resort to occupation rule or the imposition of a new satellite régime *despite the availability of non-satellite, popularly based local Communists*, rather than put up with such a development. By this, the Kremlin has evidently set new limits not only to the autonomy of the Czechs and Slovaks, but also of those governments who joined in the occupation—be it from conviction like the Polish and East German, or reluctantly like the Hungarian Communist leaders.

THUS SOVIET POLICY within the bloc is in fact tending back to the Stalinist principle of control from a single centre, even while still seeking to avoid a return to Stalinist methods in detail—but without the element of ideological inspiration that was still present in Stalin's imperialism. For while in Stalin's conquests the subjection of the East European countries to Russian power coincided with a Soviet-imposed change in their class structure and economic system, under the present Moscow rulers the pretext of the "defence of socialist achievements" has become threadbare, and the exclusive concern of the Soviet oligarchy with its own power obvious in a military intervention directed against a state securely governed by a Communist party. Such a reassertion of the Stalinist claim to Moscow's unique ideological authority, undertaken after more than a decade of the pluralistic decay of that authority and without the ideological substance once attached to the claim, will naturally carry no conviction outside the sphere of direct Soviet power. But it means that reform will be stopped and Soviet-style bureaucratic reaction consolidated wherever Soviet troops are present. Even in the marginal case of Rumania the choice will now be between open secession from the bloc with its obvious severe risks, or return to a much more cautious and limited use of autonomy than was practised in Bucharest in recent years. Nor is it now likely that reform in the bloc will get another chance by the autonomous initiative of the local Communists unless and until the present reactionary phase is ended in the Soviet Union itself.

The Persistence of Bi-Polarity

FOR THE FUTURE of world affairs, the fate of Czechoslovakia indicates that the era of "bi-polarity"—of the central importance of the two super-powers and their relationship—is by no means at an end, but that the relationship has become more sharply asymmetrical than ever. The bi-polar structure of world politics developed after World War II not only because two super-powers faced a comparative vacuum of power in Europe and Asia, but because one of them was ruled by men who believed that their security as a state was inextricably bound up with the extension of the area ruled by their type of régime—to wit, by Communist party dictatorship controlled from Moscow. It was this belief that created a peculiar new type of alliance—an "ideological bloc"—and led by its expansionist drive to the formation of a counter-bloc with at least some ideological colouring. In the course of two decades, the freezing of the bloc frontiers by the nuclear balance of terror, the filling of the former power vacuum by increasingly viable nation-states, and the decay of Communist ideological unity in the post-Stalin period have led to a noticeable decline of bloc cohesion on both sides. As elements of cooperation of the two super-powers for survival and common fears about the rise of China became visible during the latest period of East-West *détente*, a growing chorus of voices in the West began to announce not only a *change* in the character of the East-West conflict and a *limitation* of the role of bi-polarity in the total picture, but *the end of both*.

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In point of fact, Soviet-American cooperation has so far been largely confined to measures intended to limit the risks of a continuing conflict. It has tended to maintain the power differential between the super-powers and all other states which is one of the structural bases of bi-polarity. The *détente* has not been used for any serious attempt to tackle the unsolved issues underlying the conflict; and for reasons I have discussed above it has even enabled the Soviets, who entered it in a position of marked inferiority, to redress the balance to a considerable extent in their favour. At the same time, it is certainly true that the *détente* greatly strengthened the disintegrative tendencies in both the Eastern and Western blocs. But it is in the reaction of the super-powers to these tendencies that the decisive asymmetry comes in—as the case of Czechoslovakia has shown.

For while the United States has neither the will nor the possibility forcibly to reimpose cohesion on its centrifugal European allies, the Soviet Union has just proved that it is both willing and, for the time being at least, able to do so. No doubt the Soviet leaders see the invasion of Czechoslovakia as a defensive measure on their part, intended merely to hold what they have—including last but not least their own positions at the top of a self-perpetuating hierarchy. In that sense, their diplomatic assurances that they have no intention to trespass on what they recognise as a Western (and particularly American) sphere of influence may well be sincere. Yet the significant fact is that independent of their immediate intentions, the reassertion of their control of Eastern Europe in the face of a remarkably divided Western Europe has become one more factor, along with the progress in their strategic armaments and their advances in the Middle East and Mediterranean, that tends to change the balance of world power, and even more immediately of regional power in Europe, to their advantage. Experience teaches that no war-like adventure may be needed in order to exploit this kind of regional imbalance and the resulting sense of insecurity on the Western side for further political gain—unless concerted and timely measures for the correction of the imbalance and the restoration of a sense of security are taken on the Western side.

I am not suggesting that political weaknesses on the Western side can be cured by purely military measures. The need for political cooperation to assure the survival of a free and viable Europe, including the survival of its national variety, remains primary and has once more been impressively demonstrated by the tragic events in the heart of the continent. But the demonstraion has also been made that the Soviet government, precisely because it remains a closed, dictatorial régime, enjoys within certain limits a privilege denied to its Western opponents—the freedom to correct the results of political failure by brutal military action. It is of course true, as critics of Western policy have frequently pointed out, that the *need* to use armed force for political purposes in one's own power sphere is a *sign* of political failure—and this truth applies to both super-powers. But a régime that denies the right of opposition in principle, as the Soviets do, can retrieve a political failure by brute force far more easily than a democratic régime—at any rate for a considerable time. In short, while the West cannot ever replace constructive political achievement by military strength, it cannot replace the military strength needed for a balance of security by purely political or economic means either.

The Soviet occupation of Czechoslovakia is thus a grim reminder that we are still caught in the coils of a conflict which many of us had regarded as dead and buried—the Cold War. Certainly, many of the early expectations of both sides have proved to be illusory in the course of two decades. The Soviets no longer expect their system to come to power in Western Europe in a politically foreseeable time, and have proved this once again by the unconcern with the fate of the West European Communists they showed during the Czechoslovak crisis. Nor does any responsible statesman in the West now dream of the "liberation" of Eastern Europe by the pressure of Western military power or by anti-Communist uprisings. Certainly, too, the conflict is no longer viewed in apocalyptic terms. Both sides have understood that there are ways in which they must cooperate for their common survival and thus limit the forms of the conflict even while it remains unresolved. Moreover, the West no longer regards Soviet Communism as unchanging and unchangeable in its nature. On the contrary, it has come to believe that an opening up of Soviet society, its emergence from the strait-jacket of totalitarian one-party rule, offers the best hope for an eventual resolution of the conflict. To the limited extent that the West can influence this long-term process, it will be promoted by fostering all kinds of contacts between the Eastern and Western worlds rather than by helping the Soviet bureaucrats to isolate their country and their empire from the winds of change.

The shock of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia and the subsequent proclamation by the Soviets of their "right" to armed intervention in all "socialist" countries does not invalidate this long-term, non-apocalyptic view of

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the East-West conflict, for it is not due to a sudden return of the Soviet leaders to reckless expansionism inspired by revolutionary faith. But it has shown in a flash how completely the *détente* of 1963 has been reduced to the mere absence of an acute crisis confronting the two super-powers. It has demonstrated how ill-founded was the widespread Western belief that the mere continuation of the *détente*, and of limited Soviet-American cooperation, combined with its disintegrating effects on both blocs, would suffice for a gradual abatement of the conflict—despite the continuing rivalry of the super-powers in the arms race and in several vital areas of the world. It has confirmed the more sceptical view that the conflict, with all its waste and all its continuing risks, is likely to go on so long as the masters of the Soviet empire insist on ruling over closed dictatorial societies —not because they have remained ideological fanatics, nor because the West would demand a change of their régime for ideological reasons, but because the distrust with which a despotic régime watches the peoples under its rule is inevitably projected on to the outside world, preventing a genuine solution of major disputed issues and a genuine agreement on its place in the world.

And finally, the fate of Czechoslovakia should make us reflect on whether the next major step towards a hopeful change in the East will not have to come from imperial Russia itself, rather than from the discouraged captive peoples of Eastern Europe. After all, the bureaucratic oligarchy that is now holding the Soviet Union in its grip has proved far less secure, and far less awesome to its subjects, than was Stalin's terrorist rule in its later years. Hence we ought not to exclude the possibility that the long-suffering Russian people may yet come to play a more active part in ending the present reactionary phase of the Soviet régime than they could play in the original liquidation of Stalinism.

INDEX TO VOLUME XXXI

The Index to Volume XXXI (July–December 1968) is now available and will be sent, free of charge, on application to ENCOUNTER, 25 Haymarket, London, S.W.1. Standing orders for future indexes can also be accepted.

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LETTERS

George Orwell

JOHN WAIN'S REVIEW of my firm's four-volume Orwell [ENCOUNTER, December] gave me as much pleasure as any I have ever felt while reading reviews of books I have published. The main reason for this is that I have always believed or at least hoped that the spirit of Orwell animated the policy I have tried to follow in my publishing activities. Too many publishing houses develop lists which, profitable though they may be, have no perceptible coherence. Without a distinguishable character can any publishing house claim to be other than a purely commercial organisation? Yet, in my view, publishing should be more than that.

In passing, may I be allowed to tell your readers that the price of this set of books is indeed "very reasonable," as John Wain says. It contains not "something like a thousand pages of matter," but two thousand two hundred pages! On any reprint it may be necessary to raise the price substantially.

John Wain pays tribute to the courage with which "Secker & Warburg took on Orwell in the shivering days of the late 1930s, when the much more powerful firm of Gollancz had dropped him as a political hot potato because of *Homage to Catalonia*." But then Orwell remained a hot potato to the end of his life. Recall what happened to *Animal Farm* in 1945. It was rejected, not only by Gollancz, but by Faber & Faber and Jonathan Cape before it came to me. Cape rejected it for the reasons Wain mentions, that the Russian rulers (then our allies) would not like to be represented by pigs. But the problem of the rejection of this book by Faber is unsolved. It was, I know, read for them by T. S. Eliot, and years ago Geoffrey Faber let me see his reader's report on it. So far as I can remember, this report stated at some length that in Eliot's view *Animal Farm* was the best English satire since Swift, and went on to recommend (why, I can no longer recall) that it should be rejected. I spoke to Geoffrey Faber about this in the '50s. He told me that he had only recently read *Animal Farm* and confirmed that Eliot had read it for him. He added that Eliot had been asked for a quick decision and, in Faber's absence from London on holiday, had rejected it without consulting him. Recently, Peter de Sautoy tried to find Eliot's report for me, but failed. I hope it may turn up soon. It would throw light, not only on Orwell, but on Eliot and on the extraordinary fate of books generally, and for that matter on the fate of publishing houses. I have always believed that, had I rejected *Animal Farm*, my firm would not have survived. I still believe this to be true.

Incidentally, *Animal Farm* was declined by a dozen American publishers before Frank Morley accepted it for Harcourt, Brace, a month or two after its publication in London. Most of these rejections were on the grounds that the book was "too short" for successful exploitation in the U.S.! How and why Morley bought the book from me, acting as agent for Orwell's agent, is a splendid story which I hope to tell in the second volume of my autobiography, when I find time to write it.

FREDRIC WARBURG

Secker & Warburg, Ltd.,
London

"Imagination Takes Power"

IT IS REGRETTABLE that Mr. M. J. Lasky who, in his "Revolution Diary" [ENCOUNTER, August], cast such a sceptical eye on all the hoary clichés being refurbished these days in stale manifestos and third-hand pamphlets, should have been so taken by that platitudinous Parisian phrase (attributed by some to Daniel Cohn-Bendit) about *L'imagination prend le pouvoir*. Sartre drooled about it, and in his ignorance of the political history of all previous revolutions he may think it new; but it still remains old, familiar, and in present circumstances a useless and empty stereotype. For throughout the past three centuries of European revolutionary history, what else has always been "taking power" but "the imagination"? The essential question must always be: what kind of imagination? and power for what? The paltry spectacle of M. Cohn-Bendit's "May Days" should not really be allowed to dress itself up in the once meaningful rhetoric of history's great revolutionary moments. May I recall just three echoes of the past?

1. John Milton's efforts on behalf of English liberty, from *Areopagitica* (1644) to his last political pamphlet, *The Readie and Easie Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth* (1660), were consistently denounced as the imagination trying to take power. One critic deplored his "fantastick Longing after imaginary Liberty." Another critic said: "I wondered most of all what politic crack in any man's skull the imagination could enter of securing liberty . . . which was never yet seen in the world."

2. Immanuel Kant, in his famous work on *"Pragmatic Anthropology"* (1798), associated political power with the imagination in the following shrewd remark: "A political artist can rule the world by the power of imagination: for example, when he declaims in the English parliament about the freedom of the people, or in the French Convention about the equality of all classes, as if they really existed. Yet it is better even to have the pretence of the good things which ennoble mankind than to be palpably deprived of them. . . ."

3. Finally, in the context of our 20th-century crisis, Ortega y Gasset wrote this in his *Revolt of the Masses* (1932): "There is no possible creation of a State unless the minds of certain peoples are capable of abandoning the traditional structure of one form of common life, and, in addition, of

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thinking out another form not previously existing. That is why it is a genuine creation. The State begins by being absolutely a work of imagination. Imagination is the liberating power possessed by man. A people is capable of becoming a State in the degree in which it is able to imagine. . . ."

My point about Left Bank plagiarism is only that a gifted parrot can make noises that sound meaningful, but alas the poor bird doesn't know what it's talking about.

J. T. Hobson

Cambridge

Children of Liberalism

A Defence of Youthful Rebels — By Horst Krueger

I am not so sure all our observers of the "Student Revolt" and the "Children's Crusade" have got the picture right. I have been looking around at our local German scene. I came, I saw, and I listened. Their grace was what struck me, their air of well-being, their challenging freedom from care. Aesthetically they are delightful: they have style. Never was the youth of Germany so resolutely and at the same time so convincingly young. This generation of young Germans which the world has labelled "ugly," is a astonishingly handsome one. The girls in their provocative jerseys, the young men with their impressive sideburns, put one in mind of the most way-out model in the commercial field; no designer of *Pepsi-Cola* advertisements could invent anything more attractive. With a flavour of Paris, Greenwich Village, and Swinging London, lively and forthcoming, with an instinct for the outrageous and the grotesque, they are the German representatives of that world-wide youth-culture which, originating in America, has sprung up in every Western metropolis. How could I help enjoying the gesture of a very ancient umbrella rhythmically opened and closed to punctuate the discourse of a Professor? For all its mood of angry revolt, this is a remarkably gay generation.

It has been called a luxurious generation. To me the word is too resounding and too wide in its implications to match the phenomenon. But what is certain is that their attitude to life, the confounding mixture of gaiety and aggressiveness, could only be possible in our Affluent Society. Although they protest endlessly against the Consumer State, they are nevertheless its own product. It is our flourishing economy that has produced them. They are the revolutionaries of prosperity.

The second thing that strikes one is their social background. In conversation one very soon realises that their most articulate spokesmen are almost without exception the children of comfortable, middle-class families, of business and professional men. The workers are not represented in the class-structure of our German universities. Children from peasant homes, from the homes of artisans, all the broad level of the under-privileged, are lacking. And so their revolutionary demand for the release of the Worker from "the toils of capitalism" becomes romantic and unreal.

In terms of mass support or understanding the students are utterly alone and isolated. Apart from the sympathy they may inspire in intellectual circles they have no social group worth mentioning behind them. They represent a free-wheeling I.Q.

From their hasty reading of Professors Marcuse, Adorno, and Habermas, they have acquired a sociological jargon which in its stark abstract abbreviations reminds one of the ritual formulae of medieval Latin or modern Maoism. It is all a bit too formularised.

Finally, one is struck by the attitude of youthful arrogant self-confidence which in the twinkling of an eye can turn to violence, as so often happens with children. A passionate desire for action goes together with a demand for power which laughter alone could resolve, were the Establishment itself not so baffled and upset.

Civil courage one must grant them. No institution is too strong for them to challenge—famous writers, wealthy publishers, established statesmen, to say nothing of the law-court and the police; the more solid the power to be overthrown, the more assured is their challenge. "You must understand, gentlemen," said one of them, addressing the Book Fair publishers, "that the time will come when we shall have to put you out of business. For the present, however, we ask for your support. Will you please, tomorrow morning. . . ." Are these mere infantile fantasies of omnipotence? Certainly adolescent megalomania plays a part in it. Their attitude to the Masses and to Power is emotional and uncritical, but if this were no more than an aberration of puberty it could scarcely have produced a crisis of this extent.

Well then, what is it all about? Why is no one writing a sociological study of these obsessive young sociologists? Clearly they are the first wave of a new generation in Germany which could only have grown up in circumstances of a secure economy and a relatively liberal family background. They are the children of the *D-Mark*, of a stable currency and an effectively functioning capitalist system—things which are happening for

Horst Krueger *is a West German journalist who lives in Frankfurt-am-Main; he contributed the analysis of* "Sex and Revolution" *to the February 1968* Encounter.

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the first time in Germany. They know nothing of war or of Nazism, which is why the word "fascism" comes so readily to their lips. They have had no experience of a genuine Police State, which is why, to them, the police are an invariable and sought-after antagonist. Such knowledge as they have of depression, unemployment, and hunger has been derived from books. Their homes did not offer them suitable and convincing standards and patterns of behaviour, and to an extent hitherto inconceivable in Germany, they had been left to their own devices: free, unregimented, and economically secure. Free to live, to love, to travel, to consume. It has been possible for a generation of Germans to grow up unmolested and protected —such a thing has never happened before. While the children of workers and peasants are still subjected to the laws and necessities of traditional economic life, this generation of the well-to-do middle-class may be regarded as the first fruit of successful liberalism in Germany.

It is in this, I think, that we may find the clue to their spirit of revolt. Young, sturdy and for the most part economically untroubled, this first truly successful generation is, so to speak, intoxicated and bemused by its inner sense of freedom—while, at the same time, it is frustrated by the manifest elements of authoritarian control which it encounters in the world of politics and business.

The state of being a student is in the nature of things transitory, lasting at the very most five or six years. They stand on the threshold of professional life, and in a few years they will all (or almost all) have to take up the burden of society. They stand on this threshold uttering a last protest, before they bow their backs beneath it, against the social structure which organised society inflicts on them. Precisely because they have been brought up in relatively liberal homes they are over-sensitive in the matter of civil liberties, and they react furiously against a society which everywhere contains within itself the remains of authoritarian habits of rule.

For who can deny that in our universities authoritarian forms are predominant? It can hardly be claimed that our judicial system, our administration, our schools, churches and industrial concerns are organised on "truly democratic" lines. The laws of capitalism still declare: you've got to have something to be somebody. The profit motive, authority through ownership of the means of production, the rise of one man at the expense of another—these are still the rules of our economic system. The competitive society means that you must fight your way through the crowd, driving your neighbour to the wall even if you do not actually break his neck, and this is still the condition of social advancement in western Europe.

Clear-eyed students, with a feeling for the Absolute that is the hallmark of youth, see this coming upon them with a certain horror—in three years, in two years, now.... For the present they are free, but they know that they will not be so tomorrow. I believe it is this consciousness of being on the threshold which is responsible for their passion and the strength of their revolt.

THE OUTRAGED ESTABLISHMENT needs therefore to realise that it is we ourselves, by bringing up this new generation in so much freedom and indepenence, who have caused them to assail us with their Utopian dreams. They are in revolt against liberalism in the way that every child revolts against its father. Presently they too will be fathers and be revolted against in their turn. They cherish the pictures of Mao and Che Guevara as though they were treasured toys or holy relics. Since they are unable to bring about Revolution in Europe they have conjured up this romantic Far-Eastern ideology of a liberated society, a new Jerusalem, exotic and paradisial. They feel they must believe in such things, and a readiness and will to believe is at the heart of this generation. Their dream of a mankind liberated from all chains, is alas, unlikely to be realised. But insofar as they are spreading their message of Utopia within our stuffy present-day society, they are helping to dispel outmoded authoritarian habits of thought. Although they may be subjectively in error, they are helping to effect objective changes which assist our process of democratisation. We need them.

Of course there are limits. The open use of force can, alas, only be countered by force. Where open rebellion is practised the police cannot go on holiday. This applies everywhere in the world. But wherever a critical public opinion is fostered by the means of discussion, polemic, and agitation. democracy must bear with the provocation and meet the challenge in the framework of a free society. It is we who have made them so vigorous and so intent upon freedom, for they are the children of our liberalism.

Rosten's "Yiddish & English"

I SHOULD LIKE to make one or two comments on Leo Rosten's article on the Yiddish language [ENCOUNTER, September]. Leaving aside such considerations as whether the use of a shifting stress for emphatic variation is a purely Yiddish influence in English, Dr. Rosten's sketch of the history of Yiddish is philologically highly questionable. He asserts that Yiddish in its early stages "combined Middle-High [*sic*] German with some Old German...." The meaning of this is far from clear. Jewish settlers, possibly from France (whence the very small number of Romance elements in Yiddish, such as *leyenen*, ultimately from Latin *legere*), did in fact come to the Rhineland in around 1000. Here, they adopted the local language, which was an early form of Middle High German at the time undergoing the changes which distinguish this from the earlier stage, Old High German. Perhaps this is what is meant by "Old German." If so, these elements would scarcely be restricted to the Jews. The development of Yiddish in this early period is identical with that of the adopted language, German.

The two languages continue hand-in-hand, so to speak, for several centuries. There has been

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some scholarly debate on whether it is even accurate to speak of two languages at all at this stage. The literature of the Cambridge "Yiddish" *MS.* from the Cairo Genizah, which bears the date 1382, has been seen both as Yiddish and as Middle High German in Hebrew characters. Even the matter is mixed. The *MS.* contains a treatment of a German heroic theme (*Ducus Horant*), and a Midrashic description of Paradise (*Gan Eden*).

One might dispute, too, the statement that Yiddish "did not break away from its Germanic origins until after the 15th century." The migration to the East began in earnest in the 13th century, after the Black Death, for which the Jews were inevitably taken as handy scapegoats, although it did continue for another two centuries. Even so, it might be argued—and Dr. Rosten's own 75% figure bears this out—that Yiddish never did break away from its Germanic origins.

The assertion, however, that Yiddish "is older than the English we speak today," is philologically well-nigh meaningless. I have noted that there is some dispute over whether the language of the Cairo Genizah *MS.* is Yiddish at all. But even if it is, then it is as removed from modern Yiddish as its contemporary, Chaucer, is from us. If one is forced to make a comparison, then surely the English "that we speak today" dates from the Anglo-Saxon migrations. No language is static; the language "that we speak today" dates only from yesterday. Otherwise, the comparison between Yiddish and English is an apt one. Both began, if you will, with a migration, and both have taken in a number of other languages—as Dr. Rosten himself points out.

WHAT, THOUGH, DOES IT MEAN when the writer says that "English, French, Italian, German ... began as the vernacular of the people"? Are there other vernaculars? And while English has an admittedly colourful ancestry, the development of the other languages cannot, surely, be compared with that of Yiddish. It is this fact which makes Yiddish a philological anomaly. In a sense it *is* an argot, it *is* an historical accident. When the Jews migrated the second time, to the East, they did not, as on the first occasion, adopt the local language. So Yiddish grew up as the speech of a minority, an esoteric language, even if on a fairly large scale. The reasons are unclear—anti-Semitism, Jewish reluctance to integrate?—the questions are not for the philologists.

In spite of all this, Yiddish is a viable language, and it is indeed in danger of dying out. It is saddening when this arises in the context of any language. Dr. Rosten notes several words which "are becoming accepted" or "ought to be accepted" in English, and one has to ask: before it is too late? The use of the joke to explain a term brings to light the precarious nature of the present situation. I have had the word *chutzpa* explained to me on four occasions, each time by way of a joke. On the first occasion, I did not know what *chutzpa* meant, and the joke told me. On the other occasions I *did* know, but I enjoyed the jokes. The means has turned into the end. Is this the fate of the Yiddish language as a whole?

B. O. MURDOCH

Department of German,
University of Glasgow

A FEW BRIEF COMMENTS on Dr. Murdoch's remarks on my paean to Yiddish:

1. He asks whether "it is even accurate to speak of two languages (Yiddish and German)." But Yiddish from its beginnings was crammed with Hebrew words and phrases Germans could not understand, and Germans still can neither read nor write Yiddish unless they know the Hebrew characters Yiddish uses.

2. Dr. Murdoch says: "Surely the English 'that we speak today' dates from the Anglo-Saxon migrations." Come, come: *that* lingo was Anglish and just as surely *not* the English "we speak today."

3. I wrote that English, French, Italian "each began as the vernacular of the people." Professor Murdoch quips: "Are there other vernaculars?" Yep, there are; *e.g.*, the vernaculars of a group, a profession, a sect.

4. Dr. Murdoch remarks that when the Jews migrated "the second time, to the East, they did not, as on the first occasion, adopt the local language ... the reasons are unclear ... anti-Semitism, Jewish reluctance to integrate? ... the questions are not for the philologists." Then let the philologists peek into the history books: after the Black Death, Jews were forcibly confined to ghettos and lived in strictly segregated communities.

5. "The uses of a joke to explain a term brings to light the precarious nature of the present situation." Come again? If I explain *shlemiel* with a story, in what peril do I place whom? The point is precarious.

6. "The means has turned into the end. Is this the fate of the Yiddish language ... ?" Here Dr. Murdoch absent-mindedly lifts Yiddish from an argot to a language, for which I am grateful. I am also glad he "enjoyed the jokes."

LEO ROSTEN

New York City

MR. LEO ROSTEN notes [ENCOUNTER, September] that many Israelis look on Yiddish with contempt. It is also true that speaking Hebrew is regarded by some Israelis as an affectation, particularly when the speaker's mother tongue is Yiddish. The following was told me by a Rabbi in New York.

A man was cycling beside the Sea of Galilee when suddenly he heard a drowning man cry *Ezra! Ezra!* (which in Hebrew means *Help!*). *The* cyclist stopped and shouted to the drowning man, in Yiddish: *Hebrew you learned! Better you should learn how to swim!*

BENJAMIN SONNENBERG JR.

New York City

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"McLuhanism"

I MUST OBJECT to Arnold Rockman's simplistic analysis ["McLuhanism: The Natural History of an Intellectual Fashion," ENCOUNTER, November 1968] of the difference in the North American academic community's treatments of Marshall McLuhan and Timothy Leary. Rockman's suggestion that the two men were judged on the basis of their relative university-community seniorities widely misses any viable explanation.

McLuhan's analysis of past and present social phenomena was rational and feasible, though radical. Contrarily, Leary apparently made only a cursory analysis of *LSD* and its psychological effect, and proceeded from this too-hastily erected platform of evidence to advocate widespread, uncontrolled experiment with it and other hallucinogens. McLuhan built a fairly sturdy mound from which to view the world, while Leary leaped upon his cracked kitchen table and tried to build a skyscraper on it.

LANNEAU D. LIDE

Marlborough College,
Marlborough, Wilts.

ONE OF THE DANGERS of explaining current phenomena in crypto-mythological terms is that far more is distorted than revealed. Had Arnold Rockman ["McLuhanism," ENCOUNTER, November] used more mundane ways of referring to universities than "the new established church," then he would have seen why Timothy Leary was thrown out of Harvard, and Marshall McLuhan was allowed to remain in Toronto. McLuhan is eccentric but harmless, and universities have always provided a sanctuary for such men. Leary is eccentric, but not harmless. If Mr. Rockman really believes that T.V. is a greater threat to "academe's values" than *LSD* then here indeed is a *"trahison d'un clerc."*

JULIAN HURSTFIELD

Christ Church, Oxford

ARNOLD ROCKMAN, in his article *McLuhanism*, in the November issue of ENCOUNTER, states that the Education Centre Library of the Toronto Board of Education *publishes* a continuing bibliography on Marshall McLuhan. As we have already received requests for copies of this bibliography, we would appreciate your publishing a correction.

Although we do maintain such a bibliography, it is a rough, working one for use only by our librarians in answering requests. As such, it is not generally available to the public, nor has it ever been published. While it is possible that the library may publish one in the future, there is no definite date set.

LINDA FRANCIS

Education Centre Library,
Toronto

Censors Galore

AN EXTRAORDINARY INTERVIEW *with young Russian dissenters filmed by I.T.V. a year ago and since officially destroyed, still exists. It is fast leading to a diplomatic and television mystery.*

Russian officials in London were outraged when the item was shown in "This Week" in November. They have been claiming that the negative and all prints have been destroyed at their demand.

The fact that destruction was ordered, and officially took place, is not denied. The motives for this have brought contradictory statements and at least one speculation worthy of a John le Carré spy novel. But a clandestine copy of the film exists.

The film was shot by John Morgan and a "This Week" team when in Moscow to prepare an item on university students. They were approached by a Russian journalist and two young writers who said they wanted to tell the West what was wrong with the Soviet system.

The writers brushed aside protestations that they would be endangering themselves and elected to be interviewed in full face by a lakeside, 20 miles from the city. The journalist more prudently chose to be filmed in silhouette inside a car.

The material was smuggled back to Britain and assembled. When it was shown it aroused enormous interest and the transcript was printed in ENCOUNTER *[February 1968] and reprinted in the* Washington Post.

The Russians were furious and cancelled other Russian projects being planned by Rediffusion, the company then responsible for "This Week."

Later—accounts vary from next morning to six months on—Mr. John McMillan, Rediffusion's general manager, ordered the negative and all copies to be burned. One explanation is that he did this at the request of other I.T.V. companies who feared they would get no further co-operation from Russia.

Another view is that Mr. McMillan acted to protect the three dissenters: if the film didn't exist it could never be used against them. Mr. Christopher Rowley, of Rediffusion's programme board, says: "I remember John saying, 'We can't have these three chaps on our conscience.'"

Mr. McMillan, now head of I.T.V. sport, insists the decision was a purely administrative one. No television company has archive space for the hundreds of programmes it amasses each year. The greater proportion has to be scrapped.

"There was no pressure from the Russians, though I did receive some very unpleasant cables." SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

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The Politics of Defecation

YOUR REPORT on "Revolution & Ripe Tomatoes" in the November ENCOUNTER (p. 96) quoted Fritz Teufel and the leading Berlin *Kommunard* revolutionary's recommendations for the new Campaign against Legal Injustice, among which was the remark: "It's not always necessary to defecate in the court-room, although I also find that a very effective method. . . ."

How effective? Well, the Berlin *Kommunard* Karl-Heinz Pawla, aged 24, has tried it. He appeared recently before a West Berlin court, relieved himself in the courtroom, soiled official legal documents, and two days later was sentenced by another court to ten months imprisonment. The following account is from the official court record (as quoted in *Der Spiegel*, No. 43, 1968) and I think your readers will be interested in it for whatever light it may shed on the new politics of defecation.

"The case against the accused was heard by Judge Loch in the Criminal Court of Moabit. After the testimony of witnesses the accused, at about 10.25 a.m., said that he wanted to make a declaration. He proceeded to the witness table in front of the Judge, turned his back to the court, lowered his trousers, and defecated in the courtroom. He then turned around, moved towards the Judge's table, seized the court documents 272–303/68, tore out eight pages, wiped his bottom therewith and consequently soiled these pages with excrement. His intention thereby was to demonstrate his disrespect for the Court, especially Judge Loch.

"The accused admitted the contempt of court, and explained that he wanted to make *'die Scheisse'* concrete. He had therefore taken laxative tablets, which he had previously tried out. His only regret was that he didn't manage to get hold of the Judge's official hat.

"Accordingly, the accused has made himself liable under §185 of the Criminal Code and also §133. By defecating in the witness box he symbolically transgressed the right of the Court and especially of its legal representative, the Judge, to dignified treatment, and thus exhibited his contempt. His act of tearing out eight pages of the legal file, using them to clean his bottom and thus soiling them constitutes damage to official documents. The accused acted with premeditation, for these deeds were his deliberate intention, and given their connection both in time and in space are to be seen as one natural action.

"What sharpens the delinquency is the fact that the accused demonstrated his contempt through an act which goes beyond the basic rules of all human sociability and reveals so low a disposition that it can hardly be believed of a human being. In addition, this can in no way be construed as a so-called 'spontaneous reaction' against the existing social order. The fact of the matter is that the accused, according to his own admission, prepared his action with deliberate purposefulness by rehearsing the taking of laxative tablets. For the purposes of atonement and deterrence only a disciplinary punishment would serve. A prison sentence of ten months appears penally appropriate."

HANS-DIETER BAUSCH

Berlin

AUTHORS

Henry Pleasants is an American musicologist who lives in London. His most recent book is a study of *The Great Singers* (Gollancz, 1966). Among his other works are *Vienna's Golden Years of Music* (an edition of the critical writings of Eduard Hanslick, 1950), *The Agony of Modern Music* (1955) and *The Musical World of Robert Schumann* (1965). His new book, *Serious Music—And All That Jazz!* will be published later this year by Simon & Schuster, New York, and Gollancz, London. . . .

Iain Hamilton has recently completed a book on the state of Scotland which is to be published later in the year. Although he has lived in England for the past 22 years, Hamilton has kept a close eye on developments in his native country, and he and his family spend part of each year in a cottage in Cowal. For several years he was on the editorial staff of the [*Manchester*] *Guardian*. Following a spell out of journalism in book publishing, as the Editorial Director of the Hutchinson Group, he was Editor of *The Spectator*. . . . He is the author of *Scotland the Brave*, an autobiographical sketch of the West of Scotland during the '20s and '30s, and (with Henry John May) of *The Foster Gang*, a study of the abortive Afrikaner rebellion of 1914. . . .

D. J. Enright writes regularly for ENCOUNTER. He has in recent years been teaching at the University of Singapore. His article in this number will be included in his latest book, *Memoirs of a Mendicant Professor*, shortly to be published by Chatto & Windus (30s.). . . .

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Bonn

IN THE COLOURFUL CASE *of the theft of a missile from a German* NATO *air force base, the theory advanced by German security, fantastic as it seems, is well supported by circumstantial evidence. The case involves an improbable trio: a German architect, Manfred Ramminger, a Luftwaffe pilot, Wolf-Diethard Knoppe, and a Polish-born master locksmith, Josef Linowsky.*

In about 1958, Linowsky, the locksmith, met Ramminger, the architect, in apparently innocent circumstances. Ramminger was divorced and was looking for someone to live with him. Linowsky moved in. It was not a homosexual relationship—rather a case of a Bertie Wooster in search of a Jeeves. THE OBSERVER

London

MANY ENGLISH STUDENTS *appear to go steady from a very early stage in their careers, and sex takes the form of premarital intercourse. Indeed in the small Plateglass communities one could find examples of an almost tribal ostracism of two-timing men or girls who slept around. But "the right to sex" is a dead issue on the Plateglass campus. What is interesting is not the unquantifiable amount of fornication, but the general attitude that a person's private behaviour is purely his or her own concern.*

The morality that has won out is that of John Stuart Mill and not of the Marquis de Sade. SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

Berlin

THE GENERAL CRIMINAL COURT *here has postponed the hearing of a 24-year-old Persian student charged with disturbances of the peace. Before the new date is announced it is hoped that the Free University's Seminar for Iranian Philology will have completed a flawless retranslation of the bill of charges against the accused. The Defence Attorney has criticised the existing translation as full of the most serious errors.*

The examples he offered clearly gave a silly, distorted, or meaningless impression, harmful to the accused. There was much laughter in the courtroom when he cited various mistranslations. Strange phrases like "a common sound" and "a watering can" were puzzling. The translator tried his best to explain. Unfortunately, there were no words in Persian to describe accurately either the police car with a mounted water cannon, or a chorus of demonstrators shouting slogans. He tried to do the best he could....

Outside the courtroom the police tried to hold back a crowd of fifty youths shouting slogans in "a common sound." But there were no signs of "a watering can" being brought into play. DER TAGESSPIEGEL

Mannheim

THERE *is good news for would-be masters of the German language, 90 years after Mark Twain's desperate lament that it "is so slipshod and systemless, and so slippery and elusive to grasp."*

Encouraged by the Bonn government, and with a grant from the Volkswagen Foundation, the German Language Institute in Mannheim has started compiling a sort of basic German for beginners.

Hugo Moser, president of the institute, warned, however, that "we can't simplify German but can merely make its learning more logical to foreigners."

"Efforts at simplification" still come out as "Vereinfachungsbestrebungen."

To obtain accurate data on the frequency of word use and the most frequent constructions, the Institute's 15 scholars are computerising the prose of 300 contemporary German writers and publications.

Twain said that "German books are easy to read when you hold them before a looking-glass or stand on your head." Basic German will still leave the verb at the end of the sentence. PARIS HERALD TRIBUNE

London

THE *Press Council, in an adjudication issued today, on a complaint that part of a paragraph in* The Times Saturday Review *was pornographic, upholds the editor's discretion in the matter of publication.*

Mr. W. H. Deane, of Cumnir Hill, Oxford, complained about part of an article on Lucretius, by Brigid Brophy, one of a commissioned series on under-read great writers.

Referring to the Latin language, Miss Brophy wrote:

> *"Yet, though non-colloquial Latin is rhetorical and declamatory—because its sounds ooze forth, though its meaning has to be teased out. Tension, an internal contradiction, is inherent in the language. I can't believe it didn't create in its users a psychological predisposition to tension, like masturbating with one hand while playing chess with the other."*

Mr. William Rees-Mogg, editor of The Times, *told the council: "Standards of newspapers in dealing with sexual references still vary greatly, and* The Times *is, on the whole, more cautious than some other papers. In this case the reference occurred in a long and serious article by a leading literary critic and, although we recognised that it would be offensive to some of our readers, we did not think that it was right to censor it."* THE TIMES

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Prison or Hospital? *by John Rowan Wilson*
Banking *by Leopold de Rothschild*
Pop Art: The Style of the Sixties *by Mario Amaya*
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